

## Tolerate it

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/37449340) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/37449340>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF), GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF), Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics</a> , <a href="#">Omega GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Alpha Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Fake/Pretend Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Friends to Lovers</a> , <a href="#">Feelings Realization</a> , <a href="#">Denial of Feelings</a> , <a href="#">Eventual Smut</a> , <a href="#">Angst and Fluff and Smut</a> , <a href="#">Angst with a Happy Ending</a> , <a href="#">Miscommunication</a> , <a href="#">Emotional Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Emotional Constipation</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound is Bad at Feelings (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Cuddling &amp; Snuggling</a> , <a href="#">Sharing a Bed</a> , <a href="#">Scenting</a> , <a href="#">Sexual Tension</a> , <a href="#">Romantic Tension</a> , <a href="#">Slow Burn</a> , <a href="#">Vulnerability</a> , <a href="#">Words of Affirmation</a> , <a href="#">Anal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Hand Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Praise</a> , <a href="#">Caring Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">thighs fucking</a> , <a href="#">Implied/Referenced Blow Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Mating</a> , <a href="#">Mating Bites</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Dirty Talk</a> , <a href="#">internalized social issues</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream Has a Large Penis (Video Blogging RPF)</a> <a href="#">Top Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of <a href="#">The path to loving you</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">MHFDNF</a> , <a href="#">Exceptional masterpieces</a>
Stats:	Published: 2022-03-01 Completed: 2022-03-18 Chapters: 12/12 Words: 75000

## Tolerate it

by [winterlighting](#)

### Summary

“My visa got denied.”

That couldn’t be happening. He didn’t want it to be happening. It wasn’t like he didn’t know there was a possibility, but he had hoped all his hard work would pay off. Turned out, he wasn’t worthy or good enough. Not on his own, anyway. Not with his status.

“George.” He didn’t like the tone on his friends voice. He didn’t like how there wasn’t a trace of optimism on it anymore. “Maybe its time for plan B.”

George was furious. Dream couldn’t be serious. ‘Plan B’ wasn’t even an actual plan, it was a contract that would tie him forever to someone else. Because the best way to get an omega approved to live in another country, was if said omega was currently courting someone from that country. Mating, the promise of a new mated couple, the promise of one less single omega, that was a reason to give the green light for the visa.

“I’m not gonna mate a random alpha just so I can live there, Dream.”

For a moment, there was silence. For a moment, he thought that they could drop the topic and move on. But then, his friend talked again, in barely a whisper.

“You know I’m an Alpha too, right George?”

---

Or, Dream and George decide to mate for the visa.

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was finally the day.

After all the waiting, all the effort, the hard work, and the stressful moments. It was finally the day.

He was going to Florida.

And George should be thrilled, he *should* be. Well, to an extent he was; it's what he wanted, after all, to be able to live with his friends and enjoy doing what he does next to them. But at the same time, now that it was actually happening, now that it was real... A part of him wanted to go back to his house, hide, and never speak on the topic again.

He was going to Florida, but at what cost?

No, he couldn't be thinking like that. Not again. Not after all the time he spent convincing himself that what he agreed on doing didn't make him any less of his own person. It didn't suddenly turn him into an object, a *belonging*. But how could he not think that way, when soon enough there would be a mark on his neck indicating exactly that?

He still couldn't believe he agreed to this plan.

He didn't have a choice, not if he wanted to get his VISA. His lawyer said it over and over again. He made it very clear that they were at the end of the road, with only one possible turn to take. But that didn't make it any easier. Because he knew that if it was anyone else, if anyone that didn't share his same *status* was in his situation, this wouldn't be happening.

Life was fucking unfair.

He wanted nothing more but to be happy about being on that plane, and about the fact that he would see his best friends for the first time in just a few hours. It's what he wanted, it's what he had been trying to accomplish for years. He should be as thrilled as he has ever been. He wanted to celebrate, to laugh, to feel like he was living his best life. But as time passed and the expected meeting approached, the more the bitter feeling in the mouth of his stomach intensified.

*"We'll go slow, George. We'll make it work."*

His best friend's words kept replaying in his head. He tried his best to relax with that thought. He wasn't giving himself to an Alpha. No, he wasn't becoming someone's *property*. It was all just paperwork.

Dream wouldn't take his freedom from him. He could trust Dream. He could *always* trust him.

Everything would be fine.

George took a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves enough to fall asleep. However, despite his efforts to relax, he couldn't rest. The closer he got to giving in to exhaustion, the more the memories of the events that got them to this point invaded his brain. It had been over six months, but it still felt like just a day. He still remembered it just as clearly.

The way his hands trembled and he breathed heavily as he tried to calm his boiling blood. The way he closed his eyes, as if that way all those papers would suddenly become any less real. He remembered the words written on said paper, and the ones that left his mouth when he brought the news to his friend.

“My visa got denied.”

That couldn’t be happening. He didn’t want it to be happening. He didn’t want to be saying those words. It wasn’t like he didn’t know there was a possibility that could happen, but he had hoped all his hard work would pay off. Turned out, everyone else was right. Turned out, his work wasn’t worthy enough, it wasn’t good enough. Not on his own, anyway. Not with his status. Not with so many alphas being able to do exactly what he does.

His lawyer warned him that visas were hard enough to get on its own, but even more for people *of his kind*. The States was a competitive place, with a large population, and they didn’t give a permanent visa to just anyone. So why would they want more single Omegas living there unless they were absolutely outstanding, one of a kind in their field of expertise?

George thought that maybe with their fame, maybe with what they did, he would stand a chance. Despite the hesitation of his lawyer, despite his attempts to make him consider another plan of action, the brunet believed it could be possible to make it work.

God, what a way to be wrong.

“I need to- I’ll apply again,” he said right away that day, after ten minutes of silence.

“George,” the blond called. He didn’t like the tone on his friend’s voice. He didn’t like how there wasn’t a trace of optimism on it anymore. “Maybe it’s time to go for plan B.”

“Dream,” he cut him off, his already bitter mood turning even more sour. He couldn’t be saying that, he *couldn’t*.

“No, George, listen.” The blond sighed. “I know you don’t like the idea, but-”

“Of course I don’t like the idea!” He was furious, hands trembling and whole body shaking. He couldn’t be serious. ‘Plan B’ wasn’t even an actual plan, it was a fucking contract that would tie him forever to someone else, and take away the little liberty he currently had. “You want me to just, go bond with someone like that? For this?”

“George, if you apply again and it gets denied for a second time, then we can forget about the backup plan. It won’t work, they’ll see through it and realize why you’re doing it,” the boy instantly said. “But if we do it now? Then we still have a chance of them believing it,” the American insisted. “And it’ll work, your lawyer said it would.”

The brunet wanted to scream.

He knew that it was true, and he knew that his lawyer *did* say it. The best way to get an omega approved to live in another country, was if said omega was currently courting someone from that country. Mating, the promise of a new mated couple, the promise of one less single omega... That was a reason to give the green light for the visa.

It really fucking sucked.

As if they weren’t capable of making their own decisions, as if they weren’t worthy enough on their own to have their own lives. As if the only way society could *put up with them* was if some

strong, capable alpha had them under their caring. His best chance of getting to the States was if someone else wanted him to be there. His own feelings, opinions, wants and needs weren't enough.

"And look, I know you don't like thinking about it but just... The public is expecting you to come, we all know that," the blond mumbled. "If your visa gets rejected multiple times, they'll know for sure. About, you know, your second gender."

George clenched his fists.

There was already enough speculation about his second gender, fans constantly arguing and giving reasons to why it was clear as day that the brunet was an omega. As if it was anyone's business but his. As if it made a difference with what they did. Because everyone cared a little too much about other people's titles, then talked big about being progressive and complained about the flaws of today's society.

It wasn't like he was actively trying to hide or deny his status; he shouldn't have to, being an omega wasn't something embarrassing or something he should be hiding; but he already faced enough harassment by looking delicate. He already dealt with enough jokes. He didn't want *that* to be the main focus when it came to his persona, and honestly, why should anyone give a fuck? They could think whatever they wanted, he didn't care anymore.

"I'm not gonna mate a random alpha just so I can live there, Dream."

For a moment, there was silence. For a moment, he thought that maybe he actually won the argument this time and they could drop the topic and move on. But then, his friend talked again, in barely a whisper.

"You know I'm an alpha too, right George?"

The brunet opened his eyes abruptly, slightly disoriented to where he was and what had woken him up so suddenly. It took him a few seconds to get conscious enough to process what was going on, accepting the food the flight attendant was offering him before checking his phone to see the time. Only two more hours left before they arrived.

He sighed, eating quietly as he tried to clear his mind from the unwanted thoughts.

"*You know I'm an alpha too, right George?*"

At first, when he heard that sentence, he was confused by his words, unsure of why the blond was bringing that fact up. Then, once it clicked, he thought the boy was joking, since he himself had made jokes about similar topics here and there to mess with his friend a few times. But once he understood that Dream was being serious, he got *mad*.

How could he possibly suggest that? With that 'option', it wouldn't be just George that would lose his freedom, but he would drag the American with him as well.

It wasn't a game, it wasn't something they could easily take back. Quite the opposite, the procedures were something he didn't ever want to go through in his life. That decision, choosing that, was something his friend could regret for the rest of his life, so he needed to think twice before opening his mouth. And George didn't hold back when saying all of that to the boy. Thankfully, Dream dropped the topic after that, his reaction making it clear enough that he wasn't willing to listen to whatever reasons the blond was ready to list to try to convince him. And for a while, that was the end of it.

Neither of them brought it up, they didn't discuss his plans to live together either, simply moving

on and going back to their usual routine and dynamic. Like nothing ever happened, and like they weren't still mourning the loss of all the dreams they had. That, until the next date to apply for visas approached.

"What did you just send me?" George had said that night, just two months ago, when he clicked on the email his best friend sent him with a link to a government website.

"It's the form for international courtships," his friend replied, totally casual as if it was nothing. "The deadline to submit it is two weeks before the period to apply for visas, so we need to fill it now or we won't be eligible for a mating-visa."

The brunet blinked once, then twice.

"I- What?"

"I already filled mine, I can send it to you so you know what to put in yours... I pretty much based it on our real relationship, though, so it wasn't that hard."

Again, the Brit blinked. Then, he finally processed his words.

"Dream-"

"No, no, George, please listen," his friend begged, then sighed, probably knowing that George was ready not only to decline his proposal but get mad at him for making it in the first place. "We want to live together, right? The three of us, with Sapnap. And- and we always talk about how we wanna be in each other's lives forever. That hasn't changed, has it?"

"No, but-"

"It's just paperwork, George, legal formalities and then we can do what we've wanted for so long. We just have to fill out the forms, then schedule an interview..."

"Dream-"

"It's not like we have to bond and all that right away, okay?" The blond hurried to say before the brunet could interrupt him. "So if you still don't like the plan once you're here, we can think of a way to fix it. At least we'll be together already," he continued. "But if there's no way out... It will be fine. Our relationship doesn't have to change because of a title, nothing has to change.."

"It's more than just a title, Dream," the Brit instantly argued. "We would have to- just-" He sighed, frustrated. "Okay, let's say we bond. Then what? What if you find someone in the future that you actually want to mate?"

"Why would I want to mate someone else if I have you, George?"

"Dream, be serious-"

"We'll figure it out, okay? It's not like it's completely impossible to remove a bond. It sucks and it's expensive, but technically, there's an option."

"But what if..."

"George," the blond cut him off. "I want you here, I would do anything to have you here. Do you want the same? To come here and live with us?"

The brunet hesitated, before whispering to the phone.

"I do."

"Then fill the form, we can worry about the rest later," Dream concluded. And he was ready to protest again, to give more arguments against the idea, but his friend spoke again before he got the chance to. "I love you, Georgie. We're already bonded for life one way or another, this is just paperwork."

The way his stomach twisted and heart raised to those words, was a feeling he couldn't forget. He still got the same feeling whenever the memory crossed his mind.

The streamer sighed, looking through the window to catch the first glimpse of the country that he would be now officially living in. He still couldn't believe that Dream convinced him of going through with his plan. He still couldn't believe they were doing this, faking a courtship so he could become an US citizen. But here he was, just hours away from getting to the airport and meeting his new destiny.

*It's just paperwork.* He kept repeating that in his head, but it didn't feel true. Maybe to Dream it was, he didn't doubt that the boy meant it. But he was an alpha, of course he would see it that way.

The social aspects related to a mating process were different for an alpha, it was easier, simpler. Everything came easier for them. But for George? For an omega? Bonding was the next most similar thing to being owned.

He couldn't let his brain go there. He needed to trust his best friend.

*I love you, Georgie.*

The brunet closed his eyes, deciding to go back to sleep for the remaining time of his flight. And apparently, it worked. Because next time he regained consciousness, it was time to get off the plane. And George should be thrilled, he should be. And to an extent, he was. But now, beside all the anxiety and doubts and the bitter feeling that he couldn't leave behind, he was also nervous as fuck.

He was about to meet his best friends. He was about to meet Sapnap, he was about to meet Dream.

He was about to meet his *future mate*.

George felt like he was going to throw up.

Holding his bag like his life depended on it, the Brit walked through the hallway. He looked around for the baggage claim, to get the one suitcase he had brought with him; the rest of his stuff had already been delivered to the Dream Team's house, his new house. Once he got it, he slowly walked to the exit, knowing Sapnap was already waiting for him there, according to his texts. And every step he took, he got even more nervous.

This was real, this was happening. He was *actually* there. Somehow, it still didn't feel like it.

His brain was in a fog, barely registering his surroundings and barely paying attention to whatever was going on in life, getting to the exit by mere luck. He looked around, trying to figure out where his friend could be, a part of him still too out of it to focus enough to find the silhouette he was searching for. That, until he heard a voice behind him.

A very familiar voice.

A voice that definitely wasn't Sapnap's.

“Hey, Georgie.”

The brunet instantly turned around, brown eyes widening to the view of a pair of green ones looking straight at him. Green orbs that belonged to a tall, dirty blond man standing in front of him.

“*Dream?*”

And this was definitely real, this was definitely happening. He was definitely, actually, there.

And he was definitely, actually, going to have to mate his best friend.

#### Chapter End Notes

\*\*DO NOT REPOST MY FICS WITHOUT MY CONSENT\*\*

[twitter: @WinterLighting](#)

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Bright smile, soft-looking hair, shiny eyes, taller than he was prepared for. Before he could fully make sense of what was happening, of who he was seeing, a pair of strong arms wrapped around him, pulling him into a tight embrace.

“George,” the boy holding him whispered, resting his head on the smaller one's shoulder as he hugged him.

It took the brunet just a couple of seconds to finally react, wrapping his arms around his friend as well and letting out a nervous laugh. He wasn't expecting to see him. Not yet, not like that. So to say he was surprised, it was to say the least.

*Dream.*

Dream was there. Dream was real. He could finally put a face to his best friend.

George melted into the gesture, finally relaxing and allowing happiness to take over for a moment, leaving all other thoughts aside. He focused on the tight yet gentle way his friend was holding him, he focused on the warmth his body radiated, he focused on the tickling feeling of his fluffy hair brushing on his skin as the boy nuzzled against his neck. He focused on how nice his smell was, how comforting and welcoming the aroma of newborn leaves and green apples was.

Of course George would like his scent.

“You're here,” the boy mumbled, slowly pulling away to look at him directly, and still offering him the same bright smile.

“You have a face.” The blond chuckled at his response, giving him one more quick hug before stepping away to help him with his suitcase. “Where's Sapnap? I thought he would be the one that would pick me up.”

“He's in the car,” Dream quickly said, pointing to the direction they needed to walk to, before he shrugged. “I wanted to give you the first hug.”

The brunet rolled his eyes, finding his reasoning a bit *silly* for someone that hadn't face revealed yet, and was risking getting recognized by doing that. Yet the thought still made him smile, following the blond quietly until the car was in sight. Sapnap was out of the vehicle and heading his way before they could even reach it.

“George!”

Before he could react, a new pair of arms were wrapped around him, getting him to laugh at the action. The youngest of them could look somewhat stronger than the blond, but his embrace was still softer. Not more delicate, but there was less of... *Something*. Something he couldn't quite put his finger on.

The hug didn't last long, though, the brown haired boy suddenly pulled away with a frown, glancing at him first before turning to look at Dream.

"Dude, are you serious?" He let out. The brunet blinked to the words, confused by both the boy's expression and his tone.

He glanced at his best friend as well, with a questioning look, but the tall one was seemingly 'too busy' putting the suitcase in the trunk to look back at them.

"George hasn't even been here for five minutes, and you already got him stinking of you?"

The omega couldn't help but blink to those words, taken back by that statement. He furrowed his brows in confusion for a few seconds, until the memories of their hug came back to him. The memory of the blond innocently nuzzling on his neck. With that, it finally clicked.

His eyes instantly widened.

"Did you *scent mark* me?"

Just like that, his face was heating up, and the boy was laughing loudly.

"Okay- okay, no, I wouldn't go as far as to call it *that*."

"*Dream-*" His reaction only made his friend laugh harder.

He couldn't believe him. He couldn't believe he was already doing those kinds of things, and on their first day together.

... Well, maybe scent marking wasn't *that* bad, all things considered. It was simply the act of covering George's scent gland with his own scent, so he would somewhat smell like him. It was a very temporary thing, and an exterior-only thing that had no effect on the boy's feelings or behavior. Neither of their glands touched each other, after all, only one of them was covered. So it wasn't a big deal.

It was, however, an action that screamed ownership.

"Bro, you're messed up." The brown haired shook his head, but it was clear in his tone that he found the situation a little too funny.

"Oh come on, couldn't have *my* George smelling like a bunch of strangers on his first day here. It was just a welcome home greeting," Dream 'excused' himself, closing the trunk and moving closer to them.

"Oh is that so? Clay's on his toxic-possessive boyfriend arc?" The brown haired questioned, raising an eyebrow.

*Possessive.*

Possessiveness. That's what Sapnap's hug was missing.

"If you lovebirds are gonna be like this all the time, I'm moving out."

*Lovebirds .*

All too soon, the fun was over. All too soon, the playful behavior didn't feel like such anymore. All too soon, a gesture that was most likely done just to mess with him wasn't just that anymore. Now, it felt a little too much like yet another alpha making sure everyone knew that an omega was his.

*Mine, mine, mine.*

But before he could say anything about it, before he could state that they were *not* lovebirds, the youngest boy was pulling him into another hug.

"Nice to finally have you here, Gogy," he mumbled, squeezing him for a second. And then, right before letting go of him, he quickly nuzzled his head on the smaller one's neck, pulling away with a wide grin as he successfully mixed his smell with the blond's, both equally covering George's own scent now.

"*Sapnap*," Dream instantly whined.

"Get fucked, idiot."

Thankfully for him, the bit was over soon enough, and the ride to the house was way calmer. George mostly stayed quiet as they drove, trying to keep his thoughts at bay as he listened to the conversation; and eventual banter; between his two closest friends. He focused on the window, on the view it provided, taking in the city that he would now be living in, until they finally arrived at the place that would be his new home.

The house, surprisingly enough, was bigger than he expected. He should've seen it coming, but for some reason, it still came as a surprise.

He followed his friends around as they showed him the place; the kitchen, the living room, the dining room, the gym and the studio on the first floor, then the bedrooms upstairs. There were six rooms to be exact, all big enough to have their streaming space and living space separated, and all with private bathrooms. George looked around his new room, the two other boys placing his bag and suitcase for him next to the door.

"We got everything ready for you as we spoke about, but if there's something you don't like or wanna change..." Dream mumbled, the brunet simply hummed in response.

"Welcome home, Gogy." Sapnap patted his shoulder affectionately, offering him an equally warm smile. "Get comfy, alright? And whenever you're ready to order some dinner and watch a movie with the homies, we'll be downstairs," he let out before leaving the room, gesturing at the blond to do the same.

George hummed again, just taking a few more seconds to observe the room before heading to the bed, sitting on it. And as he glanced at the door, he noticed the tall figure still standing there.

"Um." Dream rubbed the back of his neck, hesitating for a second before moving closer. "Is everything okay?" The boy asked. Quietly, almost as if he was nervous. "Like, with the room and all?"

"Yeah." The brunet nodded softly a couple of times.

"Okay. Okay, cool." The alpha nodded as well, silently standing in front of him for a few seconds, like he was hesitating, before finally talking again. "My room is also available for you, just so you know."

The omega instantly furrowed his brows hearing those words, giving the boy a questioning look.

"What does that mean?"

"Just, you know, to sleep or whatever," the blond quickly answered. "My room is also your room."

George blinked once, then twice. Then, a mix of panic and confusion invaded him.

"You said we would go slow," he instantly let out, heart rate increasing and eyes widening. Dream's expression changed too, something similar to fear or concern also written all over his face now. "I'm not- I'm not ready for- I can't. Dream, no, I can't."

"Wait, George, that's *not* what I meant!" The blond hurried to say, shaking his head a couple times before moving closer. "I just- If you ever wanna take a nap, or you wanna hang out or whatever, you can use my room as yours too. That's- That's all I was trying to say.."

"What?" The brunet let out, still just as confused. "Why would I do that?"

He was trying really hard to focus on the alpha's words, to try to make sense of whatever meaning that offer could have, but his mind was still flooded with one too many anxious thoughts.

"I- Well, I figured it would help with the interviews. Like, if whenever the government people come over my room smells like you," his friend explained, and the omega's features twisted with discomfort.

Right. People would be coming to visit them a couple times, to evaluate how truthful their courtship was and decide if he should get the visa or not.

Suddenly, he felt sick.

"I don't wanna talk about that right now."

"Okay, we won't talk about it right now then," the boy immediately agreed. Yet, right after that, he spoke again. "Soon, though, the first interview is in two days."

"Two days?"

"Yeah." Dream nodded. "The standard is to have the visit the following day after the person's arrival, but I got us some extra time," he explained. "I figured you'd be tired, so you can use today to relax, and tomorrow we can have fun and figure out the details, and then..." The blond kept talking, but George wasn't listening anymore.

Two days. Their first evaluation was in two days. The process was already in motion, it was already happening. It was real, it was actually real. And everything was going way too fast.

He wasn't ready. He wasn't fucking ready.

"I can't do this," the brunet blurted out. He watched as his friend blinked, seemingly confused at first by the unexpected words, but all too soon, his expression shifted.

"George-"

"You said we would look for alternatives."

"I am, but-"

"Then why are they coming in *two* days?" He shouted, exasperated.

He didn't mean to be so loud, he didn't mean to sound mad. He didn't want to *be* mad. Especially because *he* agreed to the plan, he knew this would come sooner or later. But the unexpected news plus all the anxiety he already had weren't exactly a good mix.

"It's the standard!" Dream raised his voice as well, but there wasn't any trace of anger in his words, just concern. Probably because despite how the omega was barely letting half of his emotions out,

his scent wasn't as good at being discreet about what he was feeling. "George, it's fine, we'll be fine."

"You don't know that," the brunet let out, scent only getting heavier with anxiety and fear.

"Yes I do, you just have to—"

"No you don't, you *can't* know that for sure. And I can't do this, I can't—" The rest of his words died in his mouth, his focus breaking abruptly and being drawn to the soft feeling of skin against skin, a hand against his own. He watched in disbelief as the blond sat next to him, and rubbed their wrists together in a slow motion.

His shoulders relaxed, heart rate calming down, and breathing going back to normal as well. Suddenly, his head felt light, his body as well, and all the overwhelming feelings faded away as the comfort and tenderness of the green apples scent wrapped him fully.

Dream let go of his hand slowly, cautiously. George blinked once, then twice.

His face fell, glaring at the alpha right away.

That did *not* just happen. He couldn't believe the boy just did *that*. If he wasn't as relaxed as he was, the omega would be *furious*.

"Get out."

"What?"

"Get out."

"George—"

"Dream, get the fuck out now."

The blond's eyes widened with surprise, but still stood up as he was told and left the room as quickly as he could, closing the door behind him. The second he was out, George took a deep breath. He crawled into his bed, hiding his head on his pillow as he tried to recollect himself and think clearly. His head felt dizzy, going from one emotion to another all too quickly for his liking.

He wasn't one to usually have an outburst like that. He usually was way better at keeping his emotions at bay. But it was too much, too soon, and he really wasn't ready for any of it.

A soft knock on his door caught his attention.

"Yes...?"

"Can I come in?" Familiar voice mumbled, with hesitance in his tone. The brunet huffed, rolling his eyes but his lips curving up. It hasn't even been a full minute.

It was kind of amusing. And he would be laughing at the boy for it, if he wasn't upset.

"Yeah," he replied, barely loud enough to be heard. The blond still did, though, soon opening the door to get inside.

"I'm sorry," the alpha let out as soon as he set foot in his room again, closing the door behind him as before. George sighed, taking a second before lifting his head to look at him.

A part of him wanted to take the apology and move on, another part wanted to tell his friend what the issue was so it wouldn't happen again. He didn't want his first day to completely suck, but he didn't want things to get progressively awkward either. George was seen by the public eye as someone that didn't care a lot about feelings, someone that prioritized his comfort over everything, and could be a little too emotionally aloof sometimes. But he cared a lot about a lot of things, in his own ways and with his own ways of showing it.

He took a deep breath, then sighed.

"You light scented me," he let out, eyes fixed on his friend.

"I did," the boy confirmed, nodding a few times.

"To calm me down," the brunet added, and again, the blond nodded in response.

"Yeah."

"Well, you can't just do that, Dream. You can't just scent mark me, or light scent me, or scent me in any way whenever you feel like it just because you don't like how I'm acting or whatever," the Brit declared, sitting up slowly as he watched the American get closer to the bed. "I know I'm supposed to be your mate, but I'm not *yours*."

The blond seemed taken back by his words, as if he truly wasn't expecting any of it. But then something seemed to click for him, and he carefully sat on the bed next to him.

"George, you know my mom is an Omega, right...?" The brunet rolled his eyes, then nodded to his words.

He was aware of that, they had talked about it a few times, but he wasn't sure how that had anything to do with the conversation.

"When I was a pup, she did this to me all the time... She still does sometimes, actually," the alpha explained. "You were panicking, so I wanted to help. Not because you're an omega or my mate, but because you're my friend. I've done it with Sapnap too," he added, offering him an apologetic smile.

The brunet stared at the blond with a surprised look on his face, furrowing his brows next.

"With Sapnap?"

"Yeah." His friend nodded. "It doesn't work as well as it does with omegas, but you know, bros helping bros." His smile grew bigger, warmer, more reassuring. "You're right, though, I can't just act with you like I do with him, not without knowing how you feel about it first. I should've asked."

Just like that, all the unsettling feelings were gone. George sighed, relief quickly hitting him and feeling slightly stupid about his behavior.

He kind of overreacted.

Maybe he was just too tense because of their current situation. Maybe he was too sensitive. But, no matter how shitty the situations they were in could be and how confused he could get, he needed to remember that Dream still had his best interest in mind.

"Hey," the blond mumbled, bringing his attention back to him. "Is this like, something we need to

talk about?"

"What?" The brunet furrowed his brows, confused by his question.

"Is... Is being an omega something you're self-conscious about? Or like, I don't know, is it an issue?" The alpha asked. "'Cause you don't normally act like it is, but you also don't normally bring your status up, so if there's some things you don't like about it or..."

"It's not an issue," he hurried to say, interrupting the boy.

It wasn't. That was the truth. *Being an Omega* wasn't the issue. The problem wasn't his second gender, but all the things related to it that made life harder and unfair. On a normal day, none of those things bothered him, those thoughts didn't even cross his mind. But when things like these happened, he couldn't help but remember them all.

Omegas were the weak ones, too soft and submissive. They were always looking for a mate, needing an alpha to take care of them and protect them. And once they've found one, the fear of being abandoned could be unbearable, not wanting to lose the love and validation.

Alphas were naturally dominant, and naturally better at making decisions and controlling things. They were better at providing too, they were better at most things. They didn't need a mate to be completed, good enough on their own, but still liked having one. One that could keep them happy and satisfied, one that could still decide to leave.

A bunch of crap, honestly.

He didn't believe biology could determine a person's whole personality and worth, not every stereotype applied to every case; no matter what inner instincts they could have, it still wasn't enough to define someone. And for the most part, the people in his life didn't believe it either. But with the process they were going through, with the fact that he would have to mate an alpha to be able to stay in the States, all of those stupid and outdated things felt a little too real.

"Okay." Dream nodded, his voice bringing him back to reality. The boy doubted for a second, before wrapping an arm around George's shoulders. "You're hungry, then," he concluded.

The brunet blinked a few times.

"What?" He let out, even more confused than before. "I mean, I am, but why are you-"

"You get moody when you're hungry."

The blond shrugged, then offered him a smirk. The brunet blinked again, a soft blush tinting his cheeks as he huffed. He quickly pushed the boy off him, trying to push him off the bed as well, getting a loud laugh in response.

"Okay, okay, 'm sorry. Stop- Stop pushing me."

"You're an idiot," the brunet complained, rolling his eyes. There was no bitterness in his words, though, already feeling at ease after the small talk. "Now get me food."

His friend chuckled at his words, playfully hitting his shoulder.

"It's nice to have you here," he mumbled, with a warm smile on his face. "To finally have you here."

George smiled faintly as well, nodding a couple times.

“Yeah,” he agreed. Leaving all circumstances aside, it was, indeed, nice.

The blond left soon after that, giving him a moment to get comfortable in his new room and relax after a long flight. After a while, he came back to get him so they could go downstairs, Sapnap already in the living room waiting for them with sushi on the table in front of the tv. It seemed like he had already chosen a movie for them to watch, too.

“Took you guys long enough,” the brown haired mumbled. Dream shrugged to his words.

“Sorry, George just couldn’t get enough of me,” he replied, and a light blush was quick to take over the omega’s cheeks. The Brit huffed, shaking his head. They hadn’t even been together the whole time.

“You’re actually an idiot,” he let out. The younger of them hummed in response.

“He is,” the boy agreed. “An idiot for your dick, that’s for sure.”

Brown eyes widened at the unexpected words. Despite the dirty nature of most of their inner jokes, he hadn’t been prepared to hear *that* and so soon.

“*Sapnap*,” he whined. But even with embarrassment, George couldn’t help but smile. There were some things that never changed, after all, and he was grateful for that.

Maybe he would be fine. Maybe he just needed to take time to destress and calm down. He was finally in the states, with his closest friends, and Dream wasn’t just another asshole of an alpha that wouldn’t take his opinion into consideration. He wasn’t the worst person ever to bond his life to. He was still his best friend.

He could be happy there.

He *was* happy there. He really was.

After a few more jokes and playful banter, they finally sat down to eat. They laughed, mocked each other some more, and talked about a bunch of random stuff, just like they did online. He barely paid attention to the movie, but no one seemed to mind. They didn’t really need it to have fun and enjoy each other’s company.

A few hours passed like that, doing just that, with the happiness of finally being together in the same room, the three of them. And before he realized, he was back in the room. The brunet stared at his bedroom’s ceiling, breathing slowly to try to relax, too mentally and physically tired and in need of getting some rest. He stared for a few minutes, or maybe an hour, maybe even longer.

... He couldn’t sleep.

It felt strange, it felt too new. The bedroom’s walls, the bed he was laying on, all the things around him. Everything felt strange and too new. He wasn’t uncomfortable, not exactly, but felt somewhat uneasy.

George pursed his lips, unsure of what to do. He could check social media and scroll through twitter, or maybe get a glass of water from the kitchen, or just walk around the house until he felt tired, or...

A knock on his door took him out his thoughts.

“Come in,” he instantly said, because he didn’t need to ask to know exactly who it was. The blond stepped inside right after the words left his mouth, confirming his hunch. “Hey.”

“Hi,” the boy responded, standing awkwardly by the door for a couple seconds before finally deciding to close it. And maybe George could question his actions, or ask why he was there, but he felt like he already knew the answer.

Dream was always one to check on him whenever he had the chance, after all.

Without saying a word, the Brit moved a little to the side, making enough space on the bed for his best friend. The American understood the silent invitation, slowly walking closer and laying down on the empty space made for him. They both stared at the ceiling then, a comfortable silence falling over them.

Surprisingly enough, it wasn’t strange. It didn’t make him feel uneasy, despite the gesture being just as new as everything else so far.

After a few seconds of staying like that, the alpha shifted on his spot carefully, getting on his side so he could wrap his arm around the omega. And with Dream’s body warmth and his comforting scent so close to him, George finally began to relax.

“I think you’ll like it here,” the blond whispered, one of his hands caressing the brunet’s arm slowly. He simply hummed in response, closing his eyes to the soothing gesture. “Tired?” The tall boy asked then, and the small one nodded, not feeling like using words to confirm it.

Dream chuckled, seemingly amused by his lack of verbal response. He moved closer next, pressing a gentle kiss on his forehead before carefully sitting up.

“Goodnight, Georgie.”

George opened his eyes right away, reaching to grab his friend’s wrist.

“Wait.”

“Hm?” The alpha looked at him, a confused yet curious look on his face.

And maybe it was his exhausted brain that pushed him to talk, or maybe it was the side effects of the light scenting from earlier making him somewhat clingy. Or maybe it was because he didn’t feel like he could sleep without something familiar close to him, something that could bring him comfort. But without thinking twice, or even questioning what he was doing, the brunet pulled the boy to lay down again.

“You don’t have to leave,” he whispered.

And maybe those weren’t the right words to say, maybe the sentence wasn’t clear enough to express his intentions. It wasn’t a direct invitation, nor a request either, leaving the option for the boy to take it or leave it too open, even though the brunet wanted a specific outcome from it. But Dream was Dream, and Dream always got him.

Dream understood. He always did.

“Okay.” His friend nodded, laying back down and wrapping his arm around him as before. He relaxed once again to his touch, too tired to care about how it was only their first day of meeting and he was already seeking to be close to him like that.

Right now, that didn't matter. Right now, he needed his company. Everything was too new. Dream wasn't.

It only took George a few seconds to fall asleep.

#### Chapter End Notes

im honestly mind blown with the love this fic has gotten in such a short period of time,  
i actually cant believe it

seriously thank you, i'll work hard to make justice to the story so you can all enjoy it :]

[twitter: @WinterLighting](#)

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

tw for panicked state? not a panic attack, just a lot of anxiety

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The unfamiliar room submerged in complete darkness was unsettling.

Waking up disoriented, unsure of where he was and unable to recognize anything, was even more unsettling.

It took George a few moments to be awake enough to make sense of his surroundings, his consciousness slowly coming back to him. And, as he looked around the room to try to get his brain to react and start working, he came to realize two things:

One, he was actually there. He was in America. It wasn't all just a bitter-sweet dream.

Two, he was alone in his bed.

At first, that realization made him even more confused, the last memories of the day before not matching his current state. But after a second or two, he felt relieved. He wasn't sure how he would've reacted if he woke up wrapped in his best friend's arms, the first night after finally meeting.

Despite the public's opinion, he didn't exactly hate physical contact. He wasn't used to it, that was for sure, so he didn't always know how to react, but after years being completely alone he even needed it sometimes. However, that didn't mean that he was good at initiating it, or would go as far as to cuddle his friends right away or sleep with them. So he wasn't fully sure of what drove him to ask the boy to stay for longer than necessary in the first place.

The brunet sighed, rubbing his eyes to try to wake himself up some more. Then, he checked his phone, quickly noticing that it was only four in the morning.

He sighed again. It was probably a mix between all the time that he slept in the plane and the jet lag, the reason why he was awake already.

With nothing to do and not tired enough to try to sleep some more, he decided to check twitter.

So far, no one had questioned his silence or the lack of content; no more than usual, anyway; so there weren't any wild theories going around just yet.

Ever since he agreed to go along with the plan, he had been disappearing on and off social media, taking weeks off here and there from making content or streaming so the fans would get used to him randomly not being there. That way, it wouldn't be so weird if he wasn't active for a while once he finally got to the States. No one would suspect a thing.

Sadly, the lack of theories meant there wasn't much for him to see either.

Sighing again, he slowly got off the bed, deciding he wanted to get some water.

Walking in a house he wasn't familiar with yet, and in complete silence, wasn't all that comforting. He somewhat felt like an intruder, despite that supposedly being his new home.

He didn't bother to turn the lights on when he got to the kitchen, simply heading straight to the fridge and getting a bottle of water, before turning around to go back to his room.

As soon as he got to the hallway, though, a small shadow caught his attention.

"Hey Patches." The boy smiled at the cat, feeling a bit better now that he wasn't completely alone. "What are you doing here?" He glanced at Dream's room, realizing it was closed. "You wanna get inside?" He asked, taking her blinking as an affirmation to his question.

He quietly moved closer to the door, being as careful as possible as he opened it to not make any noise; not wanting to disturb his friend or cross any boundaries by not knocking first. He opened it just enough for Patches to get in, waiting for her to do so before he could close it again.

But before he got a chance to do so, though, a sound made him stop his movements.

"George...?"

The brunet froze on his spot, unsure of what to do. Dream's voice was tinted with sleep, making it clear that he had been sleeping just seconds prior and making him want to leave before he fully woke the boy up. Yet again, before he could do so, he heard the blond's bed cracking, indicating that his friend was already starting to sit up. The Brit hesitated for just another second, then finally decided to open the door completely so the American could see him.

"Sorry, I was just... Patches wanted to get in," he mumbled, shifting awkwardly on his spot and watching the blond rub his eyes sleepily.

"Why're you awake...?"

"Jet lag," he quickly answered. Dream hummed in response, blinking a few times as if that would help him wake up, then looked directly at him. The boy still looked half asleep, hair so messy it was almost funny.

George stared at him for a few seconds, unsure of if he should now turn around and leave or what. He didn't have to make up his mind, though, the blond doing so for him. He moved in his bed and lifted his sheets for him, patting the empty spot on his side as an invitation.

"C'mere."

George blinked a few times, feeling his cheeks heating up against his will.

The idea of getting in his bed with him made him feel weirdly embarrassed for some reason, even though they had been like that on his own mattress just a few hours earlier. It made him feel somewhat awkward, yet he still did what the boy was telling him to and moved closer.

He placed the bottle of water by his friend's nightstand, then doubted for a moment before sitting down by his side, hesitantly laying down next. And as soon as he did, a strong pair of arms wrapped around him, pulling him into Dream's chest.

The blond placed his head over George's, burying his nose on his hair and taking a deep breath. Then, he hummed softly.

"You smell good," he mumbled quietly. "I like your scent, 'ts nice."

The brunet's cheeks instantly heated up again, wanting nothing more but to roll his eyes and tell the boy to stop being an idiot. But clearly, he wasn't awake enough for them to have any kind of conversation right now.

"Go back to sleep, Dream," he said instead. And the blond did.

His chest moved slowly as he breathed, falling back asleep rather fast, while still holding George tightly. The brunet's heart was beating fast enough for him to stay awake all night, not used to the feeling of being so close to someone he used to only talk to through a screen just yet, therefore feeling a bit strange. Yet the blond's warmth, how comfortable his chest was, and the security of being around something so familiar again, slowly helped him to relax.

Dream smelled good too, he thought. He liked his scent as well.

When he opened his eyes again; not even sure of when he closed them in the first place; it wasn't dark outside anymore.

It was slightly more confusing to wake up alone this second time.

George sat up on the bed slowly, rubbing his eyes before looking around. He waited there for a minute or two, just in case Dream was in the bathroom or something and would come back, but after a short while, he felt confident enough that wasn't the case.

He carefully stood up and found his way out of the room then, feeling a bit awkward about being there without the owner when he was still getting used to the new place. And as soon as he stepped out and into the hallway, a quiet noise caught his attention.

Whistling. Someone was whistling downstairs.

He followed the sound until he got to the kitchen, the smell of bacon and eggs going straight to his stomach. And there it was the blond, placing the freshly made food on a plate as he hummed a song the brunet didn't recognize.

George couldn't help but smile.

He got to see this now, he got to see his friend in the mornings instead of just listening to him over the phone. He got to see him cook, and eat with him, and just... Be together, doing daily life things.

The boy turned around, surprise taking over his features as he realized he wasn't alone.

"George," he instantly said, sounding like he didn't expect to see him there at all.

"Morning."

"Good morning." The blond instantly offered him a smile. Only for a second, though, before he pouted looking at the food. "I thought- I was gonna bring you breakfast in bed."

The brunet blinked to the admission, glancing at the plate then back to his best friend. A tingling sensation was soon to appear on his stomach, something inside him feeling quite happy with the thoughtful gesture.

It was nice. Living together was going to be nice.

"M going back to the room, then," he decided. Because who was he to reject the chance of being lazy and let the blond spoil him? It was a part of their dynamic at this point, wasn't it?

Without saying another word, he turned around to leave, ready to get in bed again and wait for the breakfast his friend made for him. Yet a hand gently grabbing his hand stopped him before he could.

“Hey.” Dream pulled him closer, using the grip on his arm to turn him around again, to make him face him like before “Can I... Can I hug you first?”

The words took him by surprise, not fully getting where that was coming from or why he was asking that *now* after how they slept the night before. Either way, he nodded.

The blond wrapped his arms around him instantly yet carefully, bringing him closer to his chest in a tight embrace. George tried to reciprocate the gesture as best as he could, feeling as the boy placed his head on his shoulder and used one hand to rub his back slowly.

They stayed like that for a couple of seconds, in comfortable closeness, before the boy pulled away.

He offered him the softest smile the brunet has seen so far, bringing his hands to George’s face and cupping his cheeks. He moved his thumbs to caress the pale skin gently, with feather touch.

The Brit felt his heart beating faster with the action, a weird feeling he couldn’t quite name pooled on his lower abdomen.

“What... What are you doing?”

“Looking at you,” the blond was quick to reply. And he was, for sure, looking at him. He did so with such tenderness that made his stomach twist, every gesture being too unfamiliar for him to be able to process it well. “You’re really here, Georgie. You’re here with me.”

He could hear the affection in his voice, the happiness that his tone held. He could feel the affection in every single one of his actions, and see it in his eyes too. And that, plus the context of him making him breakfast after cuddling in their sleep, it all felt too... Domestic.

The brunet pulled away all too fast to that thought, averting his eyes to avoid the boy’s stare.

Just like that, the room went quiet.

“Sorry,” the blond mumbled, after a second or two. George glanced at him again, about to ask why he was apologizing, but his friend spoke again before he could. “You don’t like being touched for too long or too much, do you?”

The omega relaxed slightly seeing the alpha’s expression, noticing the nervousness and traces of guilt in his face. He relaxed because he could tell he didn’t want to do anything that could make him uncomfortable, and that was something he could appreciate right now.

Dream was touchier than he was. He was more comfortable expressing his feelings physically, something that George was still learning to do after all the time he spent alone without much human contact.

That was all there was to it. He didn’t need to connect every single one of his actions to... *That*; to the thing that he kept trying to push to the back of his mind, unsuccessfully.

“It’s not that, I’m just... Not used to it,” the small boy explained. He shrugged, trying to play it off as not a big deal.

Because it wasn't. He wanted to be physically affectionate with his friends too, and was pretty sure he would get there eventually, so it wasn't something the taller one needed to worry about.

Dream simply nodded in response, offering him an understanding smile.

"Yo, something smells great. Did you guys cook?" Both boys turned around to look at their roommate, watching him as he lazily sat on the kitchen's table. "I'm starving."

George couldn't help but sigh, just slightly disappointed.

So much for breakfast in bed.

After some good food, some jokes and a lot of laughter, his two friends decided to spend the day showing him the neighborhood and some of the near-by places that they usually went to, not wanting to do anything too tiring since George was still jet-lagged, and it was only his second day there.

They gave the brunet an hour to get ready, then left the house to begin with their plans.

It only took them about twenty minutes to show him the neighborhood, telling him a few funny stories of their adventures since they moved there, while they walked around the different houses. Then, they jumped into the car, the distances of the 'close by' locations too big to be able to go on foot.

The first place they went to was the park where Sapnap liked to go to skate to. The younger boy took his time to show off every single trick he knew, as if his show was a part of the tour, George laughing his ass off whenever he failed or fell. Dream kept a safe distance, the chances of being recognized being low but not zero.

Next, they visited another park, a calmer one. It was a big green area that didn't seem to be frequently visited, but was quite pretty. Dream explained that it was the place where he liked to go to relax, whenever he didn't feel like being at home.

It was nice, learning about his friend's lives, about the special places each of them had. It was nice, being able to visit those places with them.

It was nice, knowing that he could share those experiences with them now, from that moment on. It was nice, knowing he could find a special place of his own to eventually share with them as well.

It felt nice, it really did.

Everything was nice, except for one thing.

The omega shook his head, then held his own hands and played with his fingers, not allowing his mind to go there.

After visiting a couple more places, they went to get lunch at a small pizza place that they were apparently regulars in.

The old lady in the front desk greeted them happily, seeming excited about George being there. Then, she asked the two boys a few things about their families, and other life things that showed that they've known each other for a while.

It didn't seem like she knew who she was talking to, though, or what they did for a living to be exact, just being genuinely nice without any ulterior motive.

It felt good, being able to simply be 'good friends that finally were together' in front of someone, without their reunion having to be about their jobs or fame.

The next place they visited, funny enough, was a supermarket. They figured that was as good a time as any other to get their groceries for the week, especially since George has arrived already. He could pick anything he liked, so he could feel at home in his new house.

And since they were there, and shopping for food didn't have to be boring, Sapnap and him made it their life mission to pick the most useless shit they could find and put it in the cart saying George needed it, just to annoy the fuck out of Dream.

And it felt nice, messing around with his friends, laughing while doing something that would soon be common and part of his routine.

But every time he felt that nice feeling, every time happiness was filling him, that intrusive voice in his head reminded him of what he would have to do if he wanted to stay.

He was happy, and it felt nice to be there, but a part of him still felt... Empty. A part of him still felt conflicted.

By the time they finished shopping, it was already getting dark. So they picked some dinner to go, heading home to eat it while watching a movie like the night before.

And as the film played, and his friends watched it attentively, George couldn't help but wonder if that empty feeling would ever go away.

He couldn't help but wonder if he would ever feel fully okay, the part of him that still resisted to their plan finally disappearing.

If he stayed there, doing what he agreed to so he could stay... Would he resent it?

Would he regret it?

Dream placed a hand on his arm, taking him out of his thoughts and making George look at him.

The boy offered a reassuring smile, glancing at his own hand before looking at the boy again with a question in his eyes. The brunet nodded to the silent request, and the blond began to caress his skin softly right away, moving his hand up and down.

The omega relaxed into the gesture, focusing on the movie for what was left of it.

Sapnap was the first one to say his goodnights and head to bed once the film was over, leaving the other two alone. George yawned, tired and ready to call it a night as well, but the hand on his arm stopped him from standing up.

The Brit glanced at the American, confused by his action.

"Everything okay?" His friend asked softly, and the smaller boy nodded in response. Because he was okay. Despite everything, he was. "Are you... Is the interview making you anxious?" The taller one asked then. "I tried calling them to ask for more time, but they said they were already giving us an extension, so..."

Right, the interview. He completely forgot that it was tomorrow.

"I'm fine," the omega mumbled, averting his eyes. He didn't want to think about it until he

absolutely had to. He still had a few hours.

Dream nodded to his words, letting go of him so he could leave as he was planning before that.

George almost wished that he didn't, or that he had offered to go with him just in case like the night before. It wasn't something he should want, but a part of him needed it.

Sleeping was even harder that night. And once he did, time went too fast.

Morning came all too quickly, with only three hours of sleep and one too many thoughts in his head.

Maybe he lied, maybe he wasn't fine. Maybe he was fucking terrified and everything about that interview was making him anxious.

The fact that it made it official, the fact that he had no idea of what to say. The fact that he would literally rather eat raw meat than having to talk to whoever the government would send to check they were honest about their intentions, about their courtship.

He didn't want to leave his room. Even when he was already dressed up, and even when there were just a few minutes left before the person would be there, he still didn't want to leave his room.

He felt like he would throw up.

A knock on his door took him out of his thoughts, his eyes quickly looking at the door.

"George?" Dream's voice sounded more concerned than he expected it to be, and that only made him more nervous.

But he knew there was no point in trying to say something about it. It's not like they could back off at that point.

George took a deep breath, standing up with trembling legs and heading to the door to open it.

He couldn't postpone it anymore. He knew that Dream was there to get him to go to the living-room, so he needed to seem as calm as possible. It was time to get over himself and do his part.

This was probably hard not for him but for the boy as well, even if with a different intensity or in a different way; he wasn't the only one making that commitment, after all. But the blond was trying and would continue to try to make him feel as comfortable as possible, he was putting some effort. He needed to remember that.

The brunet opened the door and walked right past the boy, not bothering to say anything and simply heading downstairs instead.

He had to do this. He *had* to.

"George." He heard the alpha calling him, walking after him. The omega didn't stop, not until he was sitting on the couch.

He was shaking. Fuck, he could tell he was shaking.

He felt a hand being placed on his shoulder, and he instinctively glanced at it and to the boy now sitting next to him.

"George, what's wrong?" The blond's voice was more than just concerned now.

He could hear it in his gone, he could see it in his eyes. He could smell it on his scent. His friend was beyond worried.

Fuck, his scent was probably stinking with panic. His own smell must be giving away everything he was fighting so hard to keep inside and hide.

“I-” He tried to talk, but the words didn’t come out.

He honestly didn’t know what to say. Nothing he could say would change the fact that they were about to initiate the process to be allowed to mate.

A process that consisted in two interviews, to meet them and hear their story, check their living situation, and the progression of the couple. Then, a home visit right before they were ready to mate, in which the government would finally tell them if they had been approved or not. And last, a second visit right after they had bonded, to make sure they actually went through with it

A process that meant they would have to, sooner or later, become a pair.

“Hey.” Dream’s voice brought him back to reality, the hand on his shoulder moving down to caress his arm, trying to comfort him. “I’m right here.”

“I know,” he barely let out. Somehow, that wasn’t reassuring enough.

The blond seemed to notice that.

Dream glanced down at George’s hand. He looked at his wrists, to be precise, before looking back at his face.

The omega understood right away what his eyes were suggesting.

The brunet pursed his lips, conflicted once again. His brain was screaming to decline the offer, because he shouldn’t rely on the alpha like that, but that instinctual voice inside him begged him to accept it, because if his anxiety levels didn’t go down he might actually pass out.

Taking a deep breath and before he could change his mind, he extended his hand to the blond.

Dream was gentle as he took it, and even more gentle as he held it with his own. He was careful as he placed their wrists together, then gave him one last questioning look to give him time to back down and change his mind.

When George didn’t say anything to stop him, he began to rub their glands together.

The relief that he felt hit him like a truck, sighing almost instantly and closing his eyes to the unfamiliar yet calming feeling. The comforting aroma of green apples and newborn leaves wrapped him, filling his body and clouding his senses.

And it felt good, it felt soothing. He understood now, why people did it.

But just as soon as it started, it was gone. Not fully, his body still stayed just as relaxed and his brain wasn’t racing as before, yet the contact between their glands had stopped. And just with that, his anxiety was ready to come back.

The moment Dream began to pull his hand away, all his fears threatened to invade him again. Even if tamed, they were still there in the back of his mind.

“Not yet,” he hurriedly let out, stopping the blond’s hand from pulling away any further.

Dream seemed taken back by his action, but without questioning it, he placed their wrists together and began to rub their glands again.

George sighed as before, then took a few deep breaths to at least try to calm himself down a little too, so his best friend wouldn't be doing all the work. But it was getting hard to think, it was getting hard to stop himself from fully melting into the gesture and stop himself from letting the boy take over.

So, he didn't.

He felt content, warm, and comforted, in a way that he hadn't experienced before. He wanted nothing more than to drown in the feeling and forget about the world for a minute longer.

The alpha continued with his actions for a few more seconds, before slowly removing his hand again. The omega offered his other wrist right away, with pleading eyes.

The blond furrowed his brows, doubt clear on his face.

"George, are you sure? You seem relaxed enough."

"Please," the brunet whispered, his mouth moving before his brain could even catch up with what was happening.

And the American complied, taking his hand and repeating his actions with that wrist as well. The Brit was floating in heaving, never in his life feeling as calm as he did right that moment.

Suddenly, a nap began to sound a little too good and appealing.

The bell ringing interrupted the moment, making the blond stop his movements. The boy carefully pulled away, before standing up.

George's eyes opened instantly, grabbing the alpha by his shirt right away.

"Don't go."

Dream blinked a few times, again seeming taken back by his actions, then offered him a reassuring smile and moved down to kiss his head.

"I'll be right back, I have to open the door first," he mumbled. The brunet frowned, reluctantly letting go of him.

It felt strange to watch him walk away. He wasn't sure why, but he really didn't want him to be away from him right now. He needed him by his side.

His head felt all fuzzy, and his body was demanding some sleep.

Dream was back after just a few seconds, a lady walking with him to the living room. A lady who introduced herself to both boys, before sitting down in front of them.

The blond sat by his side again, and the brunet moved closer to him right away.

"So, George, right?" The woman spoke, smiling at him. "How is America treating you so far?"

The Brit stared at the beta for a few seconds, feeling some of the tension he experienced before coming back, and feeling a little too tired to be having a conversation. But he had to talk, he knew he had to.

"S fine," he simply mumbled, before resting his head on Dream's shoulder.

That felt better. He could smell the boy better like that. And now that the lady was talking to the alpha instead of him, he could relax again.

He heard them talk for a while, not really paying attention to what they were saying, too focused on trying to not fall asleep from how light his body felt.

That, until he heard his name being called, and he glanced at the woman again.

"So, Dream said you wanted to take things slow?" The woman asked, still smiling at him.

"Usually, pairs that have only been together online are dying to mate as soon as possible, but..."

George didn't like her tone, nor the implications on her words. He pressed himself closer to the alpha, reaching for his hand.

Dream took it gently, intertwining their fingers without the omega having to say that he wanted it.

"Everything's too new, I need to get used to it," mumbled, trying not to sound too defensive. "Don't wanna rush it."

The lady hummed at his words, seemingly content enough with the answer.

The conversation kept going for what felt like ages, the brunet zoning out here and there and letting the blond pretty much take over.

It wasn't until he felt the eyes of the woman on him that he realized he needed to pay attention again, noticing that she was expecting him to say something. But honestly, he had no idea what the question was or what they had been talking about.

And now, she looked a bit worried.

"Is he okay?" She asked the blond.

A part of him felt offended, wanting to protest and say that he was perfectly able to respond for himself and she shouldn't be asking the alpha that. But at the same time, he felt too tired to talk, so he simply nuzzled into the boy some more, frowning as his way to show how displeased the question made him.

The blond let out a nervous chuckle.

"Yeah, we just scented a lot." Not completely a lie, though it wasn't the type of scenting the lady was probably thinking of. "He's been pretty anxious since he got here, too many new things at once, you know? So we just, well, yeah..."

"Ah, yeah, I get it. The honeymoon phase." She giggled softly.

That was probably a good sign.

After a couple more minutes of chatting, the woman finally thanked them for their time and said their goodbyes, Dream leaving his side again to show her the way out. He was back soon enough, though, and George pressed himself closer to the boy's side as soon as he was sitting down again.

The blond brought a hand to his hair, petting it softly while the brunet nuzzled into him, humming in content now that the stranger was gone.

"Hey, Georgie?" The alpha called him. The omega tiredly looked up to his friend, tilting his head to let him know he was listening. "Do you..." The boy stopped himself, looking conflicted, like he wasn't sure of how to word whatever he wanted to say. "Do you, um, normally light-scent only with your romantic partners?" He finally asked.

George blinked at his words, a little confused by them, then shook his head. His friend hummed at the gesture.

"Do you do it with your family too, then?" He then asked. The brunet shook his head again.

"I've never light-scented anyone." Dream's eyes widened hearing him.

"You- You haven't?" He shook his head once more. "Ever?" He shook it again. And now, the boy seemed even more conflicted than before, a tint of guilt in his features. "But you have scented people before, right? Like, actual scenting."

"A couple of times, a few years ago." George shrugged. "Haven't had a lot of official partners, didn't have a reason to do it more."

"Right."

The blond went silent for a moment after that, so the brunet went back to nuzzling into him. He buried his face on the alpha's chest, inhaling deeply to get more of his scent.

He was getting really sleepy now.

"Let's get you to your bed, alright?" His friend suddenly said, and he could only nod to that, letting the boy help him stand up and slowly walked him to his room.

George crawled into his bed as soon as they got there, and didn't waste a second before opening his arm so Dream could join him. But the boy didn't, simply sitting on the bed next to him.

The omega frowned, reaching for the blond's hand to at least place their wrist together like before since the alpha didn't want to lay down. He wanted to sleep, the brunet wanted to sleep deeply and comfortably, wrapped in that scent that made him feel cared for and loved.

The boy stopped his hand, giving him a soft smile before moving his own away slowly.

"No more light-scenting for today, Georgie."

The brunet blinked a few times, furrowing his brows in confusion and disappointment.

"Why? I like it," he whined, placing his hand on his arm to try to pull him to lay with him. But again, his friend didn't. The Brit pouted. "Want you close."

"That's why, George," the tall boy mumbled, moving down to kiss his head. The small one didn't understand what he meant, and his face apparently made it obvious, because the blond spoke again. "Because I want you to still want me close once you wake up."

Despite the explanation, omega still didn't fully understand. Yet the alpha didn't explain further.

He simply kissed his head again, before standing up.

"Get some rest, okay?" He mumbled, offering him another smile.

George wanted to argue, to ask him to stay again, but he was too tired to try. So, he just nodded,

closing his eyes and shifting to lay on his side.

It didn't take long for sleep to claim him, and once it did, he slept better than ever in his life.

#### Chapter End Notes

hi hello, i appreciate all the support ive been getting, and i apologize for not replying to every single one of your comments 😊 im socially inept, but i read them all and they make me very happy :]

the more you interact, the more it makes me wanna write tbh ahah. so yeah, super appreciated!

[twitter: @WinterLighting](#)

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Mortified didn't begin to explain how he was feeling.

The embarrassment was so strong, he wanted nothing more but to go back to sleep and stay asleep until all memories about his behavior were completely erased. Not only from his brain, but Dream's as well.

He couldn't believe the way he had *humiliated* himself. He couldn't believe he had relaxed to the point that he stopped thinking and let his instincts take over.

He should have realized that it was a bad idea. He should have known that he wasn't going to react well to what they did.

Light-scenting was supposed to be more of a platonic gesture than a romantic one. It was normal for family members and close friends to do it with each other. But for someone that has barely scented *at all* in his life, of course it would affect him way more than to anyone else, and feel way more intense than it should.

His family never light-scented him as a child. Or maybe they did, but just when he was too young to remember it. It wasn't really common for them to share that gesture, therefore he never did it with friends either. And his romantic relationships were never serious enough for any kind of scenting to be a big part of it.

No wonder he turned stupid with what they did, not wanting anything more in life but to feel the alpha close to him.

How fucking embarrassing.

George was both ashamed and thankful that Dream realized what was going on; something that was made clear when the boy asked him if he only did that with romantic partners.

Ashamed because it meant he also thought the brunet was being way too clingy for it to be normal. Thankful because it made the blond stop him from doing anything else that he could regret, getting him to bed instead.

He sighed. In all honesty, a part of him wanted to stay in his room and avoid his friend for as long as he could, not knowing how to look him in the face after all that.

But he was starving.

He somehow managed to sleep for six hours despite being early in the morning, skipping not only breakfast but lunch in the process.

So, he stood up, taking a few deep breaths before he left the room and carefully headed downstairs.

He quietly walked into the kitchen, going to the fridge but stopping by the microwave when a sticky note placed on it caught his attention.

'George :)'

The brunet took the note, looking at it for a couple seconds before opening the microwave, seeing a plate with a sandwich inside.

He couldn't help but smile, taking the food and walking to the living room next. He saw Sapnap sitting on the couch, watching something on the TV, and decided to sit next to him.

"Yo, sleeping beauty! Was about time," the boy greeted him, before wrapping an arm around his shoulders to pull him close. The Brit rolled his eyes, getting comfortable on his spot before taking a bite of his sandwich. "The jet lag hit you hard, huh?"

"Yeah," he mumbled, with his mouth half-full of food. He felt his friend pat his shoulder, still with his arm around him, and he hummed. Weirdly enough, the closeness didn't feel overwhelming, nor made him nervous in any way. Not like... "Where's Dream?" He instantly asked.

"Getting us some dinner," the brown haired replied, then gave him a teasing smile. "Why? Missing him already?"

"You're an idiot," the brunet groaned, shaking his head. His roommate chuckled at his reaction. "What is he getting?"

"McDonalds, I think."

"Oh. I thought he wasn't a big fan of junk food."

"He isn't." The alpha looked at him, smirking. "But you are."

George huffed at the implication of his words, a light blush taking over his cheeks. He decided to focus on finishing his sandwich and drop the conversation entirely, occasionally feeling as his friend moved his hand down from the smaller boy's shoulder to his arm, stroking it lightly.

It was nice, being like that. The gentle touch was nice too. He felt comfortable, and warm, and whatever show Sapnap was watching was somewhat interesting.

He put the plate down on the coffee table once he was done with his food, leaning back against his friend to now give his full attention to the TV.

"Clay is gonna be so pissed once he gets back," the younger boy suddenly mumbled, after a few seconds of silence. The omega furrowed his brows.

"What do you mean?" He asked, tilting his head in confusion. Sapnap smirked at his question, then shrugged softly.

"You're gonna smell like me, and he's gonna get all whiny about it."

George let out an awkward laugh, blood rushing to his cheeks again; sometimes he hated just how easily his face could turn red. He looked away next, trying to ignore the way his stomach twisted with that sentence.

Dream had always been somewhat possessive with him, the reason why their friends joked about it so much and mocked him every chance they got. And he had always been okay with it, both the jokes and the blond's behavior, finding them quite funny. But now... He didn't know anymore.

Why did even the simplest, more normal things, have to feel so out of place now? Why did he have

to relate absolutely everything they did to the nerve-wracking possibility of feeling owned?

Dream said nothing had to change. George felt like it already did.

He was scared he might be the one making them change.

“You okay?” His friend's voice took him out of his thoughts. The brunet blinked a few times, then glanced at the boy and nodded. “You sure?”

“Yeah.”

“Alright, if you say so.” Sapnap patted his arm softly, offering him a faint smile. “You know you can talk to me if you need to at any point, though, right?” The boy asked. And George couldn't deny a part of him didn't find the invitation tempting.

The idea of putting all his conflicting thoughts out for just a few seconds was more appealing than it should be, but he couldn't do that. He didn't know how to do that. Even if he wanted to, he wouldn't even know how to start.

At the end, none of it mattered, because before he could give any kind of answer, the front door suddenly opened.

Sapnap stood up rather quickly, going straight to help Dream with the bags of food. The brunet stayed on the couch for just a moment, then followed his friend a few seconds later.

As soon as he entered the room, green eyes met his brown ones.

The brunet looked away almost instantly, a wave of embarrassment hitting him despite nothing having happened to justify the reaction. He focused on setting the table to regain his composure, before finally lifting his head again and looking at the alpha so it wouldn't seem like he was purposely ignoring him.

The boy was still looking at him, yet his expression had shifted.

The calm and content one that he was showing him just a couple seconds ago was replaced by furrowed brows and a wrinkled nose, almost looking like he was in discomfort, or in pain.

“What?” George instantly asked, confused by the sudden change. Apparently, his voice took the blond off whatever train of thoughts he was into, watching as he purposely relaxed his features, then shook his head.

“Nothing,” he was quick to answer. Sapnap scoffed at his response right away, and a light blush appeared on the blond's cheeks. “Nothing!” He insisted.

Just like that, it clicked.

The brunet smirked, now understanding what was going on, talking again calmly and with a teasing tone.

“Is there a problem, Dream?”

“No,” the tall boy replied instantly, but there was no honesty in his voice.

Oh, he was so easy to read.

The alpha was trying so hard not to look disgusted anymore, but he kept glancing at the brown

haired then back at the omega. And it was so obvious, what was going through his head, that it was almost amusing.

"Sure thing, buddy," their roommate mumbled, clearly finding the situation just as funny. Dream huffed at his words, and George couldn't help but laugh.

"You're both- Shut up, you're both idiots."

"Oh are we?" Sapnap teased, making the brunet laugh again. The blond groaned, between annoyed and embarrassed.

"Just go get some napkins or something, make yourself useful," the tall one let out. The youngest of them all shook his head, giggling quietly before heading to the kitchen to do as he was requested.

As soon as the brown haired was gone, Dream looked at him again. George offered him a faint smile, trying his best to act normal, like he would under any other circumstances.

"Hi," the boy mumbled.

"Hey," he replied.

The blond moved closer, looking up and down like he was examining him with his eyes, before looking at his face again. He placed a hand on his shoulder next, gently patting it for a moment, then moving down to his arm and caressing it lightly.

"Feeling better?" The boy asked, continuing with his actions for a few seconds before pulling his hand again. George raised an eyebrow, then couldn't help but snort. "What?" Dream instantly questioned. The brunet laughed more. "What's so funny?" He asked next, but his reddish cheeks made it clear that he knew exactly what the omega was laughing about.

Because he tried to be subtle, George was sure that he did, yet his gesture couldn't have been more blatantly obvious. And it was amusing, it truly was, how Dream wasn't able to hold back and resist the impulse of trying to cover Sapnap's smell with his own.

It was amusing to see how the gatekeeping behavior translated from their online relationship to their in-real-life interactions too.

Because the blond was always making up excuses to why he was doing whatever he was doing, but everyone knew that he simply was a jealous person.

It was amusing, back then and also right that instant. And George decided, it didn't need to be more than just that. He would allow himself to find it funny, and not see things as something that they weren't.

Because this was Dream, and Dream had always been possessive, so of course he would be in person as well.

It was fine. He could even enjoy it, like he used to.

Sapnap was back before the conversation could go any further, and soon enough they were eating, making jokes in between and enjoying each other's company.

Just like that, all his previous thoughts were left behind. He was able to forget about his behavior that morning, and how he acted like all the things he didn't want to be. He was able to forget about

his insecurities, and the irrational fears he needed to push away.

They continued to talk for a while after they were done, until an hour or so had passed and the brown haired stood up, yawning softly.

"Alright, Imma head out to stream now," he declared. "Goodnight, guys."

The two other boys said their goodbyes to him as well, and then, they were all alone again.

Green eyes met brown ones, just like the time before.

"Hi," the boy mumbled.

"Hey," he replied.

"Are you tired?" His friend asked. George shook his head.

"I slept all day."

Dream hummed in response, then made a gesture with his head to point to the living room. The brunet nodded, understanding the silent invitation. He stood up after the boy did as well, and followed him to the other room until they were both sitting on the couch.

And he had thought that maybe the blond wanted to watch a movie, or maybe play something, but as soon as he shifted to look at him directly, the omega realized that wasn't the case.

"Can we talk?" The alpha asked in a quiet tone. The Brit felt his stomach twisting, a bitter feeling in his mouth as the memories of everything he had forgotten for a while came back in a rush.

*No*, he wanted to say.

"Yeah," he whispered.

"I... I wanted to apologize," the boy mumbled next, and George blinked a few times. From all the things he could've imagined, he wasn't expecting that. He was about to ask what he was apologizing for, but his friend spoke again before he could. "I- I didn't know that you weren't used to scenting."

Ah, there it was. The topic he wished to avoid.

Blood rushed to his cheeks right away, averting the boy's eyes as he shrugged.

"It's fine," he mumbled. Dream stared at him for a few seconds, before nodding, seemingly taking his word.

The conversation wasn't over just with that, though, the blond hesitating for a moment before speaking again.

"George... Why were you panicking like that?" He asked, and the bitter feeling in his stomach intensified. The brunet shifted awkwardly on his spot, not liking the turn the conversation took all that much. "Do you still think I could change my mind? Is that why you're so stressed?" The boy added next.

The omega blinked a few times in confusion, unsure of where that was coming from, until he remembered the conversation they had the day that he agreed to the blond's plan.

Right, George asked about that, that one time.

"I won't, Georgie," the American mumbled.

He reached for his hand, taking it gently, and Brit could already tell that whatever speech his friend was about to give him wouldn't be what he needed to hear. Probably the opposite.

"I'm sure about this, okay?" *I'm not.* "Even more now that you're here, I'm sure that I wanna do this. With you." *I don't.* "It's just paperwork, I meant it when I said that." *It's so much more than just that.* "You're the closest relationship I have, and I want to keep you around for as long as I can... Forever, if possible." *Yeah, but at what cost?*

George stared at the alpha for a few seconds, before finally nodding.

"Okay," the omega whispered, swallowing all the words running through his head.

The alpha didn't get it.

He would never get it.

For Dream it was easy. Mating was something that he could do for his best friend, then continue to live his life as he wanted. But for George, it would never be as simple.

He didn't say that, though.

He didn't say a thing.

Because alphas could never understand how things were for omegas, and he didn't want to make the situation worse.

The blond moved closer after his response, and he was about to wrap his arms around the smaller boy, but stopped at the last second.

"Can I hug you?" He asked first. The brunet huffed to his words.

"You don't need to ask every time."

"I feel like I should, though," his friend argued. "Especially after this morning." The Brit shifted uncomfortably in his spot, embarrassment flooding him again. "I can't be doing things that you might not feel good about later, and you told me that you're not used to physical contact. So I just, need to know where the limit is."

The brunet suddenly felt tense, shifting again.

He appreciated the concern, but at the same time, it made him feel a bit awkward.

*This whole thing is something I might not feel good about later.*

"Dream," he let out right away, as if talking would help to push his thoughts away. "If you want us to mate, I'm gonna have to get used to physical contact with you."

His friend's expression changed abruptly.

George couldn't fully read the emotion that the boy was showing, not being something he had seen in him before, but before he could fully process it, his features changed again. The precious emotion was gone, now only a poker face to be seen.

There was something in the boy's eyes, though, and something in his scent as well, that let the omega know that his words didn't necessarily make the blond happy.

"What?" He questioned, raising an eyebrow. Dream opened his mouth to talk, but after a second, he simply sighed.

"Nothing," the alpha mumbled. And before the brunet could push any further, he spoke again. "I need to know your boundaries, George. I can't- I just need to know, okay?"

The Brit stared at the American for a second, taking in the uneasiness in his voice. Then, after a moment, he nodded.

"Okay."

He didn't like it. He didn't like talking about things he didn't fully understand. He didn't like not knowing things, or being confused, and not knowing how to even begin to learn. And he surely didn't understand where his comfort ended or where it started.

But the blond was staring at him, waiting for him to continue and give an answer. And he knew what he was asking for was valid and important, despite his feelings about it. So, he tried.

"It's fine, hugs are fine," he mumbled, deciding to base his answer on the boy's previous actions. Dream nodded in response, humming softly.

"What about light-scenting?" He asked. The omega opened his mouth to talk, but closed it right after, taking a second to think of how to word his answer.

"I... Not unless strictly necessary," he decided to say. "And not like this morning either, that was too much," he added. "It makes me feel..." *Needy, clingy. And like we're something that we're not.* "... Weird."

"Okay," the boy instantly agreed, nodding a few times. "What about sleeping together?"

George awkwardly shifted in his spot once again, pursing his lips as he looked away.

He felt like he was being interrogated, asked for answers that he didn't really have.

A part of him wanted to say yes, another part felt like he shouldn't say that.

He couldn't deny that he liked how calm he felt while sleeping with the boy, or how comfortable and warm he was the whole time, but maybe that was exactly the reason why he shouldn't want it.

Just like with light-scenting, if he allowed himself to get too used to relying on the alpha whenever he needed to feel at peace, then once they had bonded, no matter how fake it was, he would get attached. If their current relationship felt in any way like a courtship, then the normal effects of a bond would affect him.

Then again, how was he supposed to know what their limitations and comfort zones were as friends, if he put a stop to everything that felt nice just so it wouldn't possibly backfire in the future?

"You're not sure," Dream declared, his voice getting him out of his thoughts. It seemed like his silence was enough for him to take it as an answer. "We won't, then. Not until you say otherwise."

"Okay," the omega whispered, somewhat relieved with that resolution. He could work with that.

"Other kinds of physical contact you're okay with?" His friend asked next, but that was too wide of a question for him to know what to say.

Any answer that he could give would be too vague.

He could say to keep it platonic, but what did that really mean? And he could say to avoid things that felt too domestic or couple-like, but wouldn't hugs in the kitchen first thing in the morning be off the table as well, then?

"You can tell me when you figure it out," the boy decided for him again, probably smelling on his scent how stressed the brunet was getting. George nodded, thankful that he didn't need to think anymore, and feeling suddenly exhausted. "Hey." A hand on his cheek made him look up, brown eyes meeting green ones. "We'll make this work, okay?"

"... I'm gonna go to bed," the Brit mumbled, because he felt like he would end up throwing up if he had to say okay one more time. Especially when he wasn't really feeling like it.

The blond nodded, letting go of him so he could stand up and leave as he wanted. George was quick to mumble a goodbye, then headed upstairs.

His head was a mess. Even in the safety of his room, already tucked in bed, his head was a confusing mess.

He didn't know what to think about anything that just happened.

Dream was making an effort to make him feel comfortable, he knew he was. But he was missing the main point. George wouldn't be able to fully feel okay in the situation they were in, he wouldn't be able to enjoy being together and explore the new layers of their friendship when there was a new fake part to it that they decided to add.

And maybe he was overthinking it, maybe the blond was right and nothing had to change. Maybe they could explore their friendship anyways, while also going through the process to become an official pairing. But right now, it didn't feel like it.

The brunet stared at his ceiling, wanting nothing more but to fall asleep and forget about everything for a few hours. But the more he wanted it, the more he was unable to get the rest he needed.

Minutes passed, then hours. He was exhausted, but he couldn't get his mind to relax enough to fall asleep.

Things still felt too new, the room was still too unfamiliar.

... Fuck.

Without thinking twice, he grabbed his phone, writing one single text.

*George: I can't sleep :[*

The 'seen' was almost instant.

The omega stared at his phone, waiting for a response. He waited for a minute. He waited for two. Then, he heard a knock on his door.

The American found his way inside as soon as the Brit told him to come in, walking with a glass

on his hand.

"Hey," the boy said, offering him a smile.

"Hi," he mumbled, a weird sense of *déjà vu* filling him. "What's that?"

"Warm milk," his friend mumbled, moving closer to the bedroom. "My mom used to give it to me when I couldn't sleep. It helps you relax, I think."

"Oh." The brunet blinked to the unexpected words, a warm feeling pooling on his stomach.  
"Thanks."

The blond doubted for a second before sitting on the bed by his side, handing him the cup. George took it and drank slowly, taking his time to do so, then placed the glass on his nightstand.

Then, they simply stared at each other for a moment.

The alpha smiled at him fondly, placing a hand on the omega's head to pet his hair. Only for a few seconds, though, before pulling away.

"Get some rest, Georgie," he mumbled. And just like that, he was standing up to leave.

"Wait." The omega grabbed his hand before his brain could catch up with his actions.

He looked at the boy, moving on his bed to leave some space free by his side, then pulled at his arm slightly to get the alpha to move closer again.

Dream understood the message.

"You sure?" He questioned, caution in his voice.

No. If he was quite honest, he wasn't sure.

He still felt like he shouldn't be doing anything that could be taken as anything outside of strictly platonic. But Dream was his *best friend*. And wasn't it normal to want to be comforted by the person you're closest to?

Was it really so bad if he wanted his presence, and the safety that it brought him?

God. He was going in circles, wasn't he? Going back and forth between the same two thoughts.

Wanting to give in and be happy, and afraid of doing so.

Fuck it.

"I just need you right now," he quickly let out, before he could change his mind. And that was probably the most honest thing he had been able to say since he got there.

He mentally reassured himself that it was fine to say it, because it was just a temporary feeling. He wasn't admitting to needing him in any other way than just right that instant, and as a friend. It wasn't an omega needing an alpha, it was just George needing Dream.

The blond nodded at his words, then carefully got in bed with him. And the brunet decided then, since he had already asked him to stay, that there was no point in denying himself the rest of the comfort he needed.

He wrapped his arms around the boy without saying a word, burying his face on his chest. The American brought a hand to the Brit's hair, petting it softly while holding him with his other arm.

They stayed like that for a while, in comfortable silence and simply holding each other close as they relaxed.

And it felt peaceful, to be like that. It felt like nothing else in the world mattered, because they were together.

That was the only important part. Yet that was exactly what made it so overwhelming, at the same time.

“George?” The blond whispered, still playing with his hair in a soothing gesture.

“Hm?”

“Are you... You want to be here, right?” The alpha questioned, and the omega pulled away to look at him, confused by his words.

“Yeah.” He nodded a couple times.

“Are you sure?” His friend asked again. The concern in the green eyes made the brunet's chest tighten.

“Yeah,” he whispered, now not only confused but a little worried as well. “Why?”

“Just...” The boy pursed his lips, doubting for a second before sighing. “Are you happy, here?”

The question hit him like a truck, his heart skipping a beat at those words.

“I am,” he instantly said, but his friend's expression didn't change.

“George...”

“I am,” he repeated, in a strained whisper.

And he wasn't lying. He *was* happy.

He was happy to finally be together, he was happy to finally be in the States. He was happy that he was starting the life that he had wanted for so long.

He was happy, even if for moments everything felt conflicting and overwhelming.

Dream looked at him like he didn't fully believe him. He smiled at him weakly, moving his hand to the brunet's cheek and cupping it.

“Remember when- the test, remember how I said that sometimes I stare at you?” The blond asked.  
“Well, now... Now it's like, really hard not to stare at you all the time, you know?” He chuckled.

George couldn't help but smile at the confession, unsure of why he was bringing it up but finding it amusing regardless.

The alpha smiled at him as well, caressing his face with his thumbs gently. Then, he continued with his words.

“But, sometimes... Sometimes when I stare at you, and you're lost in your thoughts, you just

look... Sad."

Oh.

The omega blinked once, then twice.

Just like that, George felt like he could cry.

He wasn't going to, he wouldn't let himself do that. But suddenly, everything felt like too much.

"... I'm sorry," he let out in a whisper, quickly pulling away. Dream instantly stopped him, wrapping his arms around him like before.

"No, George, it's okay. I'm not trying- You have nothing to apologize for," he reassured. "I just- I want you to be happy, Georgie, that's all."

"I am happy," the brunet said again, trying to sound sure of his own words this time.

The blond looked at him, and he could tell he was still doubting. Probably because his scent made it clear that he wasn't feeling the best.

He sighed, then closed his eyes.

"I just... It's hard, okay? But I am happy, and I do want to be here," The Brit whispered, trying his best to put his thoughts into words.

He opened his eyes again, looking at the boy. The alpha still seemed unsure, and seemed like he wanted to say something.

George pulled him closer again, speaking before the American could.

"I want to be here, Dream," he repeated, burying his head on his friend's chest and inhaling deeply. The boy tightened his embrace.

"You promise?" He asked, voice quiet and insecure. The brunet nodded right away. "I love you, George," the alpha said next, and the omega felt an electric wave run through his whole body. "I just want you to be okay."

George took a sharp breath and gripped at his friend's shirt, wanting to be closer, *needing* to be closer.

Because fuck, that's the first time Dream had said those words to his face. And fuck, it felt all too intense. Too *real*. He probably would never be able to admit it out loud, but he needed to hear that. He didn't even know that he needed it until now, but he apparently did.

And maybe he experienced too many emotions in a short period of time, so now he couldn't process whatever he was feeling very well. Or maybe a part of him broke with that conversation, because it showed him that he couldn't put the same barriers he used online; his scent and reactions giving away things that he used to easily hide. Or maybe he was overwhelmed by the new vulnerability, and the fact that he didn't know how to deal with those emotions simply got him exhausted at that point. But whatever it was, whatever caused it, he felt *needy*.

He needed to feel Dream's love. He needed reassurance. And maybe he would feel ashamed in the morning for needing it, but right now, he wanted his best friend to comfort him in all the ways he had never been able to before.

“Dream,” he whispered, gripping at his shirt again, asking for something. Even if he didn’t know what it was.

The boy tightened his arms around him again as well, rubbing his back gently and placing soft kisses on his head, seemingly understanding his need of affection.

Against his best judgment, George lifted his head slightly, placing it right by his friend’s neck. Against his best judgment, the omega took a deep breath.

The smell of newborn leaves and green apples was so fucking comforting and soothing.

The alpha tensed for a second, seemingly taken back by his actions, but soon relaxed once he realized the brunet was just sniffing him and nothing else.

“I love you...” The boy whispered again. George buried his nose on Dream’s gland as an instinctual reaction, inhaling deeply again. He let the scent fill his senses, so he could feel the love that the blond was proclaiming.

And it felt weird, it felt out of character to behave like that. But maybe it was because he wasn’t used to feeling vulnerable, to being forced to face his feelings even if just in his head. So maybe feeling clingy after expressing some of his emotions, no matter how little he said, was a normal reaction.

He didn’t know, he couldn’t know. He wasn’t sure he cared, at this point. Not right now, at least.

The alpha held him tighter for a moment, tensing up again at his actions, before suddenly pushing the omega to lay on his back.

In a blink of an eye, Dream was laying over him, using his arms to lift himself enough to keep some distance between them.

George’s eyes widened, breath stuck in his throat.

Green eyes stared directly into his brown ones. The American looked at him like the Brit was the most valuable thing in the world; like George meant everything to him.

He didn’t hate it.

Then, the boy lowered himself slightly, slowly closing some of the distance between them, and moved one of his hands to cup the omega’s cheek. He rubbed his skin gently with his thumb, keeping eye contact.

And maybe the brunet never imagined them being like this; so close together and holding each other with such tenderness; but now that they were in that position, he didn’t think he could imagine his life without having his friend like that again.

“You’re so important to me, George,” the alpha whispered, and he felt his cheeks instantly heating up. “*I need* you to be okay.”

“I am,” he replied right away.

The blond offered him a soft smile, before slowly pulling away, laying by his side again and wrapping his arms around him like before. He was gentle with his touch this time around, though, keeping some careful distance between them

"We should sleep," the boy declared. George didn't realize until that moment just how badly he really needed to close his eyes and let his brain shut down.

So, he agreed, humming as he tried to relax.

But as his mind began to calm down, and his emotions settled down again, everything that just took place felt heavy on his chest.

He wasn't sure of what just happened, or what all of it meant. And he didn't know how to feel about it.

#### Chapter End Notes

you guys said you didnt mind longer chapters, so i just went with it haha

your comments are the best part of my day and motivates me to keep writing more and more, thank you so much for all the support <3

[twitter: @WinterLighting](#)

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He was wrong.

He was wrong about everything that he thought he would feel if he woke up wrapped on Dream's arm.

The embarrassment, the guilt, the self-consciousness about possibly crossing a line. None of it was there.

When his eyes opened, and he felt a hand petting his hair, all he could feel was peace.

It felt right, it felt natural, it didn't cause his mind to overthink. The warmth of the boy's body was comfortable, and his scent surrounding him kept him relaxed and content. And the way he was touching him was soothing, holding him with such delicacy, gentle and careful.

He didn't hate it.

"I wanna wake up like this every morning." He heard the alpha mumbling, still running his fingers through his hair.

George couldn't help but smile.

Because they were finally living together, they were finally sharing the same space. So, technically, they could wake up like that every day, if they wanted to.

There wasn't an ocean keeping them apart anymore.

*There wasn't an ocean keeping them apart anymore.*

It was his fourth day there, but just now his brain seemed to process that.

Hugging, cuddling, sleeping together, waking up together. It was all possible now. They could do it every day, if they wanted to.

He didn't hate that thought.

He couldn't say that out loud, though.

"Simp," he whispered, sounding still half-asleep. Dream stilled his movements, tensing up for a moment before talking again, with caution in his voice.

"You're awake," he pointed out.

"Wow, you're so smart," the brunet mocked. The boy huffed in response. And the omega couldn't really see him; his face was still buried on the alpha's chest; but he could smell his embarrassment on his scent.

Before he could make fun of him for it, though, he suddenly felt the blond grabbing him by his shoulders.

In a blink of an eye, their positions had shifted, and he was now laying on his back looking directly at his best friend. The boy stayed on his spot, but leaned down so half of him would be on top of the brunet, without actually getting their bodies to touch.

He stared straight into his eyes, then smirked.

“Good morning, Georgie.”

Shivers ran down his spine, heat pooling on his stomach. Dream had moved him like he was nothing, and now *he* was the one stinking of embarrassment.

“Morning,” he let out, but his voice sounded small. The alpha grinned, satisfied with himself. Blood rushed to his cheeks, huffing with fake annoyance. “Okay, no, that’s not- You’re being an idiot. Like, you’re actually dumb, Dream, and first thing in the morning too.”

A soft laughter left his friend's lips at his reaction, the boy looking at him with amusement. He moved down next, to gently press a kiss on his forehead.

“Sorry,” he mumbled, despite not seeming sorry at all. “Did you sleep okay?” He asked then. The Brit nodded a few times, getting a faint smile in response. Dream placed one of his hands on his cheek, caressing his skin softly. “Feeling alright?” George nodded again, the boy’s smile grew bigger.

The omega's chest felt tight and warm.

He could get used to that, maybe. To the gentle affection first thing in the morning after waking up.

A loud knock on his door stole both of their attentions, making them glance at the door.

“What?” The omega instantly asked, already knowing who it was for obvious reasons.

“Are you guys naked or can I come in?”

The brunet scoffed at Sapnap’s words, a light blush taking over his cheeks. He pushed the blond slightly, and the boy, understanding the message, took some distance right away. They quickly sat up in the bed, right before the younger boy entered the room.

“We ran out of milk, I need you to buy some more,” their roommate blurted out as soon as he got inside, making them both blink in confusion.

“Right now?” Dream questioned, then furrowed his brows. “Wait, we bought milk literally like three days ago, what do you mean we ran out of-”

“I’m a growing boy, Clay,” the brown haired interrupted.

“I- Sap, what the hell?”

“Look, I was trying to make pancakes, right? Like, from scratch,” the youngest of them explained. “And I was halfway done when I realized we don’t have more milk left, so I need to buy more.”

Green eyes blinked once, then twice.

“Why were you making them from scratch? We literally have the mix...”

“It was my turn to impress Gogy with homemade breakfast, okay?” The boy interrupted again.

"Plus I was bored, and hungry. I was *bunrgy* . And I didn't wanna come wake you guys up, in case you were having wild sex or-"

"The car keys are in my room," the blond cut him off, before the boy could make the sentence somehow worse. George tried to ignore the weird feeling on his stomach, simply huffing to the exchange.

"I need *you* to go buy it, though," Sapnap mumbled, and his best friend frowned in confusion again. "I need to stay in the kitchen so the eggs don't overcook, and I have bread in the oven, so..."

"Bread in- Why is there bread in the *oven*?" Dream instantly questioned, eyes widening in horror. Then, his brain seemed to catch up with the rest of the sentence. "Wait, you're cooking the eggs *right now* ?"

"It's for grilled cheese, I found a new recipe," the brown haired said in response to the first question. Then, he shrugged. "And yeah, I just said I'm cooking them now. They're already in the pan, so I can't go to the store."

In a blink of an eye, the blond had left the bed and was heading out of the room, seemingly outraged.

"*You* are going to buy the milk, I'm taking care of your mess," he declared.

"What?" Their roommate frowned. "No way, dude, it's *my* special breakfast, and-"

"Sap," the tall boy cut him off. The younger one groaned, turning around to leave the room as well.

"Fine, Jesus, fine."

George blinked a few times, watching the scene unfold in front of his eyes. He watched the glare Dream offered to their friend, and the way Sapnap accepted defeat and went to get the car keys.

The laugh that escaped his lips was probably the most genuine one that he had let out so far.

Things were slowly starting to feel more natural, like life was finally making sense, all the pieces clicking into place and now starting to feel again like he always did when talking to his friends.

Breakfast ended up not being a disaster after all.

Dream basically threw away half of what Sapnap made, but they were able to save the pancakes. Surprisingly enough, they were pretty good, so the youngest one of them still felt proud enough of his work.

"We should do something today," the brown haired declared. "Like... The beach, we should go to the beach!"

"That's an hour and a half away," Dream mumbled, shaking his head. "I think it's better if we plan that with more time, so we can get there early and spend the whole day there. Or even a weekend."

Sapnap hummed at his words, seemingly accepting his reasoning as valid. Then, he thought for a moment.

"Then... Disney- No, Universal Studios! George you gotta see all the cool Harry Potter stuff," the boy suggested next.

"We also need to get there early for that."

"Someone's a mood killer," the brown haired complied, making the brunet giggle. "So... What about the aquarium? It's not that big, so it doesn't take long to see it all. We don't need a whole day."

The blond hummed at those words, then glanced at the omega, waiting for him to give any kind of sign that he agreed to the idea or not. After he nodded, the tall boy looked at their roommate again.

"Sounds good," he mumbled, nodding as well.

"Let's go!" Sapnap instantly cheered. "Dude, maybe we'll see some penguins. It'd be awesome."

They all went to their room a few minutes after that, so they could get ready, and not even an hour later, they were on their way to the aquarium. George then discovered, that Sapnap's definition of 'not long' was fucked up.

They spent five hours walking around the place, and then they ended up visiting some 'ironic' places nearby for another three hours, so they ended up being out the whole day after all; and by iconic, they apparently meant a bunch of other parks that looked exactly the same to him.

The omega was exhausted.

It was a fun day, but he wasn't used to walking that much or for so long. Getting into the car to head back home was a relief, his feet hurting and his body feeling weak. Having to get out, though, wasn't as pleasant.

He groaned the moment the car came to a stop.

"I don't wanna walk anymore," the brunet whined, barely opening the door and stepping outside before deciding he didn't want to even try to move again. "I refuse. I'm done walking for today," he declared.

"Piggyback ride to the house?" Sapnap quickly offered, already putting himself in position and crouching in front of him so the Brit could get on his back.

George raised an eyebrow.

"I'm literally taller than you," he pointed out.

"I'm way stronger, though," the boy argued.

The omega scoffed, but he was too tired to refuse. He carefully got on his friend's back, and the boy waited for a moment until he was sure they were good to go, before standing up so he could walk.

"Alright, kids, stop playing around," the blond mumbled as he closed the car's door, rolling his eyes.

"You're just jealous no one can carry you, freaking giant," the brown haired mocked.

The brunet laughed louder than necessary, then held tightly onto his friend, his eyes widening with surprise when Sapnap decided that instead of walking like a normal person, he would *run for his fucking life*.

Dream instantly ran right after them, not trying to chase them but to make sure they wouldn't run

into the door.

They almost collapsed on the couch as soon as they got inside and to the living room, barely being able to breathe from frantically laughing.

They were acting like children, the blond was right by calling them kids. But it felt right, and it was fun. It almost felt like they were trying to make up for all the years of friendship that they didn't get to experience face to face.

The taller boy got them both a bottle of water, giving them a few moments to recover before scolding them for almost breaking one of the planters at the entry. They chatted for a few more minutes after that, then Sapnap called it a night, saying that he had promised Karl that he would hop into his stream.

The omega sighed, closing his eyes for a second and relaxing on the couch, before slowly standing up, guessing there wasn't a point in staying in the living-room any longer.

He glanced at Dream, almost expecting him to be doing the same, but the boy was focused on his phone.

"Everything okay?" He asked, the serious expression on his friend's face instantly catching his attention. Dream mindlessly hummed at first, like he heard him but didn't really listen to his words. But then, he seemingly processed them.

"Oh, yeah," he quickly replied, offering him a faint smile. "It's- My lawyer just texted me," he added, before standing up as well. "To uhm, set up a meeting for this Friday, to talk about the other alternatives for you to stay here."

George could feel his eyes lighting up, a sense of hope that he hadn't allowed himself to feel filling his chest.

"Oh," was all he managed to say, but his scent was giving his excitement away.

Dream smiled at his reaction, then let out a tired sigh.

"Wanna go to sleep?" He asked. The brunet nodded in response.

George turned around right after, to head upstairs, but couldn't even take two steps when strong arms wrapped around his waist, stopping him from leaving.

The alpha placed his head on the omega's shoulder, hiding his face on it.

"Is this okay...?" The blond asked, with a quiet voice. The brunet could feel his heart racing.

"Yeah" he managed to whisper, a little taken back by the sudden action. "Are you- Are you okay?"

"Yeah," the boy answered right away, pulling him a little closer.. "Just... Wanna hold you for a second."

Heat pooled on his stomach hearing those words, barely letting out a choked out 'okay' in response. That instinctual voice inside him wanted nothing more than for the blond to move his nose just slightly to the right, closer to his gland.

As if he could read his mind, the alpha turned his head slightly, inhaled deeply at his neck before burying his nose on his scent gland to get more of his smell.

“I like it when you’re happy,” Dream whispered. George closed his eyes, suddenly feeling dizzy and his heart beating even faster.

“Yeah?” He whispered as well.

“Yeah,” his friend confirmed, then inhaled again. “You smell even better when you’re happy.”

Shivers.

George felt shivers down his spine.

The omega’s hands moved slowly from his waist to his hips, then gently rubbing his thumb in circular motion, over his clothes.

“This okay too?” The blond asked in a whisper. The brunet nodded lightly, taking a deep breath.

His face was burning, his chest felt warm, and trembling hands moved hesitantly to place themselves over the bigger ones holding him.

Dream’s scent was filled with fondness and caring, so strongly that it was almost overwhelming.

He didn’t hate it.

He could get used to it, maybe.

To be held like that, to feel the boy close, to listen to affectionate whispers and believing the words they said.

He closed his eyes, taking a deep breath.

“Can we- Can we go to sleep now?” He mumbled, and his voice almost sounded like a plea. His mind was already trying to pull a one-eighty on his thoughts, and he knew that if that happened he would drown again.

He needed to break the moment, so he could save it.

The alpha nodded right away, slowly letting go of him and walking to get to his side instead. They quietly made it upstairs, heading to the omega’s room in complete silence, and once they got to his door, the blond grabbed his hand.

He pulled at him to make the brunet turn around, so they would be facing again, then cupped his cheeks gently and moved closer to kiss his forehead.

“Goodnight, George,” he mumbled next, offering him a soft smile.

The brunet omega blinked a few times, watching the boy for a moment as he turned around and began to walk away. But then, he snapped out of it and reached to grab his friend’s hand again.

Dream instantly looked at him, a confused expression questioning his actions.

George simply opened his door, stepping inside and pulling the boy to come with him.

Finally, the alpha seemed to understand his intentions.

“I don’t have my pajamas with me,” the blond mumbled, because of course he would worry about that.

"Just take off your pants, Dream, you don't need your stupid pajamas," the brunet replied, rolling his eyes.

However, he quickly realized his mistake, eyes widening slightly as he instantly glanced at his friend. The tall boy raised an eyebrow, face tinted with amusement and a smirk on his lips.

The smaller one felt his cheeks blushing heavily.

"That is *not* what I meant," he let out right away.

"Eager much, Georgie?" The blond teased anyway.

"*Dream*," the omega whined, and the alpha laughed at the embarrassment in his tone. He mumbled a few 'sorry's, but it was clear as day he didn't mean any of them. "Oh my god, you're the worst," he complained, groaning with annoyance. "That's- You know what? I changed my mind, I wanna sleep alone."

Dream raised an eyebrow, looking at him with amusement. Then, he offered him a confident grin before speaking again.

"No you don't."

No he didn't.

He didn't want him to actually leave, no matter how embarrassed the blond made him.

The brunet huffed, not giving him a verbal response and simply turning around to change his clothes instead. As soon as he was done, he got in his bed, leaving enough space for his friend to join him.

The alpha removed his jeans as he was told, and, in a matter of seconds, they were laying together and hugging again, relaxing into each other's touch and letting sleep claim them.

And as his brain drifted into unconsciousness, George felt like maybe, just maybe, things would be okay.

Things were most definitely not okay.

Dream was acting weird. He didn't know why, but he was. And not only that, but he was pretty much avoiding him as well.

Okay, maybe he wasn't exactly *avoiding* him, not fully. He still made him breakfast every morning, he still wrapped his arms around him whenever he got the chance, and he still allowed the brunet to guide him into his room at nights.

But whenever they were simply talking and having fun, something in his face would suddenly change. And then, his whole demeanor toward him was different.

He suddenly looked worried, a tint of guilt on his features, and he would excuse himself soon after that.

George was getting anxious. And the fact that the boy was currently out, in his meeting with the lawyer, wasn't helping him with that.

He had a slight suspicion that the alpha's weird behavior was related to the meeting. He didn't have proof to confirm it, but he knew his best friend well enough to make the assumption.

Hours passed slowly. No matter how much he tried to distract himself, by playing dumb games with Sapnap the whole afternoon, he still couldn't stop thinking about it.

Shouldn't Dream be back by now?

Another full hour passed, before he finally heard the door. George lifted his head instantly, turning to look at the entrance and watch the blond get inside the house.

Brown eyes met green ones.

The boy offered him a smile. But something about it was off, it didn't feel as sincere.

Before he could question anything, or even got the chance to say hello, the blond spoke first.

"Sap, can you help me get some stuff from the car?" He asked. "I got us some dinner."

The brown haired nodded to his words, quickly standing up and heading outside to do as he was told. Dream turned around to leave as well, and just like that, both boys were gone.

The omega stared at the door, uneasiness filling him slowly.

His friends took an awfully long amount of time to get back, and once they did, they merely had two bags of Chinese food each, that Dream could have carried alone with no trouble and shouldn't have taken them so long to get.

He didn't comment on it, though.

For the entirety of dinner, the air felt tense. It lacked their usual jokes, and they mostly did some small talk instead of full conversations. And as soon as they were done eating, Sapnap stood up, getting all of the trash and dirty dishes to get them to the kitchen before heading upstairs.

That couldn't be good.

It wasn't weird that the younger boy left first, that was usually how things went. But it was odd that he decided to clean the whole table by himself.

The alpha looked at him the moment their friend was gone, evidently nervous as he pointed to the couch. George didn't say anything, simply walking to the living-room and sitting down as the blond clearly wanted him to. The boy sat by his side right after, biting his lips and looking down at his hands.

"Just spit it out, Dream," the omega let out, because it was clear that his friend had something to say and the wait was killing him.

The American opened his mouth to talk, then closed it again. He hesitated, as if he was unsure of how to start, before finally talking.

"I'm... I'm sorry, George." Was the first thing that left his mouth. The Brit knew that couldn't be good either.

How anxious he seemed, the way he shifted on his spot and barely looked at him, his guilty expression. None of it could be good.

The boy paused for a second, then spoke again.

"My lawyer- he warned me the chances weren't good, but I just- I wanted to try, for you, like I promised." The brunet really didn't like where that was going, already having an idea of what he was trying to say. "But then I asked him if we should go together to the meeting, and- and he said he didn't think that was the best idea. So I just... I knew it had to be bad news."

George stared at him, not saying a word.

The blond took a deep breath.

And then, the words he knew were coming.

"There isn't much we can do, with you always being here," his friend whispered. "We can only do things to get you a temporary visa, like, a working one, but..."

But any kind of temporary visa made it harder to get a permanent one later on, except for very specific cases under very specific circumstances.

He knew that. He spent hours reading every single article he found about it. He didn't need to hear him saying it.

He didn't want all the thoughts that he had to push away for the sake of their agreement to come back all at once. He didn't want his own brain to scream 'I told you so' at him because he decided to listen to his friend instead of to his own mind.

"... And if you tried to apply to get another kind of visa when we're already in the process for a mating one..."

George closed his eyes, tuning out of the conversation. He knew what words were coming out of the blond's mouth anyways.

There was a reason why he didn't allow himself to have hope about finding another way, a reason why he had been thinking about bonding as a reality that he wouldn't be able to escape.

If he tried anything else now, while they were applying for a mating visa, it would make it clear their courtship was fake.

He would get denied of other options, and the current option they had gone for would disappear as well.

"... We're still looking for more things, but-"

"I should have stayed in London."

The words came out of his mouth before he could stop himself.

Dream froze on his spot.

"I knew it, I knew I shouldn't have agreed to this," he added, unable to hold back. There was a bitter feeling in the mouth of his stomach, slowly invading the rest of his body.

Just when he was starting to feel happy being there, just when he was getting comfortable and starting to let his walls down, life had to remind him of all the reasons why he had been so stressed this whole time.

"George," the blond called him, bringing his attention back to him. "I get this isn't the best scenario for you, but I promise you that—"

"You don't get anything," he let out, spitting the words with a kind of resentment that he didn't want to feel. He could feel his blood boiling, he could feel all of his emotions trying to escape him at once. "You have no idea, you just- you don't *understand*."

The blond stared at him, clearly taken back and seemingly doubting what to say next.

He hesitated for a second, before speaking with a quiet voice.

"What do I not understand?"

"Nothing, you don't understand anything."

"What does that mean?" The boy questioned. The brunet scoffed, rolling his eyes, ready to stand up and leave because he didn't want to do this right now. "George, stop."

A strong hand grabbed his arm, making him unable to take another step. The omega looked at the alpha with exasperated eyes.

"You just don't get it!"

"And who's fault is that!?"

The Brit froze in his spot, eyes widening at those words. Dream seemed equally as shocked, regret instantly written all over his face.

The blond shook his head, taking a deep breath before letting go of his arm, gently grabbing his hand instead, trying to get him to sit down again.

"George, I- I'm sorry," the boy mumbled, with a calmer tone. "I didn't mean to say it like that, I just... How am I supposed to understand, if you don't explain it to me?" He asked, squeezing his hand softly in an apologetic gesture. "Please, explain it to me."

The brunet stared at him for a few seconds, then looked away, pursing his lips. He closed his eyes, trying to push away the storm of emotions that was trying to drown him, taking a deep breath.

"George?" His friend's voice was small, caution clear in it. The omega kept his eyes closed, still taking deep breaths.

He could feel his thoughts trying to demolish the barriers that were keeping them inside. And he knew that he had to say something, give an answer, but he was afraid that if he did, he wouldn't be able to stop.

"Are you okay?"

He felt a hand being placed on his shoulder, caressing it in a comforting motion, and all too quickly, all came crumbling down.

Before he could stop it, it was pouring rain. The storm overflowed his brain, nullifying his capacity to hold back any longer.

"I don't want to mate you," he spat out, and his voice sounded like both a whisper and a scream in his ears.

His head was spinning, and it felt light, and everything was overwhelming. He could feel more words already wanting to come out. So he bit his lips, taking yet another deep breath to try to regain control.

Once he felt like he was able to filter himself again, he finally looked at his friend.

Dream's expression held emotions that he couldn't even name. He looked taken back, confused, or maybe even disappointed, and certainly hurt.

Just like that, realization hit him.

George knew his best friend quite well, he knew how he thought and the way his mind worked. So of course the blond would focus on the *you* part of his sentence, and completely miss the point he tried to make.

"I don't- I didn't want to mate anyone," he hurried to add, trying to make some damage control. And apparently, it worked, some of the tension dissipating.

The alpha blinked a few times, before looking directly into his eyes. He seemingly processed his words, and understood this wasn't about *him*, but a more general statement.

He relaxed a little more with that, but his features were still wearing a cape of something similar to sadness.

"... Ever?" The American asked, quietly.

"I guess, I don't know," the Brit mumbled, then shrugged. "Just... It wasn't in my plans."

Dream stared at him for a couple more seconds, before finally nodding, humming to himself.

"You didn't want to be bonded to anyone," he concluded, then glanced at the omega again, as if trying to get confirmation that he understood correctly. George nodded slowly.

And then, silence fell over them. But it wasn't unsettling, it wasn't uncomfortable. The worst part had already passed and now they were just processing what had happened.

He gave his friend the time to reflect on all the information he was given, and he took some time as well to calm down some more.

It wasn't until a few minutes later, that Dream finally spoke again.

"Okay, just, hear me out," he mumbled. George glanced at him again. "Mating wasn't something you wanted to do, right? So it's not like... Like our agreement is taking away a future chance you wanted to have or anything, right?" He asked. "It's just, doing something you weren't planning on doing."

The brunet blinked a few times, staying quiet for a second and unsure of how to respond, before finally nodding. Because yeah, technically, every word of his sentence was correct.

"And you don't have anything against mating me *personally*, you just didn't want to have to do it," the alpha added. The omega nodded again.

The American shifted on his spot, sitting more on his side to look at the Brit's face directly.

The blond reached to take both of his hands, offering him a shy smile. And he didn't seem upset anymore, he almost seemed hopeful.

"George, mating me... It would only be for the title," the boy assured. "It's for the visa, it doesn't have to be anything more than that."

The brunet wanted to roll his eyes.

Because again, it felt like his friend was missing the point, like he was only hearing half of what he was saying, or maybe he wasn't being clear enough for him to understand. But the alpha didn't let him say or do anything to clarify, continuing with his speech before the omega could try to talk.

"What I mean is... I'm not asking you to actually *behave* like my mate, George," his friend stated, squeezing his hands. "You don't have to do anything a mate would do, you don't have to *see me* as your mate," he added, offering him an understanding smile. "After you get your visa, we don't even have to bring up the word mate ever again if you don't want us to."

Just like before, the brunet stayed quiet. But this time, it wasn't because he didn't know how to respond, but because he wanted to listen.

It wasn't exactly a magic answer to all his fears, but it had been the most reassuring thing that Dream had said so far.

"This is for the legal process, George, it doesn't have to have any other meaning besides that if you don't want that, okay?" He squeezed his hands again, moving a little closer until their knees touched. "Nothing has to change, and you're still gonna be my best friend no matter what, and we'll continue to be just like we've always been, but now together in person," he assured. "It's just paperwork."

"You keep saying that," the brunet let out, the words escaping his mouth against his will. And now, Dream was the quiet one, looking at him like he was expecting him to keep going.

The omega sighed.

He already had told the boy the main thoughts that had been bothering him for all those months, so he might as well give a little more details, go in a little more depth.

It wouldn't hurt to explain just a little further.

"You keep saying that it's just paperwork, but it's not," he mumbled, then glanced up at his friend. The blond gestured to him to go on. "We- we're gonna have to *actually bond*, Dream."

"I know that," the boy said right away. George shook his head, feeling like he still didn't get it.

"You're gonna have to bite me, Dream," he decided to say next, letting go of one of his hands and moving it up to his neck. "Right here." He placed his fingers over his neck. And if the alpha really licked his lips at his action or the omega just imagined it, he wasn't sure.

The blond swallowed, then nodded slowly.

"... Yeah," he whispered.

"And that has consequences," the brunet mumbled, finally getting to his point. "You're gonna be more susceptible to my pheromones, and their changes, and like, more in tune with my emotions or whatever."

"Would that be a bad thing?" The American instantly asked, almost cutting him off. The Brit blinked a few times.

"What?"

"You're not exactly the best at expressing things, George, and you aren't always a fan of talking either," his friend explained. And he wasn't wrong. To say he had trouble putting what he was saying into words, was an understatement. "So would it be so bad if I had another way of, I don't know, having a better idea of how you feel?"

George opened his mouth to talk, then closed it again.

He wasn't sure of how he felt about that, but he couldn't say that Dream didn't have a point. He could see the logic in his argument.

He wasn't sure of what the right answer was.

"I want in, Georgie." The alpha reached to take both of his hands again, offering him a reassuring smile.. "I want as much as you're willing to give me," he added. "So to me, being more in tune with you isn't something that scares me off, or that I would regret."

The omega stared at him, silently.

The most terrifying part of what he was saying was that he believed him.

The blond looked at him in a way that felt like he was willing to accept *all* of him, like he would truly take anything that the brunet could possibly give him.

Every single ugly part, everything that he himself didn't want to deal with. Dream would never think of it as too much.

Hell, he might even ask for more.

George wasn't sure how to feel about that either. But he didn't hate it.

"... You would be more affected by my heats too, as my mate," the brunet decided to say next, moving on from the previous topic. He was smart enough to know when one battle was lost, but he still had other arguments that he could use in his favor.

The boy's face quickly turned pink hearing his words.

"I- Yeah." He let out a nervous chuckle. "But it's not like- It doesn't- It doesn't mean we have to do *something* about it," the blond mumbled, cheeks getting redder. "We don't have to like, spend it together or anything, I just- I would never do anything you don't want me to, George. You know that," he assured.

"I might want to, though."

The way Dream's expression changed with those words was almost funny, suddenly looking like a puppy who was just offered a treat.

George couldn't help but snort, finding the reaction a little too amusing.

"If you were my mate, I mean, my heat would make me want you," he clarified. Because apparently, the boy needed him to.

"... Right."

The disappointment in his tone was so evident that the brunet couldn't but raise an eyebrow,

finding that kind of amusing as well.

The blond's confused face showed that even he himself was surprised by how his voice had sounded.

The boy cleared his throat, then spoke again.

"S-Still, I wouldn't do anything that I know you wouldn't want if you were fully conscious," he mumbled, seemingly trying to sound normal like before. "I could leave with Sapnap during those days, or book you a hotel, whatever you prefer."

The omega stared at him, clearly unconvinced. The alpha sighed, shaking his head before moving closer to him. He gently rubbed the skin of his hands with his thumbs, offering him another reassuring smile.

"Look, George, I know you have your apprehensions, but I really think we can make it work. I wouldn't have suggested this option if I didn't think so, and if I didn't think it was our best shot," he declared.

The Brit bit the inside of his check.

He knew that the boy was probably right, but that didn't make it easier.

"I think you're focusing too much on the mating part of things, but we *can* have a normal relationship while going through this process," his friend added, squeezing his hands. "We can still let things develop naturally, while working to get the title... At least, I believe we can. So can we just give it a try?"

Dream made it sound so simple.

There were still so many doubts in George's head.

It was so hard to believe that they could live a normal life, without letting their bond change them. But the blond sounded so sure, and the brunet wanted so desperately to believe in his words.

"... Okay," he finally decided to say. The relief in the alpha's face was instant, moving closer to pull him into a hug. The omega stopped him before he could, not done talking just yet. "I still... I don't know what this means, though, or what you want me to do."

"Whatever you feel like doing," the blond was quick to answer. "I want you to stop focusing on the mating process, and just focus on being here, and on our friendship, and let things go naturally."

George took a deep breath.

He wanted that too.

"... Okay."

This time, he didn't stop the boy from hugging him.

Dream wrapped his arms around him, keeping him in an embrace for a moment before pulling away, smiling at him. He tried his best to reciprocate the gesture.

Somehow, he felt less overwhelmed now. Somehow, he felt better.

He still wasn't sure if he could do what the blond wanted, but things didn't feel as heavy anymore.

And maybe the clouds inside him were still there, all too dark and ready to rain. But it didn't feel like a storm could happen at any second, not like before.

Some of the pressure, even if so slightly, was gone.

Before he knew it, he was already in his room, tucked in bed and waiting for Dream to come back and join him. The boy didn't take long to return, having left just to change into his pajamas, because for some reason wearing them seemed to be extremely important to him.

The alpha wrapped his arms around him the second he got in the bed, pulling him closer and placing soft kisses over his head and face. The omega buried his face on his chest, sighing with content as he felt the boy rub his back, then his arms, then played with his hair.

Then, Dream shifted their positions, laying on his back and pulling the smaller boy to lay over his chest.

George felt like when they were like that, their bodies were even closer. The blond could feel more of him, touch him more easily, and have better access to show him affection in all the ways he could want to.

It felt more intimate too, in a way, being in that position.

He didn't mind it.

The omega allowed himself to nuzzle into the alpha, and he even allowed himself to place one light kiss on his cheek, before hiding his face on his neck.

The taller boy tensed up to his action, then held him tighter and cleared his throat.

"... George?" He whispered. The brunet hummed in response. "If... You know not all change has to be bad, right?" He asked, caution in his tone. "If things were to change in our relationship, if it, um... Evolved, naturally. We could- We can explore that too, and let it happen." There was a tint of nervousness in the boy's voice too. "So if we feel differently, or- or feel new things... It's- it's fine, we can. You know that, right?"

Words have meaning, and there's meaning we give to the meanings they have. Actions matter and actions with words hold some truth together that alone can't. And it's easy to read too much into things, but it's also easy not to read into things at all.

George was tired, so he just hummed.

Dream pulled him closer, pressing a soft kiss on his head.

The brunet kissed his shoulder lightly in return, right where his t-shirt didn't cover his skin.

And if the alpha shivered with his actions, if he held him a little tighter that night, if his hands spent a little too long caressing his sides... Or if the omega allowed his lips to rest on the boy's shoulder for a little too long, feather touch still present but never pressing them down on his skin again, if he allowed his lips to wander closer to his friend's neck a few times... He was too tired to give it a meaning.

He was too tired to search for the hidden truth in words and actions, and make sense of it all.

i dont think sapnap is completely inept in the kitchen but for the sake of the story he is now [EDIT: i watched the cooking stream, changed my mind about not thinking he's inept in the kitchen]

im literally in a plane, wrote this on my computer until i ran out of battery then continued on my phone, and paid for wifi to post it. its also almost 6 am, or 4, time zones are wack im in the sky

anyway im starting my classes soon so i might not post as often as Ive been doing so far, so im using the time i have left to write as much as possible now

YOUR COMMENTS MEAN EVERYTHING TO ME

you can follow me on [twitter: @WinterLighting](#)

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Fingers ran through his hair softly. A quiet humming filled the room, a song he didn't know.

His mind was conscious enough to feel it, to hear it. He could tell his eyes had opened too. But he was so relaxed, he could close them again and fall back asleep.

"It's two in the afternoon, George," the blond mumbled, as if he had just read his mind.

The brunet hummed. His scent probably gave his sleepiness away.

"M tired," he was barely able to respond, not feeling like talking just yet.

"You're so lazy," the boy complained, yet still pulled him closer into his chest. The brunet nuzzled into him, vaguely distinguishing the sound of the tv, whatever they were watching was long forgotten.

They had been doing that a lot these past few days. Cuddling on the couch in the middle of the day, until one of them fell asleep.

Mostly him.

The first time that it happened, was completely by accident. Neither of them had even noticed how their bodies had ended up, limbs tangled together and with the small frame over a bigger one, until Sapnap walked on them.

"You guys are cuddling without me?" He had said, with a fake offended tone.

George felt weird at first, a bit self-conscious as well, because he wasn't used to doing those things and even less to do it so openly. But he wasn't supposed to overthink so much, and it wasn't like he didn't enjoy it.

It happened naturally, so he needed to let it be.

Surprisingly enough, it didn't take him more than remembering that to feel more at ease. And soon enough, he had relaxed into the gesture, allowing it to happen more often, then even initiating it.

It felt nice, comfortable.

And right now, with his head feeling light and his brain wanting to shut down, a part of him wanted to fully crawl into his friend's lap, curl in there and sleep comfortably against his warm body.

"Thirty minutes, then we have to go get ready, okay?" Dream kissed the top of his head, then wrapped his arms around him. "Sap is gonna be waiting for us at the theater."

"Sapnap sucks at choosing films, let's just stay here instead." The blond snorted to his words.

"You wanna stand him up?" He questioned, one hand moving to pet his hair. "And stay here doing what?"

“Napping,” the omega mumbled.

“Napping?” The alpha repeated. George nodded, liking the vibration of his friend’s chest when he laughed. “And you’re telling me you’re not lazy.” The Brit hummed, the American laughed some more. “We already bought the tickets, though, we can’t just not show up.”

“You’re literally rich, Dream, you can buy the whole cinema and not show up.” That comment got him a wheeze in response. Or maybe it was his behavior, he didn’t care. He still felt good whenever he made the blond react like that.

“Thirty minutes, George, I’m serious,” the boy declared.

At the end, they barely made it to the cinema in time, the film already about to start when they finally got to their seats. Their roommate was already sitting there, deservedly annoyed as he questioned their impunctuality. The alpha tried his best to make up some lame excuse, putting the blame on himself instead of admitting that George had slept for an hour longer than he was supposed to.

Dream let him get away with more than he probably should.

The film wasn’t half as bad as he thought it would be, yet he still caught himself losing focus and getting distracted here and there. Like whenever the blond laughed, or whenever their shoulders accidentally brushed against each other, which led him to move his arm just a little closer to his friend, until their fingers would brush too.

Being able to not only hear his best friend talk and laugh, but actually watch him doing it, being able to feel his skin, to touch it... He didn’t fully appreciate how incredible it was to finally experience those things, to be face to face with him.

He had been so busy tangled in the mess in his own head, that he didn’t pay attention to those kinds of details. But now, now that he had let his barriers down and got more comfortable around him, he found himself staring at the blond more often than not.

He was still in disbelief that he could see his eyes, his lips, his features, all with complete freedom. He found himself seeking his contact a lot too, in small but reassuring gestures.

Not half as much as the alpha himself did, though.

Dream seemed to constantly try to make sure that the Brit was actually there, as if he was scared the omega was an illusion and would disappear at any moment. He would keep looking at him like being in the same room was a miracle, like his mere existence was something he needed to admire, and he would constantly find reasons to get George physically close to him.

Considering how long they waited to be together, it probably made sense.

He wasn’t complaining.

George had quickly gotten used to the affection the boy would always offer him, and at this point, he almost even craved it.

It felt weird, and new, and sometimes overwhelming; to experience his love and care so explicitly, to feel it more than just hear it; but not in a bad way.

A part of him had always been curious about how it would feel. He wondered if he would believe his friend more whenever he said *I love you* after getting to witness how he showed said love. And

now that he knew how it was, now that he had his answers, he didn't want it to stop.

Not that he would say it out loud, though.

The brunet collapsed into the bed as soon as they got back home, sweat on his forehead and clothes sticking to his body uncomfortably. For some reason, the day had just gotten hotter and hotter as the hours went on, even after the sun went down and night fell.

"Florida weather sucks," he whined, hearing his friend chucking in response.

"Should I sleep in my own room tonight, then?" The blond asked right away. The brunet raised an eyebrow. "So I don't make you too warm by sharing the bed, I mean."

"No, that's dumb," he let out, then scoffed, before shifting to his side and slowly sitting up. "I'll just sleep with less clothes or something," he mumbled, shrugging after.

The American stiffened, awkwardly shifting on his spot and looking to the side.

The Brit raised an eyebrow again.

"What?" He questioned. The alpha doubted for a moment, before speaking quietly.

"You don't even take your shirt off when we're at the pool, George," the boy pointed out. "And you're okay with sleeping with me like that...? I mean, with less clothes?"

George blinked a few times, the question catching him off guard. He wasn't sure if he found his concern amusing or adorable.

It was nice, knowing that the boy cared so much about his comfort, which was probably the biggest reason why he felt okay removing some items of clothes in the first place. He felt... Safe, around him. But of course, that wasn't something he could say. Because he wouldn't be himself if he didn't try to turn a possible moment of vulnerability into some kind of joke.

"I don't know, Dream, what's being shirtless around you when you're literally gonna stick your teeth on my neck at some point."

The room fell silent.

The blond's expression changed, into something he couldn't read.

"... Right."

"It's whatever, I don't care," the brunet hurried to say, trying to play it off, to show him he really didn't mind it.

"Okay," his friend replied right away, his voice sounding a little off. He gave him a single nod before crawling into the bed, laying down facing the wall.

George blinked a few times, confused by the sudden action, but he didn't ask any questions. It was late, he didn't want to overthink.

He removed his clothes quietly, taking his time before getting into the bed as well, then faced the opposite direction than the boy. After a few minutes in complete silence, he sighed, closing his eyes.

"You can still touch me, Dream," he let out. "I'm not that warm."

For a moment, he thought the boy hadn't heard him, as nothing happened like he expected. But after a minute or two, the blond turned around slowly, wrapping an arm around his waist but still keeping the touch to a minimum.

He stayed like that for the rest of the night.

And it was weird, how that gesture would've felt like 'too much' just a few weeks ago, but now it didn't feel like nearly enough.

It was slightly harder to fall asleep like that.

George was stressed.

First thing in the morning, and he was stressed.

"You need to do my laundry, Dream, I have no clean clothes left," he let out, exasperation in his voice.

"I have to do your laundry?" The boy repeated, amusement in his tone. The brunet nodded in response. "George, no, you have to wash your own clothes."

The omega rolled his eyes, then huffed loudly.

"Why are you being annoying? It literally costs you nothing to do my laundry once in a while so this doesn't happen," he complained. And the blond was about to say something, but he was actually distressed, so he spoke again before the boy could. "Dream, I don't have clothes to wear, I- the government lady is coming in like half an hour."

The alpha stared at him, clearly still thinking his behavior was funny. Maybe because he warned him this would happen, maybe because he told him to get everything ready beforehand. Maybe because, in retrospect, the Brit had gotten himself into that situation. But that didn't matter right now.

His friend hummed, thinking for a second, before finally replying.

"You can wear some of mine."

George blinked a few times.

"For the *interview*?" He questioned, almost scoffing at the suggestion.

"What? I doubt smelling like me is going to be a bad thing in this context," the boy instantly said.

... Well, that wasn't wrong. He had a good point.

But now that he had mentioned how it *wouldn't* be a bad thing, he couldn't help but think of all the possible bad things that *could* happen during the interview. Because this time, in this second one, they wouldn't be together the whole time. He wouldn't be able to rely on Dream to answer for him.

So he was stressed. He was more than just that.

He knew it was coming, the second interview had been scheduled exactly three weeks after their first one, as it usually was, so it's not like the date was a surprise. And he knew what would happen

during it as well, since the procedure was pretty much public knowledge; they would ask them a few questions about how their living situation was developing, before questioning them both separately... Probably to test how truthful they were being about their relationship.

But despite all of that, he was still scared.

Having an idea of what to expect didn't make it any less terrifying.

He sighed, not wanting his mind to go there again. He needed to focus on the current issue.

"Okay, yeah, get me a shirt or something," he finally said, accepting his friend's offer. And if he was being too bossy or too entitled, Dream didn't comment on it.

The boy kissed his head reassuringly before going to do as asked, then gave him some time so he could finish getting ready.

However, after fixing that one problem, he couldn't stop his brain from overthinking again. By the time he had made it to the living room, the brunet was as much of a trembling mess as he was during the first interview. Hell, maybe he was even worse.

He was going to ruin it. He could feel it deep inside. They would ask him about why he wanted to mate the blond and they would see right through his lies.

They would know that he didn't want to do it. They would know he was faking the whole thing.

He grabbed the collar of the shirt he was wearing, moving it closer to his nose to take in the comforting smell. Probably the only thing that was helping him not fully panicking was having Dream's scent so close to him.

"I would ask if you're okay, but clearly you aren't," the alpha mumbled. The omega turned around to look at him, watching him as he stepped into the room as well.

"I'm a bad liar," the Brit instantly let out, unable to stop himself.

"You're not that bad—"

"What if I get us in trouble? Or- Or you- What if they send you to jail or something?" He said next, cringing at how irrational he sounded. Dream pursed his lips, staring at him for a few seconds, seeming hesitant. "What?" He questioned.

"Look, we said- we said not unless it was strictly necessary, right...?" The boy mumbled, and George instantly knew what he was hinting at.

He couldn't say the idea didn't seem extremely appealing.

"I... I need to be able to respond on my own, though," he quietly replied, wary; not fully declining the offer, but not accepting just yet either.

"I understand your limitations better now," the alpha assured." I won't overdo it this time."

The omega bit the inside of his lips, doubting for a minute longer before nodding.

He still didn't like the idea of relying on someone else, on his *alleged mate*, to calm down, but he knew that wasn't what he was doing now. He was simply accepting some help from his best friend. And there was nothing wrong with that.

Dream took his hand gently, leading him to the couch so they could sit down. He glanced at him, asking for permission with his eyes one more time before slowly rubbing their wrists together.

Just like the last time, the relief was almost instant.

He relaxed to the comforting sensation, feeling like he was being wrapped in affection and caring. His shoulders weren't as tense anymore, his head wasn't speeding, and despite still being worried, he didn't feel like throwing up anymore.

Before the calmness could make him want to close his eyes, though, the blond removed his hand.

"Good?" The American asked.

The Brit took a few seconds to test how he was feeling, before finally nodding.

"Yeah, good."

The bell rang right after that. And surprisingly enough, the interview went pretty well.

Answering questions was somewhat easy, and they didn't even need to lie in the first half of it.

They talked about sharing a room now, about still wanting to go slow, about taking time to learn all the ways their relationship was different in person from how it was online, and about getting comfortable with being affectionate with each other. And maybe the contexts were different, maybe they didn't mean it in a romantic sense, but the lady didn't need to know that part of things.

His part of the interview was easier than he expected too, and he didn't have to lie that much either.

The questions were mostly focused on how he felt about Dream, and why he was so sure he wanted to move across the ocean to mate this particular alpha. It wasn't hard to say that the blond was the person he cared the most about, or saying that he couldn't imagine his life not being with him. And maybe the context was different too, but the answer came easily either way.

"When did you know?" The lady suddenly asked.

"I'm sorry?"

"When did you know that he was the right mate for you?"

That was the first question that actually made him nervous, the only question that felt like a possible threat. But he simply looked at his own hands, took a deep breath to try to get some of Dream's scent from his shirt, before giving the only answer that came to mind.

"I just... Wouldn't even consider doing this, if it was with anyone else." He shrugged. "It's either him, or it's no one."

And that wasn't a lie either.

By the end of the interview, he felt confident that *the process* was going to end well. Which should be terrifying, because it meant everything he was scared of facing would be real sooner rather than later, but for now, he decided to take it as a victory and not to worry about the future.

The rest of the day went by pretty fast, and his good mood remained even after the effects of the light-scenting had already worn off. It wasn't until nighttime that he finally realized that maybe he made a mistake.

Dream had his arms firmly wrapped around him, caressing his skin here and there, holding him close as the omega tried to fall asleep. Yet just like the night before, it somewhat didn't feel like enough.

George couldn't really explain it, but it felt like something was missing. Despite the boy being as touchy as always, something inside him was asking him for something else; for something more.

As if despite being so close together, they weren't really *connected*.

That was when the memories of their wrists rubbing together suddenly came to his mind, and that feeling inside him intensified.

The brunet shut his eyes close, pushing all those thoughts away as fast as he could.

He ignored the sudden urge of repeating the actions that took place that morning, because there was no reason to do it again, so why was he even thinking about it?

But apparently, the urge was here to stay.

Even after a new day started, it was still there. While they ate breakfast, while they went to the park with Sapnap to skate, while they bought lunch at some random taco place, while they headed home in the car, shouting lyrics of bad songs they barely knew. He couldn't help but find himself staring at the blond, glancing down to his hands, *remembering*.

Even when he decided to stream, because it had been three weeks and he couldn't keep the fans waiting for too long if he wanted to avoid any suspicions.

Even being away from his friend for a while, distracting himself with games and his chat to calm his head.

Even being in Sapnap's room, so he could use his green screen, and with a completely different scent around him.

He would still get lost in thought.

Even when he decided to wear Dream's shirt as a pajama that night, in an attempt to calm the stupid *need*, that annoying instinctual voice inside him kept asking him to do it again, at least once.

He laid down on his bed, facing the matters, feeling upset with himself. He didn't understand why the thought was stuck in his head.

It didn't happen after the first time they did it, he didn't feel any of these weird new sensations. Then again, his brain was complete chaos that time, so he didn't really have space for rational thoughts. Still, he didn't get it.

It was just light-scenting, for fucks sake. Not even real scenting.

So why was his body asking for more, as if feeling Dream's scent on him was a requirement for him to feel complete now?

As if now that he knew how the boy's affection felt without the weight of million fears invading him, and now that he knew how light-scenting felt when done right, something inside him didn't want to abstain from getting both.

Because the affection made him feel cared for, loved, and close to his friend, and light-scenting made him feel cared for, loved, and close to his friend. And he wanted to feel as close as he could to the American now that there wasn't anything stopping him from doing so.

Not the ocean, not the distance, not his thoughts.

He groaned, cringing to himself. This was exactly why there were lines he didn't want to cross. It made him feel *weird*.

A knock on his door took him out of his thoughts, pausing his mental dilemma. He mumbled a quiet 'come in' and waited for the alpha to get inside, knowing it was him without needing to ask. He didn't lift his head to meet him, though, unsure if he wanted to look at his face right now or not.

"You okay?" The boy asked right away, carefully sitting down by his side. The brunet nodded, still keeping his face hidden. He heard his friend sigh. "No, you're not."

"Then why are you asking?" He let out. And he didn't mean to sound annoyed, but in a way, he was.

"What's wrong?" The blond asked, in a quiet voice. "You've been weird and spacing out all day."

"Nothing."

"George..."

"M fine."

Dream was silent for a moment, seemingly thinking for a few seconds, before he brought his hand up to the brunet's hair, petting it softly. George almost melted into the touch, having kept their physical contact to the minimum all day.

"Was it the interview?" The boy asked in a whisper, running his fingers through the brown locks. "Did it make you- Are you having doubts again?" The omega sighed at his words, shaking his head. "Then, what's wrong?"

"Nothing," he mumbled against his pillow.

"George."

"Dream." Now, it was the alpha's time to sigh. He shifted on his spot to move closer, still playing with the omega's hair in a soothing motion.

"Don't shut me out again, please," he pleaded, nothing but concern in his tone. The brunet bit his lips, guilt filling him rather quickly, then slowly turned around to face him.

He didn't want to tell him.

He didn't want to have to humiliate himself like that, by admitting something so embarrassing like what he was feeling. Because it was embarrassing, to always act like you don't care about something just to suddenly crave it.

But he also didn't want to create unnecessary tension between them, that could last for who knows how long, and wanting to avoid that from happening outweighed his embarrassment.

He took a deep breath, trying to gather some strength.

"I... I wanna—" He couldn't finish his sentence, stopping himself midway.

He didn't know how to word it, he was unsure of what to say.

How could he even explain it without sounding like all the things he didn't want to be?

Because he could almost hear it, all those comments he grew up listening to. Comments about how Omegas would *always* want more of their favorite Alpha's scent, about how *needy* they could be.

Omegas would always try to be around their alphas, and get more of their scents, and all that crap.

He didn't want to be like that.

"What is it?" He heard his friend asking. The brunet shook his head.

"It's stupid, nevermind."

Dream instantly frowned at his words, and he could tell the blond was ready to insist and explain why it wasn't stupid and how he should tell him anyway.

George sighed. It was worth the shot, but of course the boy wouldn't let it go so easily.

The Brit doubted for a moment, trying to figure out how to speak without having to... Well, to speak.

Fuck, he was bad at this.

But then, a possible solution came to his mind.

He looked down at his friend's hands, hesitating for just a second before taking one. Then, he glanced at the blond.

"I wanna..." His eyes wandered down to the hand he was holding, more specifically to his wrist. And apparently his idea worked, or maybe Dream just knew him too well, because that was all it took for something to click for the blond.

"Oh," the alpha mumbled, seemingly surprised. He offered him a reassuring smile right away, though, clearly okay with it. "Yeah, of course. If it'll help you feel better we can—"

"I'm not asking to do it," the omega hurriedly interrupted, his heart racing with anxiety at what he was implying with those words.

Dream looked at him confusedly, like his sentences made no sense or contradicted each other. Only for a moment, though, because again, his friend knew him too well.

His expression instantly softened, looking at him with understanding eyes.

"You're not asking, you're telling me," the boy deduced. "That's the reason why you're upset, because you want to light-scent." George looked away, heat pooling on his cheeks as he nodded quickly. "... Why is that upsetting, George?"

"I shouldn't want it." An instant answer. A moment of silence that followed it, then careful words.

"Why not?"

"I don't *need* it," he replied just as fast. "So I shouldn't want it."

The blond was quiet again, seemingly thinking, then hummed at his words.

"Maybe you just... Like the feeling?" He mumbled. The brunet felt his cheeks heating up even more, embarrassment invading him.

Yeah, he did. He liked how it felt.

That was exactly the problem.

"I shouldn't," he stated right away, shaking his head. "This isn't- I don't wanna act like- Like..." He trailed off, hesitancy in his voice.

He looked at the boy next, with pleading eyes, like expecting him to finish the sentence for him or hoping that he would. But apparently, he couldn't read his mind this time.

Dream gestured to him to go on. George took a moment to think, not knowing how to word it.

"Wanting to scent someone *just because*, it's just... It's too... " *Too much of what a clingy omega would do with his alpha*.

He closed his mouth right away, stopping himself mid sentence and taking a second to collect his thoughts.

He couldn't exactly say it like that.

"... Too mate-y," he decided to say instead.

"*Mate-y*," the blond mocked his accent.

The brunet smiled faintly, finding it a little funny; he could appreciate the humor cutting some of the tension away. The boy smiled back at him, then patted the spot next to him. George understood the message, slowly moving into a sitting position.

"Georgie." The alpha reached for one of his hands as soon as they were side to side, holding it gently. "We said we would let things develop naturally and do what we feel like doing, didn't we?" He asked. The omega nodded in response. "If wanting this was something that happened naturally to you, then there's nothing wrong with it, and we can do it."

"But there's no reason to," he pointed out.

"Wanting to *is* a reason," the boy argued back.

George got quiet, looking away and pursing his lips. Dream had a point, a logical enough one.

He wanted nothing more but to listen to his friend, believe in his words, and let go of his apprehensions. But a part of him was still holding back, trying to fight everything that his instincts wanted him to embrace.

Because he didn't want the fake courtship to change the way he behaved, and this was such an *omega behavior* that he-

"I like it too." The blond's voice took him out of his thoughts. Brown eyes instantly looked for the green ones, with surprise written in his features. The alpha offered him a reassuring smile. "I like feeling close to you, and I love how happy it makes you look," he assured. "'T makes me feel good."

George squeezed the boy's hand out of reflex, heart beating faster. Knowing that they experienced the same feelings made his chest feel warm, and slowly melted away some of his doubts.

Because it reminded him that people sucked, and that they always turned everything into a second gender thing, when maybe it wasn't really always related to it. It didn't *have* to be.

It made him feel validated, it made him feel less weird. It made him feel like maybe it was okay to want those things, and that he didn't need to overthink the reasons why he felt like that, and simply act on what he needed instead.

Dream moved closer, squeezing his hand in response. George looked up at him again.

"Do you want to?" The blond asked, glancing down at their hands. The brunet nodded right away.  
"Words, George."

"Yeah," he whispered.

"Yeah what?" The boy questioned next, a petition for clarification. The omega spoke again in a quiet voice.

"Scent me, Dream."

The way the alpha's eyes widened was almost comical, cheeks quickly turning red. He lowered his head to hide his blushing face, letting out a choked-out chuckle before taking a deep breath.

"Okay- Fuck, *okay*. I- Yeah, I'll- I'll do that," he barely managed to get out.

George's cheeks heated up as well at how nervous his friend's voice sounded, just then realizing that the boy was probably expecting him to say 'yeah, I want to' or something equally as simple.

He realized too of how his sentence sounded with the way he worded it, quickly understanding why it had made the blond so flustered. But the embarrassment he felt of his own word was worthy with the reaction that he got to witness.

The alpha was gentle with his movements as he brought his hand closer to his own. He caressed the skin of his wrist softly with his fingers, before placing his own against it. Carefully, their fingers intertwined, before their glands finally began to rub together.

The sigh of relief that escaped his lips couldn't be helped.

All the reasons he had to not want this were long gone.

It didn't matter. None of it did. None of the reasoning he could come up with.

Because this was Dream, and feeling close to Dream could never be a bad thing.

Dream *and him* could never be a bad thing.

George lowered his head, closing his eyes and breathing deeply as he let the scent he liked so much wrap him as he wanted, melting into the sensation of feeling connected.

The blonde brought his free hand to the brunette's cheek, lifting his head slightly with it to be able to look at him directly, then offered him a tender smile. He caressed his skin softly, moving closer to kiss his forehead as he continued to rub his wrist together.

And with his head clouding with the overwhelming wave of care and affection, the omega's body

moved on his own. He crawled onto the alpha's lap, sitting on it as he's been wanting to all week long. The hand on his face quickly moved to his waist, holding him tightly in place. The Brit rested his head on the boy's shoulder, and the American placed his own head over it.

Slowly, the motion of his other hand began to slow down, until it came to a full stop. George's body felt light, his chest felt full.

He wrapped both of his arms around his friend, wanting to stay as close as possible, not as out of it as the first time they had light-scented, but feeling similarly clingy.

Dream placed both of his hands on his waist then, rubbing circles over his clothes and holding him close.

“Better?” He asked. George simply nodded.

After a few moments of comfortable silence and staying in the same position, the brunet finally lifted his head to look at the blond. The alpha was already staring at him, with an expression that he was unable to put a name to, yet for some reason made his cheeks feel warm.

“Why’re you looking at me like that?” He questioned, in a quiet tone.

“George, you’re...” The boy stopped himself, letting out an awkward laugh before relaxing his face and looking at him again. “You’re wearing my clothes, smelling like me, and sitting on my lap... It’s kinda *mate-y*. ”

“You’re such an idiot.” He scoffed, but couldn’t help but giggle as well right after.

Dream offered him a smile, then looked down at the brunet's clothes again.

He slowly and carefully moved his hands down from his waist to his hips, caressing his sides as he did, then moved them slightly down again to the zone where his thighs were visible; but not reaching his exposed skin just yet.

“You’re beautiful, Georgie.”

*Shit .*

George took a sharp breath, a shiver running through his spine, and lowered his head until it was hidden in the blond’s shoulder, heart suddenly rising and chest feeling warmer.

What was *that* ?

The alpha stopped his motions for a moment noticing that reaction, but after a few seconds, he began to caress his sides again.

“Most gorgeous boy I’ve ever met,” he whispered, closer to his ear.

The omega gripped at his shirt as he took another sharp intake, suddenly feeling overwhelmed. That same instinctual voice inside him that so desperately wanted the boy’s scent, was now rejoicing with excitement.

“ *Dream .* ” A warning. A plea. A complaint. He wasn’t even sure anymore.

The American placed a hand on the Brit's jaw, using it to lift his head again so their eyes could meet. The green irises held an intensity he hadn't seen before, that made him want to look away yet he couldn't stop staring into them.

“Bedtime?” The alpha asked. *Too much?* He heard.

The omega nodded slowly right away, and the hand moved from his jaw to his cheek; the touch burning his skin. The blond leaned down, faces growing closer together, until their foreheads touched.

He could feel his heart rate increasing as his friend moved to kiss his cheek, almost a little too close to the corner of his mouth, before finally pulling away and carefully helping him to lay down. Dream laid by his side then, both of them shifting so they could face each other.

Soon enough, an arm was wrapped around him, the other hand cupping his cheek and caressing his face.

“Tomorrow again,” the omega mumbled, starting to feel sleepy. The alpha giggled, then placed a kiss on his forehead.

“Bossy.”

The brunet hummed, pushing the blond to lay down on his back before slowly crawling onto his chest to lay over him. The American held him tightly, and the Brit finally closed his eyes, slowly starting to drift into sleep as his friend continued to place light kisses over his head.

And sleeping like that, smelling like each other, while wearing the boy’s shirt... It felt awfully domestic.

He didn’t mind it.

#### Chapter End Notes

fluff on main? unbelievable... will it last? who knows

thank you so much for all the messages wishing me a safe flight and good luck with my classes :] i still have about a week left before my time will get reduced so for now im trying to use it to work on writing

i am absolutely in love with your comments and whenever i get them i giggle and turn in my bed and kick my feet and im just so happy, so thank you with all my heart <3  
you’re amazing guys

[twitter: @WinterLighting](#)

## Chapter 7

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The mattress sank with the weight of someone laying back down on it.

Gentle arms found his way around him again, warmth embracing him as before.

George hummed, shifting closer to the warm body, and burying his face on it.

“Where’d you go?” He mumbled, words tinted with sleep.

“Bathroom.” The boy kissed his head, caressing his back right away.

“You keep leaving me”, he complained, pouting despite his face being hidden. “Why can’t you wait till I wake up to leave?” The alpha snorted to his words.

“You’re so clingy in the mornings,” the blond mumbled, placing his hand on the brunet’s hair to pet it softly.

George didn’t answer. He didn’t move either.

Suddenly, he felt a bit self-conscious.

He *was* getting clingy, wasn’t he?

Jokes aside, he was getting a little too comfortable and too used to being in his best friend’s space, wanting to have him close all the time.

And with what they just did, with the new way that they kept increasing the feeling of closeness, a part of him didn’t want him to let go of him *at all*.

He didn’t regret light-scenting. Not really. It had felt great, and just right, and he would be lying if he said he didn’t want to do it again. But wasn’t that exactly why it hadn’t been a good idea, and why he didn’t want to give in, in the first place?

The way he felt now, the happiness of being next to him, the need of keeping him around. He was acting almost like he was...

“Hey.” Dream carefully placed a hand on his jaw, lifting his head to make the Brit look at him. “I didn’t mean it in a bad way, or as a bad thing,” he reassured, offering him a warm smile. “I like it.”

George huffed at his words, looking away to hide the light blush forming for being caught overthinking again.

“Of course you do. You love attention,” he let out. His friend laughed at his words.

“I do,” he agreed. “Especially when it comes from you.”

The omega’s cheeks flushed even more.

“Shut up,” he mumbled, getting another laugh from the boy. But then, he pulled him closer, making him look at him again.

“I’m serious, George.” He cupped his cheek, placing a kiss on his forehead. “I like that you want me close, it’s not a bad thing.”

George wasn’t so sure about it. But the fingers running through his hair felt good, and the hand rubbing his back did too. And he was sleepy, and maybe he was a little weak, so he crawled back onto Dream’s chest, letting the alpha hold him close again.

And being comfortable like that, it didn’t take long for him to fall back asleep.

He overslept. Dream didn’t complain.

Sapnap, however, did.

Not in a serious way, though, just in a ‘another day we can’t go to Disney’ kind of way.

He ate the breakfast the blond made for him, he let Sapnap mess with his hair and mock him a couple times, then, they decided that the best plan they could come up with was to go to *Gatorland* for the rest of the day.

“You need to see like, all the amazing things Florida has to offer, you know? So you never wanna leave,” his friend mumbled.

“So you brought me to see a bunch of alligators?” He questioned in response.

The blond wheezed to his words, Sapnap made an offended face. He couldn’t help but smile.

He was with his best friends, the people he cared for the most in the whole world. Why would he ever want to leave?

Despite the place they chose not being the greatest entertainment in the world, it was still entertaining enough. They had fun, they always did. And they even got Dream to recreate his famous childhood pic.

“I should post this,” he joked, looking at the picture again once they were back in the car. “I’d be awesome, the internet would break.”

“You wouldn’t.” The blond chuckled softly, shaking his head.

“I don’t know, Dream, I could.” They both knew he was all talk.

“What are we getting for dinner? I’m starving,” Sapnap interrupted, talking from the back seat. George thought for a moment, humming as he did.

“I want pizza,” he declared.

“We had pizza like two days ago, though,” the brown haired pointed out.

“I mean, we haven’t gone to our usual pizza place in a while...” The blond defended. The brunet couldn’t help the satisfied grin that took over his face.

“... You know what, I’m not even gonna try. Pizza it is.”

George let out a loud laugh at his roommate’s words and the resignation in his tone, feeling somewhat proud of himself. Dream definitely let him get away with way more than he should.

He leaned against his seat, relaxing as his giggles died down and looking through the window.

And it wasn't until he felt his hand being squeezed by a bigger one, that he realized he had unconsciously reached for the alpha's. He glanced down, looking at their fingers intertwined, both hands together resting by the gear lever.

The brunet tried his best to ignore the way blood rushed to his cheeks, or the way his heart raced.

Why did he keep doing those things?

Lately, he kept finding himself seeking contact before he could even process what he was doing. His friend never commented on it, simply letting him get what he wanted or giving it to him, as if it was completely normal.

*Was it?*

It happened naturally, so maybe he shouldn't overthink it. That's what he had agreed on. Yet he couldn't help but feel like it shouldn't feel *so* natural.

Because the more he let himself get, the more he wanted; as if whatever they were doing now wasn't enough, despite going as far as light-scenting.

He couldn't help but feel like he was acting *exactly* like what he was supposed to be.

"I'm calling dibs on choosing the movie tonight, then," Sapnap declared, taking him off of his thoughts. He instantly removed his hand, pulling away and shifting on his spot to look through the window.

"Your taste in films suck," he let out.

The pizza place was crowded once they got there, at least in comparison to the last time he visited it. Music was playing loudly, a few people dancing in the little space they had without tables, a celebration obviously taking place. But they didn't leave, as he would expect.

Turned out, the people celebrating were their neighbors and their family, and the moment they saw Dream come in they instantly invited them to join them. In a blink of an eye, the couple was offering them some of their pizzas and telling them everything about their eldest daughter's mating proposal.

In all honesty, he couldn't complain about getting free food, although he was pretty sure the blond would end up paying for it later. And it was nice to see his best friends in such a different setting from what he was used to, laughing and talking to the people in there as if they were all in a big family reunion.

His eyes kept wandering to the alpha, smiling whenever he laughed, and watching with amusement as the boy decided to dance with one of the youngest pups of the family.

"He's a good one." A voice suddenly got his attention, making him look at the lady that owned the place, now standing next to him. "I can see why you like him."

George's cheeks blushed lightly, instantly opening his mouth to protest and clarify that he *didn't*, like he was used to doing. But then, he remembered that they were supposedly in a *courtship*, and saying that would blow their cover off.

His stomach twisted at that thought, a weird feeling taking over and a hint of anxiety in his abdomen. He simply nodded, unsure of what else to say in response.

The older omega raised an eyebrow, giving him a weird look, probably noticing his hesitation and the way his mood suddenly changed. She stared at him for a couple seconds, before moving a little closer to him.

"You two haven't scented yet," the woman whispered. The brunet's eyes widened.

"How did you—"

"Honey, I'm old. I can tell." She laughed softly, before looking around, making sure no one was listening to them before talking again just as quietly. "Look, I adore Clay like a son, but if he isn't taking care of you properly just say the word and I'll have a little chat with him."

George's cheeks grew red instantly, a feeling somewhat similar to a mix of awkwardness and shame hitting him like a train. The protective look the lady was offering him made it clear she was dead serious.

"No, he's- He's great," he quickly let out. "It's not- I'm the one who..." He trailed off, embarrassment heavy in his scent. The woman raised an eyebrow, waiting for him to continue.

The brunet wanted the earth to swallow him, trying his best to figure out how to explain things in the least incriminating way possible; he couldn't really say *exactly* what he was feeling, but he still needed to say something somewhat believable.

He opened his mouth to talk, then closed it again. God, was he really about to have that conversation? And with a stranger at a pizza restaurant of all places?

He cleared his throat, shifting awkwardly on his spot.

"It's not- It's not his fault," he finally mumbled, starting with a true statement. "It's- He probably would, if I asked," he said next, because that also felt real enough. Dream always did whatever he requested, after all, in any other context. "I just... Haven't," he concluded.

However, that didn't seem to be enough to satisfy the lady's curiosity, not fully convincing her that was the reason; or maybe she could sense there was more to it than he wasn't saying. Either way, the woman gave him a questioning look. George spoke again before he could even think about his answer.

"M just- I'm not sure if I want to," he let out, all too fast. "To do that." He felt the other's eyes staring intensely into him. And then, the older omega laughed.

She *laughed*.

"Oh honey, you want to," she assured, shaking her head as he patted his shoulder. The brunet's cheeks felt so incredibly warm, like his whole face was about to explode. The way she was looking at him was like she was reading a book. "Just tell him what you need, I'm sure he'll be happy to comply," she added then, giving him a reassuring smile. "He'll be a good alpha to you, boy."

She winked at him, patting his shoulder one more time before leaving. And then, he just stood there alone, scent stinking of confusion and with traces of embarrassment still present.

Soon enough, though, both feelings were replaced by something else, something that felt heavier in his chest. And just like that, his mood decreased. Because it didn't matter how fake things were, it didn't matter if the blond and him never ever behaved like mates. In people's eyes, he would always be *Dream's omega*.

"You okay?" Familiar voice took him out of his thoughts. The brunet turned around slowly, to look at the tall boy now next to him.

He nodded at first, but the blond seemed unconvinced. And this time, he didn't feel like insisting.

"... Can we go home?" He whispered, not trusting his own voice to speak any louder.

"Of course," the blond instantly said, nodding a couple times.

The boy moved closer to him then, leaning down to place a kiss on his head. The Brit moved back right away, slightly uncomfortable at the thought of people seeing them. The American seemed confused, but he didn't question it.

He never did.

It didn't take them long to get back to the house.

George felt a little guilty about calling off their movie night, but he didn't feel in the right mindset to do anything else for the day. He went straight to his room, changing into his sleeping clothes before falling into the bed with a groan.

He sniffed at the shirt he had stolen the previous day and never returned, but Dream's scent was barely there anymore. And that shouldn't be so upsetting, but for some reason, it was.

Soon enough, his bedroom's door opened again, and another body found his way next to his own. The boy didn't hug him this time, though, opting for petting his hair instead.

"What's wrong, Georgie?" His friend asked, voices quiet and soft.

"M tired," he mumbled. And it wasn't a lie, not exactly.

Dream hummed, slowly wrapping an arm around him. George shifted to lay on his side, facing him, and wrapped an arm around him as well. He hid his face on the blond's chest, inhaling deeply.

Why did such a small gesture have to feel so good? Why did touching Dream feel so different from anyone else he's ever touched?

Well, *everything* was always different with him, wasn't it?

Dream was a special person, and he turned the most common of things into something special as well.

He felt as the alpha reached for his hand, moving it closer to his own until their wrists were almost touching. The brunet looked down at their arms, watching the scene take place.

"You said today too," the boy mumbled. "Do you still want to...?" The omega didn't waste a second before closing the gap, letting their glands rub together so the soothing scent would fill his senses.

It felt so *good*, so *right*.

And that was exactly the problem.

He knew what he was causing by doing this, he knew that this was making him confused. He was craving the boy's scent, his company, his presence, all because of this. And deep inside his brain he

knew that he should stop it, that he should put a stop to it if he didn't want to fall off the edge he was barely holding onto. But that instinctual voice inside of him kept telling him that it wasn't enough. It kept screaming and screaming.

Close. Dream. More. *More*.

Because it felt good, but it could feel even *better*.

"Maybe you should scent me." The words escaped his mouth as soon as the thought appeared in his head.

The blond chuckled, pressing their glands together some more and rubbing them a little harder.

"I am," he mumbled, but the brunet instantly shook his head.

"Not like that, that's not what I mean."

The boy stopped his movements right away.

George's heart stopped as well.

Fuck.

*Fuck*.

No, no. Go back. *Go back*.

*Why did he just say that?*

"It would be weird if we mated without scenting first," he hurried to say, as damage control, trying not to panic because he didn't want his scent to change and give him away. The alpha furrowed his brows, seemingly confused by his new statement. "I mean, if you want me to mate you then I think we should-"

"Why do you have to say it like that?" The blond interrupted, and now he was the confused one.

Dream sighed, shaking his head. There was something in his face, an emotion that George couldn't quite put a name to. The alpha stared at him for a moment, as if unsure of what to say, before talking again.

"George, I... We said we would do things our own way, right?" The omega swallowed at the serious tone, then nodded slowly. The boy sighed again. "I'm not- Look, don't take me wrong, I'm not against it. Against scenting," he explained. "But I don't think *that* should be the reason why we do it, and I don't think doing it because of that is something you want either."

The brunet swallowed again.

His friend knew him a little too well sometimes.

Yeah, he didn't want to do anything out of obligation or just because of their arrangement, he had made that pretty clear plenty of times. Hell, that was even the reason why he was unsure about agreeing in the first place. The problem was, there wasn't really any other reason for them to do *that*, any other reason why he could possibly want to do it.

He shouldn't have suggested it. He shouldn't have even considered it. But the lady was right, he *did* want it.

He wanted more than just Dream's scent covering him, he wanted to experience what it would be like for their particular smells to mix together.

He wanted it so much, he couldn't stop thinking about it.

The need for more, the confusing cravings, the voice demanding things, it all came down to the same.

He wanted to scent with Dream.

"What's going on, why did you ask that?" The alpha's voice took him out of his thoughts, tone as soft as always and one hand caressing his cheek.

But he couldn't say it, he didn't want to make things weird. He didn't want to cross another line, both afraid of that being too much and making things bad for them, and that not being enough and making them even worse.

He closed his eyes, burying his face on Dream's chest again, seeking the comfort being close to him provided. The blond held him tightly, moving a hand to pet his hair.

"George, what's wrong?" He asked in a quiet voice, concern in his tone.

"Just hold me," he whispered in response. And the boy, of course, did.

And George was tired, and maybe he was a little weak, so he placed their wrist together again, continuing with their previous actions as if nothing interrupted them in the first place.

The brunet swung his legs playfully, sitting on the counter as he watched the blond cook them breakfast. He mindlessly kept a spoon in his mouth, an ice-cream bowl on his lap that he wasn't supposed to have, because eating that would make him full before the food was ready and Dream had told him not to.

He ate a couple more bites, then decided he had enough, being careful as he moved the bowl away and placed it aside to not get ice cream on his clothes.

He didn't want to ruin his shirt. *Dream*'s shirt.

The omega sighed in content, now his full attention on the alpha again. He watched him as he cracked the eggs, letting them fall on the pan, before using a wooden spoon to scramble them.

Brown eyes followed the movements of the boy's arms, then moved up to his broad shoulders, and shoulder blades. He took notice of how wide his back looked from that position, and how good that black shirt looked on him. He noticed his muscles too, and how strong he looked when he flexed them.

No wonder he could move him around so easily, taking him into his arms like he was weightless.

His eyes wandered down to his legs next, seeing how strong his thighs looked as well, way more than his own, and then moved back up again; ever so slightly, glancing just below the center of his body.

Dream turned around.

George teared his eyes away right away.

"You ate the ice cream!" The blond instantly accused him. The brunet huffed in response.

"You knew I would," he argued back, then shrugged. "It's your punishment for leaving me alone again."

The American frowned at his words, moving closer until he was standing in front of him. And even with the omega sitting on that counter, the alpha still managed to be taller than him.

"You're so annoying, you know that?" The boy asked in a quiet voice. The Brit smirked.

The brunet leaned back to take some distance, and the blond instantly moved closer again, following him. Dream placed his hands on the table, on both of George's sides, caging him. The omega wrapped his arms around the alpha's neck on instinct.

"I think you like it," he whispered. His friend snorted at his words, then moved closer again with an amused grin on his face.

"Do I, now?" The boy whispered in response, green eyes looking directly into the brown ones as he placed his hands now on the brunet's hips, holding him in place.

It was a nice feeling, whenever the alpha did that. Always gentle with his touch, always careful when he held him. George didn't mind feeling those big hands over his body.

He might even like it.

The brunet licked his lips, giving the blond a single nod. Then, he pulled him closer, until their foreheads touched.

"Yeah," he breathed out.

Dream's expression suddenly changed.

He glanced down at where their arms held one another, examining the position of their bodies, and his smile slowly faded, turning into something different and pupils getting darker.

He glanced at his lips next. George licked them again.

The hands on his hips held him tighter, the brunet pulled the blond closer again. The proximity of their faces reduced by the second, until he could feel their breathing mixing.

"Not in our *kitchen*," a sudden voice breaking the silence.

He had never jumped faster in his *life*.

He didn't even bother to check if the alpha was okay after pushing him away with all the strength that he had, taking his loud laughter as enough of an answer to know that he was fine.

He jumped off the counter, instantly turning to face the opposite wall.

"Don't- Don't say it like that." The blond could barely breathe, his wheezes filling the room. "We weren't even-"

"I don't want the details bro," their roommate was quick to interrupt. "Love you and all, but no thanks. Just tell me you made enough food for me this time or I'm literally moving out."

Another laugh escaped Dream's lips, more words following after. But George didn't stick enough

to hear the rest of the conversation, heading to his room straight away and without looking back. His face was burning up, heart out of his chest.

What the fuck was *that*?

As soon as he stepped inside his bedroom, he closed the door behind him. He took a deep breath, sitting on his bed to try to calm down.

Shame and guilt were quickly building up, making him want nothing more but to disappear for a few hours.

He didn't only *check his friend out* in a way that wasn't too friendly, but he also had wanted something from him that shouldn't have ever even crossed his mind.

Dream was his best friend.

Dream was also his future mate.

No. No.

Fuck.

George took a deep intake, then another one, trying to clear his head.

Things were going too far. They were getting too out of hand. *He* was getting out of hand.

He didn't see the boy that way, he didn't think of him like that. That wasn't what they were doing here... But after all the light-scenting, could he really blame his instincts for getting the wrong idea?

He hadn't been with an alpha in a long time, after all. His body had needs.

Maybe he just... Felt more lonely than he thought. Maybe that was why he was having all those weird reactions to his friend's actions, because he was the only person he had been physical with in any way, in a really long while.

That was probably it.

Two years of being touch-starved was pulling a number on him.

And maybe if he found someone to take his stress out with, all the weird things he had been feeling would disappear. Then everything would be okay again.

Yeah. That was it.

He just needed to get laid.

Without giving it a second thought, and ignoring the voice inside him yelling in disagreement at his plan, he went back to the kitchen.

"We're going clubbing tonight," he announced as soon as he walked in, both alphas instantly looking at him.

"We are?" The brown haired asked, sounding somewhere between confused and excited. The brunet simply nodded in response. "Let's go!"

"Clubbing?" The blond questioned, raising an eyebrow.

"You don't have to drink," the omega mumbled, knowing the boy didn't do that. "We just... We haven't gone to one since I got here. Thought it'd be fun." The alpha stared at him, seemingly unconvinced, and looking like he wanted to ask something. But he didn't.

"Fine," he finally let out. "We're going clubbing."

And that's exactly what they did.

As soon as night fell, they found themselves in the best place Sapnap could think of, where the chances of being recognized were the minimum. And now, the Brit had one mission in mind.

Losing his friends with a bad excuse so he could find someone to fuck his brains out wasn't too hard. He felt a little guilty about it, because technically he had dragged them along just to instantly ditch them, but he had an agenda and needed to stick to it.

He could spend any other night having fun and getting drunk with his friends, he was there to stay, after all. Right now, he just needed to get all the weird feelings out of his system; he even decided not to drink, so he could be fully focused on the experience.

Finding an alpha interested in talking to him wasn't too hard either. He was a pretty omega without a bite mark on his neck, seemingly alone at a bar, plus he knew how to catch people's attention when he wanted to.

The alpha that approached him was quite attractive. Tall, strong, suntan skin, light-brown hair. And he was doing enough small talk for the both of them. A guy that, in simple words, seemed like a good fuck.

But he wasn't just trying to get into George's pants, he was making an effort to make him laugh, and to get him to relax around him. A nice guy, that in any other context he could even get to like.

... But.

"You okay? You look a little sick," the guy, who's name he had already forgotten, suddenly asked. George wanted to punch himself in the face.

He was trying. Hw really *was* trying to be into that guy. But whenever he tried to flirt with him, or let the boy get closer in any way, he simply felt *uncomfortable*.

"Yeah, 'ts just too crowded here," he mumbled, looking away. He was already regretting his brilliant idea.

He wanted it. He wanted to go through with it. But the thought of sleeping with a stranger right now felt so *wrong* that he actually felt a little sick.

"Do you wanna get out of here?"

*Yes*, he thought. *Say yes*. But his lips didn't move.

Instead, he felt himself backing down slightly, looking at the floor awkwardly.

"... I can't," he finally replied, glancing at the guy again. And he expected disappointment, anger even, but the boy simply gave him an understanding smile.

"You're taken," he deduced.

*No*, he thought. *Not really*.

But he didn't say it, he didn't deny his words.

What the fuck was wrong with him?

Without saying anything else, and suddenly feeling overwhelmed; because of course that stupid voice inside him was *happy* with what he did; he headed back to where he remembered his friends were.

Thankfully for him, they were still in the same spot.

"Yo, Gogy! We were about to call you," Sapnap greeted him. Dream gave him a weird look.  
"Where'd you go? We were getting worried."

"Bathroom," he lied. "I'm feeling kinda sick." That was a little more honest.

"Wanne get out of here?" His roommate asked, and he almost felt bad for ruining their plans for a second night in a row, but he still nodded.

He really wanted to go home now.

The youngest boy nodded too, starting to gather his things. George began to do the same, but a hand placed on his shoulder stopped him from continuing.

He glanced at the blond standing by his side, noticing how he was looking at him weirdly, like between worried and anxious. His expression changed as soon as he moved closer, though, his features relaxing.

Maybe because the omega didn't smell like someone else.

If the brunet didn't know better, that was what he would've thought. That the alpha knew exactly what he had been wanting to do, and was also relieved that he didn't go through with his plan.

"You okay?" The boy asked. George nodded in response, even though he actually wasn't. He had never been so confused in his life. "Let's get out of here, yeah?" His friend said next.

And so they did.

In all honesty, he wasn't sure if he felt better or worse now, after attempting to hook up with someone but changing his mind at the last minute. However, he was sure of one thing.

He needed to take some time to think.

The brunet stopped walking a few steps before reaching his room, turning around to look at the blond that he knew was following him.

"Can I sleep alone tonight?" He let out in a whisper, and Dream instantly stopped walking as well. The boy looked at him with concern, a hint of confusion as well.

He hesitated for a second, before speaking in a quiet tone.

"Did I do something...?"

"No, it's not you," the Brit was quick to assure. "I just..." Yet he didn't know what else to say, without saying everything.

"You don't have to explain," the American said right away, seemingly noticing that he was struggling. "I'm sorry, you can have alone time whenever you want, George," he added then, offering him a reassuring smile. The omega nodded softly, letting the alpha kiss his forehead as he did every night. "Get some rest, I'll see you in the morning."

And after saying that, the boy headed to his own room.

George walked into his bedroom slowly, going straight to his bed once he got there. And now that he was alone, he wasn't sure if he felt better or worse either.

He was overwhelmed. More than just that.

He felt guilty, bitter, and frustrated. He was upset with himself for so many different contradictory reasons, and he didn't know what the right thing was anymore. He didn't know what he wanted.

No, that wasn't true.

He wasn't stupid, he wasn't blind.

He knew that the only way he would feel at peace right that moment, was if he was resting in Dream's arms.

He knew that he wanted his proximity, he knew that he wanted him around. He knew that he wanted to be connected to him, he knew that he wanted his affection and care. He knew that he wanted his scent.

And seeking that in someone else was the worst thing he could have possibly tried to do.

But he also knew that he didn't want to feel like he belonged to someone, he didn't want to act with the boy like a mated pair. He didn't want to act like an omega for an alpha. He didn't want to stop treating him like his friend.

His brain was telling him to take some distance before the line got even more blurry. His instincts were telling him to stick to his promise of letting things flow naturally, and stop worrying.

And he was trying so hard to avoid facing what the voice inside him said that he needed, because he didn't want to make everything worse. But it felt like by doing that, he was causing exactly what he was trying to prevent.

He was making a mess out of things, creating new doubts out of old ones.

*"I don't know what this means, though, or what you want me to do."*

*"Whatever you feel like doing."*

... Fuck it.

In a blink of an eye, he found himself knocking at the blond's door, walking inside as soon as the other showed him signs of being awake. The boy was slowly sitting up, tiredly rubbing his eyes.

"George...?" The alpha mumbled, confusion in his tone. But the omega didn't answer, simply getting in the blond's bed instead and curling up by his side. "George, what's wrong?" His friend asked next, sounding more concerned now, as he instantly wrapped his arms around him.

"Changed my mind," the brunet whispered, hiding his face on the American's chest.

He felt nauseous, and his brain was upset at him, not wanting to shut up. But he also felt relieved, the comforting scent making his instincts happy.

His body was trembling, breathing a little too heavy for someone that was laying down. Doubtful hands gripped at the boy's shirt, needing him to be close; needing him to be *closer*.

"Are you okay?" Dream's voice took him out of his thoughts. "You smell like..." The blonde stopped his words abruptly, placing his hands on the brunet shoulders to pull him away slightly, just enough to look at him. "George, are you crying?"

"No," the omega let out in a broken whisper. He wasn't, but he surely felt like it.

Concern was evident on the alpha's scent.

"What's wrong?" The American asked, placing a hand on the Brit's face and cupping his cheek.

He closed his eyes, taking a deep breath. He didn't even know how to answer.

*Everything.*

*Nothing.*

*Me.*

"George, talk to me," the taller boy mumbled, almost in a plea. The smaller one shook his head, trying to focus on breathing.

Now that he was in that room, everything felt more intense. Now that he was next to Dream, every single cell of his body wanted him to give in.

He wanted more, he needed more. He needed things that he shouldn't.

"Baby, what's wrong?"

*Baby.*

"Dream," he breathed out. And just like that, whatever was holding him back broke, unable to stop himself any longer. "I need you."

The room fell in complete silence.

The blond stopped moving, and for a moment, the brunet regretted it all, fearing that he was right all along and he was crossing a line that he wasn't supposed to. But soon enough, the alpha was lifting his head, trying to make the omega face him.

"Georgie, open your eyes. Look at me," the boy requested. And so he did. "What do you- I need you to tell me what you mean exactly."

"I need you," the Brit repeated, incapable of elaborating any further.

"I'm right here," the American tried to reassure, but that wasn't exactly what he needed.

George shook his head, then carefully buried it on the boy's neck. He moved his face closer to Dream's scent gland, slowly rubbing circles over it with his nose, his heart beating faster than ever in his life.

The alpha tensed up at first at the unexpected action, but relaxed soon after. He gently pushed George away again, this time to make him lay down on his bed.

He had gotten the memo.

The blond moved slowly to get on top of the brunet, but still kept some distance between their bodies, using his elbows to lift himself up.

"You sure you want this?" He asked then, voice low and cautious. The Brit nodded right away.  
"Words, George. I need words."

"I want this," he whispered, voice barely perceptible.

Dream nodded to his words, before lowering his head. George closed his eyes, tilting his own head to give the boy better access to his neck. Little by little, their bodies got closer. Until finally, their necks touched.

And their glands rubbing together was *heavenly*.

He couldn't help the choked out sigh that instantly escaped his lips. He couldn't help but grip at the alpha's shirt either, both to hold himself and pull the boy closer.

It was warm, it was sweet, it was safe. It was leaves and apples, and rainy days and bellflowers; a blossoming garden.

It was *perfect*.

But Dream's movements were too soft and cautious, their glands rubbing together too lightly. His needy and aching heart might be content with the action, but it wasn't quite *enough*.

The alpha suddenly pressed their bodies closer, moving his head faster and rubbing their glands harder. Almost as if he could read his mind.

Of course he would feel it. Of course he would smell his needs on his scent.

George wrapped his arms around his friend, running his fingers down his back. He wanted the blond closer, he wanted to feel him more. He wanted to make up for waiting for so long.

Bing hands found their way to his hips, caressing his sides in that gentle way that made the omega feel loved. He let out a pleased sigh, one of his own hands tangling on the golden locks, while the other felt every muscle of the alpha's back.

Their chests moved together as they panted softly, air too thick to breathe and room too warm to think straight. Yet he still didn't want to stop. He *never* wanted it to stop.

However, their movements began to slow down soon after, Dream seemingly deciding that it was enough for the night.

The boy stilled after a few seconds, staying just as close for a few more before slowly pulling his neck away. Then he lowered his head further, letting his lips find George's gland now, and placing a gentle kiss over it.

The brunet bit his lips at the action, stopping the whine that threatened to come out.

The blond shifted carefully, then laid down fully again, half by the smaller boy's side and half still on top of him. Just enough so George would still feel him close, but not enough to crush him in his

sleep.

The omega wrapped his arms around him, sighing happily.

“Good?” His friend whispered, he nodded tiredly. The stormy waters on his stomach had calmed down, a peaceful warmth feeling on his chest now instead.

“More than that.”

The boy smiled at his words, kissing his cheek gently. George looked at him, the memories of that morning rushing to fill his brain.

Heat pooled in the mouth of his stomach.

An urge, an impulse.

“Do... Do that again,” he let out in a whisper. Dream hummed, before kissing his cheek as requested. But that’s not exactly what the brunet wanted, not exactly what he was trying to get. “Again,” he repeated, just as quietly.

The blond looked at his face right away, staring directly into his eyes with a questioning look. That was enough for the omega to know his friend had an idea of what he was asking for.

The alpha hesitated, before moving down again, placing a kiss closer to his lips this time.

“... Again.”

He could feel his heart racing, anxiety slightly present on his stomach. He knew that the boy could feel it too. He took a little longer before he shortened the distance between them, cautiously pressing his lips on the corner of the Brit's mouth.

Then they stared into each other, the darkness of the room hiding his flushed cheeks, and Dream's as well, yet their scents made it clear that they were both feeling the same. Something similar to embarrassment, but not in a negative way, a hint of nervousness as well.

George opened his mouth to talk one more time, to repeat his words just once more and finish what he started. Yet nothing came out.

He took a deep breath, ignoring the way his body was trembling, then tried again. But again, nothing happened.

He couldn't say it.

He wasn't sure. He was doubting.

“Maybe not right after we scented,” the blond suddenly mumbled, with a quiet voice and a faint smile on his face. Always knowing, always there to save his ass.

The brunet simply nodded, feeling somewhat disappointed yet relieved at the same time. It was probably better not to make decisions that he could regret in the long term, just because he felt extremely close to the boy at the current moment.

The alpha kissed his forehead softly, before placing his head on the pillow so they could sleep. The omega took another deep breath, then closed his eyes, nuzzling into the boy.

It was easy to relax and let sleep claim him. It was easy to feel at peace, his thoughts calm for once.

And maybe in the morning he would question why he was the happiest when he shut off his brain and listened to his instincts instead. And maybe in the morning he would find a way to overthink it, to see the bad side of things, to question everything that deep down couldn't be clearer. But right now, he simply embraced the feeling.

Right now, he enjoyed the domesticity, and how natural it felt. Right now, he let himself be loved and feel like he belonged.

Right now, he didn't mind it.

He might even like it.

#### Chapter End Notes

i say this every time but you guys make me extremely happy with your comments <3  
thank you so much for the support, it means everything to me

anyways our boy is a little emotionally constipated, dont hate me

[twitter: @WinterLighting](#)

## Chapter 8

### Chapter Notes

tw for panic attack

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Chest moving slowly, breathing lightly. Hair locks brushing his cheek, clothes moving as the weight over him was lifted. Arms loosening around him, warmth pulling away slightly.

“Don’t go,” the omega whispered, tightening his hands around the alpha. The blond hummed at his words, moving down again and placing a kiss on his forehead.

“Thought you were asleep,” he mumbled, as if that made it better. “I’ll be right back, I just need the bathroom.”

George shook his head as he heard him, opening his eyes to look at him and pulling him closer.

“Five more minutes,” he demanded. And the boy was already opening his mouth to talk, maybe to protest, so he hurried to speak again. “You scented me, Dream. It’s gonna be upsetting if you leave so soon after I just woke up.”

The boy went quiet for a few seconds, then slowly nodded in agreement and laid back down, probably because he knew that George was right. Even if they weren’t a couple, instincts could be annoying sometimes. And of course he would feel like he was abandoned if the boy left him right now, even if his rational mind knew that wasn’t the case.

“Five minutes, then I’ll be okay,” the brunet mumbled. The blond nodded again, gently holding him by his hips instead of wrapping his arms around him like before.

The omega hummed, placing his own hands over the alpha’s and moving them up and down, so he would caress his sides as he liked. Dream hesitated for a moment, before doing as requested.

The Brit hummed again.

“Why are you being weird?” He questioned, voice still tinted with sleep

“I’m not.”

“You are,” he accused, looking up at him again. “You weren’t touching me.” The American chuckled at his words.

“Didn’t know you wanted me to,” the alpha mumbled, sounding somewhat amused.

“You scented me, of course I want you to touch me.” George rolled his eyes, slightly annoyed.

First, because the taller boy always did it anyway, so why would he not do it now? Since when did he have to ask for it to get his affection?

Second, because Dream wasn’t stupid, and he should know that omegas tended to get touchy after

something *intimate* like that; when they truly felt close to the person, at least, and safe in their presence. It was reassuring.

The blond chuckled softly again, pressing a kiss on his cheek and mumbling a quiet sorry. He continued to caress his sides, but still very lightly, a barely perceptible feather touch.

That wasn't what the brunet needed right now.

"Touch me more, Dream," he demanded. The alpha stopped his movements abruptly, taking a sharp breath as he lowered his head, then hid his face on the omega's shoulder.

"Don't say it like that." George smirked at his reaction, finding it both funny and quite interesting.

"Why not?" He asked, but got no response. The boy simply began to caress his sides again, keeping his face hidden. The brunet hummed, pulling him closer. "More, Dream, I want to feel you."

The blond took another sharp breath, hands suddenly squeezing his waist before moving up and down again. His lips brushed the omega's shoulder as he spoke, in a lower tone.

"George..." A warning.

"I *need* to feel you," he pressed.

A soft kiss was placed on his shoulder, almost where his neck began. Another warning.

George tilted his head, giving him space to continue. A taunt.

Another kiss on his shoulder. A tentative one on his neck. The brunet hummed, pulling the blond to lay over him completely again, inhaling deeply to take in the alpha's scent.

Although mixed with his own, he could still get a glimpse of the boy's personal smell. The familiar aroma of newborn leaves was slightly burned, and candy apples had replaced the normal green ones.

It was good, it was nice, it was intoxicating.

The rational part of his brain knew that he shouldn't be doing any of that. He knew that lips over his neck, slowly approaching his gland, wasn't something you do with your friend. It wasn't really platonic. His own hands wandering down the boy's back and lifting his shirt to touch his skin directly wasn't either.

But maybe he was a weak man. And Dream certainly was one as well.

Lips pressed on his gland felt like heaven, a pleased sigh escaping his mouth right away. Another kiss was placed, and he spread his legs for the blond to position himself in between them. The boy's mouth parted slightly, sucking at his pale skin and suctioning lightly. Another pleased sigh escaped him, pulling the American closer on instinct.

The warm body over his was almost crushing him, he didn't mind. A weird hardness pressed against his thigh, he kind of liked it. The omega hummed, tentatively rocking his hips to confirm the thought that was formulating in his head.

Oh. He was right.

The alpha groaned quietly at his actions, nipping at his gland gently in response and rocking his

hips as well. Once, twice, then began grinding against him.

And god, it has been *so* long since he had felt something like that. It has been so long and it felt so *good*.

His body was getting warmer, needy hands roaming his friend's back, mind getting clouded and heat pooling on his stomach.

More. *More*. He needed more.

Temperature raising, faint panting, instincts ready to give in.

... Wait.

"Sto- Stop!" George suddenly snapped out of him, pushing the blond away.

Dream moved back right away, clearly startled and with confusion written all over his face. The surprised state only lasted a couple seconds, though, before his expression changed, realization and guilt appearing instead.

"Shit, George-" The blond quickly got off him, looking between mortified and horrified. "I didn't mean- I wasn't trying to-"

"It's-It's fine," the omega hurried to say, not wanting the boy to start ranting. "Just- You were gonna trigger my heat," he explained then. The alpha seemed taken back by his words.

"What?"

"I'm not on suppressants, I don't- I don't have a regular cycle, and I haven't been *close* to an alpha in a while so just..." He took a deep breath, sitting up on the bed and rubbing his eyes, as if that would help him clear his mind. "If you kept... You would have probably triggered my heat."

Dream blinked once, then twice.

He looked away rather quickly, clearing his throat with his cheeks fully red.

"R-Right."

Silence fell over them, both looking anywhere but at each other.

The room smelled like lust, their bodies still sweaty and a little too warm.

It was awkward.

After almost a whole minute being like that, his friend spoke again.

"You're not..." He trailed off, seemingly hesitating for a moment before continuing with his sentence. "But you're not upset?" He finally asked.

George furrowed his brows.

"Why would I be upset?" He questioned back.

"... Right."

They went quiet again.

God, he wanted the earth to swallow him. He wanted to hide forever and never show his face again.

One heartbeat, then another. The blond's voice filled the silence like before.

"Why aren't you on suppressants?"

"Single, wasn't going out because of the pandemic, didn't really need it," he mumbled, then shrugged. "I have some spare ones, in case I... Just in case. But I haven't been taking them regularly."

He was going to use the spares he had the night before, to prevent going into heat and get a mark he didn't want and that would ruin their plans, but since he changed his mind about fucking a stranger, he ended up deciding against it.

"Probably should start taking them again, if I'm gonna live with two alphas," he concluded.

"Right," the American said for a third time.

Jesus, has Dream forgotten all other ways to respond?

"... 'M gonna wash my face.'" Without waiting for an answer, the Brit stood up, quickly heading to the bathroom.

He needed some air. He needed some air and to be alone for just a moment so he could stop feeling so ashamed.

It didn't work. The moment he stepped into the restroom he felt a thousand times worse.

He didn't let himself think about it, though, deciding to simply blame their scenting for his actions instead, so he could keep some peace of mind for the time being. Because he knew that the moment he allowed himself to go over everything that just happened, he wouldn't stop doing so.

The brunet took a couple deep breaths, before heading back into the room.

The moment came back, Dream instantly stood up.

"Let me schedule you an appointment with my mom's doctor," the blond blurted out.

George blinked in surprise.

What the fuck?

"What are you?"

"She's great, and has been a friend of my family for years," the boy interrupted. "I trust her, so you can be as honest as you need with her, about... Well, everything."

The brunet stood there, blinking again, completely lost with what was going on.

"Dream, what are you on about?"

"I don't think... Spare suppressants aren't good for your body," the alpha replied with a soft tone. "I want you to be healthy, George." The more the American said, the more the Brit felt that weird unpleasant feeling appear on his stomach again. "She can give you the right meds, specifically for you."

The brunet shifted uncomfortably in his spot.

The conversation felt a little too close to an alpha trying to take care of his omega. It felt a little too close to crossing another completely different kind of line, that stepped straight into what should be his personal business.

“Dream, I don’t think...”

“Please?” The blond let out before he could finish his sentence. “It would bring me some peace of mind, to know that you’re taking care of yourself.”

He knew his friend had good intentions, he knew that he meant well, but in all honesty, George would’ve preferred to choose his own doctor, whenever he felt like doing so.

Okay, maybe the alpha had a point, maybe he could see where he was coming from; the omega had the bad habit of ignoring his own health until something was actually wrong. But that didn’t mean he had to take over. It didn’t make him feel any less uncomfortable.

Then again, he didn’t want the blond to be worried about him.

“Yeah, okay,” he finally agreed. The American’s eyes lit up with his answer.

“I’ll get an appointment for today, then,” the boy instantly replied, a little too excited.

“Today?”

Jesus Chris, that was *not* how he thought he would be spending his day.

Then again, it would save him from talking about whatever the fuck just happened between them.

“Fine, okay.”

Dream moved closer to him right away, giving him a quick hug and kissing his head, before excusing himself to go take a shower. The brunet sighed, deciding to head downstairs and get some food in the meantime, because suddenly, he felt weak and exhausted.

The moment he entered the kitchen, he saw Sapnap eating a bowl of cereal. He decided to get his own, taking only a few seconds doing so before sitting in front of his roommate.

“Morning,” he mumbled, getting a spoon of cereal in his mouth. The brown haired looked at him, seemingly about to respond, but as soon as his eyes landed on him his expression changed.

His eyes widened in surprise, then a knowing smirk took over his mouth.

The omega froze in his spot, realization hitting him right away.

... Shit.

Maybe he should have taken a shower too before coming down.

His cheeks instantly grew red, looking at his food to avoid his friend’s glance.

“So...”

“No.”

“You and Dream...”

“No.” The short boy snorted at his behavior.

“Come on, I gotta ask.”

“No you don’t.”

Sapanap laughed at him again, clearly amused with the whole thing.

“So, when did you guys get together for real?” The brown haired questioned, a somewhat satisfied grin on his face. “A little offended that you didn’t tell me, but I’ll let it slide.”

“We’re not together,” the brunet was quick to say. His roommate raised an eyebrow. “Whatever you’re imagining, you’re wrong. We just scented, platonically,” he added then. The younger boy gave him a questioning look.

He stared at him for a moment, before humming.

“Okay, sure thing,” his friend mumbled, eating another spoon of his food. He focused on that for just a second, before throwing a glance to the Brit again. “Nice hickey, by the way.”

Heat pooled in George’s cheeks instantly, eyes widening with surprise. He grabbed his phone and used his camera to check his neck, blushing even harder when he saw the dark spot right over his gland.

*Oh my god.*

He groaned in embarrassment and shame, placing his arms over the table and hiding his face on them. He should’ve realized that would happen, but for some reason, the thought never crossed his mind.

Hearing the way Sapanap was laughing didn’t help him feel any less ashamed.

“Dude, look, being totally serious, I know I joke about it a lot but I’m actually happy for you guys,” his roommate assured. George wanted to get hit by a train. “I always knew deep down that the whole *pretended courtship* thing couldn’t be a hundred percent fake.”

“It is,” the brunet said right away, in a harsh tone, then lifted his head again to stare at his friend. “It is fake, okay? We aren’t together.”

Sapanap seemed taken back by his reaction, blinking a few times before raising an eyebrow. The Brit looked down at his own food, moving his spoon around but not actually eating.

After a moment of silence, his roommate spoke again.

“Hey, are you okay?”

The omega sighed loudly, feeling frustrated. He was starting to hate that question.

“M fine,” he let out.

“You sure? You look like you could use talking to someone.”

“I’m sure,” he assures. The boy didn’t seem to believe him, but he didn’t press further.

"Alright, whatever you say," his friend mumbled, focusing on his food as well. "If you change your mind though, I'm here."

George opened his mouth, ready to talk again and repeat once more that he didn't need it, but the sound of footsteps caught his attention before he could.

Dream approached them right away, fresh out of the shower and with a big smile on his face. He stood behind the brunet, wrapping his arms around waist and kissing his cheek softly.

The omega's face turned bright red to the unexpectedly domestic gesture, both because it took him by surprise and because he did it in front of *Sapnap*.

"Morning, Sap," the blond mumbled, finally addressing the third person in the room.

"Morning." The brown haired looked amused, like he had just witnessed the funniest scene he has in his life. The brunet wanted to crawl back into his bed and stay there for the rest of the day.

Dream kissed his cheek again. George looked away to save himself some embarrassment.

"Your appointment is at two, by the way, I just got it," the taller one mumbled. The smaller boy could only nod in response. The youngest of them gave them a confused look.

"What appointment?"

The brunet let himself fall onto the couch as soon as he got back home, sighing tiredly and closing his eyes. His whole body was begging for some rest.

Turned out, ignoring both the instinctual voice inside him and the logical one in his head telling him to address what happened that morning, took way more energy than he thought. Having to talk about his irregular heats, and admit he isn't good at taking care of himself, didn't help either. Even if the lady was probably the nicest doctor he had ever spoken to.

He was exhausted, with a headache, and in a shitty mood.

He stayed like that for a couple minutes, his eyes only opening again once he heard someone approaching, seeing *Sapnap* a few steps away.

"Hey," the omega mumbled. "Wanna watch a..." But then, he noticed the bag on his friend's shoulder. "Are you going somewhere?"

"Imma spend the weekend at Punz," his roommate confirmed, nodding a few times. George's eyes widened, sitting up on the couch before carefully standing up.

"Wait, why?" He wouldn't normally ask, considering the brown haired visited their other friends all the time, but this was too out of nowhere not to be confused about it.

"You guys are gonna fuck any minute now, I don't wanna be here for when it happens," the boy responded, shrugging after like it was nothing.

A light blush appeared on the brunet's cheeks right away, scoffing at his friend's words. And he was about to contradict him, to explain why that wasn't true, but he spoke again before he could, in a more serious tone this time.

"You two have things to figure out, Gogy. I think it's better if you have alone time for that."

George wished he could argue against that.

He wished there that was nothing to figure out. He wished that he hadn't made things more confusing than they already were. He wished that he hadn't blurred those limits between friendship and something else.

He wished that the boy didn't leave them, so he wouldn't have to be alone with Dream and face all of those things.

Sapnap moved closer, giving him a hug and patting his back, probably sensing his distress.

"You're gonna be okay," he assured, before pulling away. "I'm one phone call away, alright?"

The brunet nodded, letting his friend go despite his best wishes.

Watching him walk out the door was more painful than it should realistically be. But it made everything feel too real again, and he didn't like the storm of emotions that was quickly growing inside him.

He sat on the couch again, unsure of what to do with himself.

Maybe it wasn't too late to go out again, take some time to think about how to approach the whole situation, or just distract himself.

"You're back!"

It was too late.

He took a deep breath, trying to relax his features before glancing at the blond, hoping he was still calm enough so his scent wouldn't give him away.

"How did it go?" The alphas asked, already moving closer to him.

"Fine," he simply mumbled, watching as the American sat by his side. George looked at his own hands, playing with his fingers to try to keep himself grounded. "Sapnap's out for the weekend."

"Yeah, he told me." His friend nodded in response. Then, silence fell over them.

Dream was nervous. He could smell it on his scent. Did that mean that he would finally bring it up? Had he run out of time?

He bit his lips, nervous as well. What was he supposed to say now? What was he supposed to do?

Ask for forgiveness? Admit that he liked it? Pretend that he didn't?

"George," the alpha called him, then cleared his throat, shifting to face him more directly. The omega took a deep breath, looking at him as well. "I... Do you wanna go out to get lunch tomorrow?"

... *What?*

From all the things that he thought the boy could say, that surely wasn't one. Whatever he was expecting, that certainly wasn't it.

"What?" Dream chuckled at his reaction, then anxiously shifted on his spot.

"Yeah, maybe to like, that sushi place that you like?" He suggested. "And I think the movie we were talking about the other night is out now, so we could go to watch it after?"

George blinked once, he blinked twice. Then, he nervously chuckled.

"Dream, you sound like you're asking me out," he let out, in a joking tone. The blond's cheeks tinted pink, rubbing at his neck as he let out an awkward laugh.

... Oh no.

That could *not* be happening.

A weird feeling pooled on his stomach, heart beating faster.

"Dream-"

"I wanna do things right, George," the boy cut him off before he could say anything. "I- I don't wanna act like I'm entitled to something, just because of... How things have been." *Just because you're gonna mate me*, the omega read between the lines. "You deserve better than, um..." *A quick, hormones driven fuck in the morning*. "I just- I wanna treat you right."

The brunet felt dizzy, heart stuck in his throat.

This wasn't how things were supposed to go. This wasn't supposed to happen. He didn't only make himself confused, but the boy as well.

"Dream," he whispered, a hint of desperation in his voice. Maybe he got it all wrong, maybe there was still hope. "We're friends..."

The alpha's face fell at his words .

The omega could feel himself trembling.

"We're- George." He didn't wanna hear it. He didn't want to hear the disappointment in his voice. "Am I- Did I get it all wrong? We literally almost-"

"We were sleepy and horny, you don't need to take me out just because you feel guilty," the brunet was quick to interrupt.

The blond looked like he had just been punched in the face.

"Guilty?" He repeated, confusion and exasperation in his voice. "George, no, that's not why I want to court you."

The Brit's eyes shut close. He was really hoping that the boy wouldn't use *that* word.

He was really hoping that he wouldn't prove him right, about all the things he had feared, but here he was.

The whole mating thing had gotten to the boy's head too, and now he thought of him as '*an omega that he could court*', and was treating him like one.

And a part of him was happy. That voice inside him was *thrilled*. But that only made him more upset. Because his instincts wanted what he had told himself for so long that he would never want.

"Well, I don't want you to," he let out. *A lie. You do* .

The expression on the American's face was one he had never seen before.

"... So you're okay with almost having sex with me, act like it's okay and normal, but you draw the line at courting?" The alpha questioned, harshly, and with disbelief in his tone.

He was hurt, George could hear it in his voice.

"We scented, Dream, and we're gonna mate," he still spit out, unable to stop himself. "Even if you say that you'll be careful with my heats and all that, we both know that sex is bound to happen sooner or later." *That's not why you did it.*

Unreadable. The blond's face was unreadable.

"So you just, what?" He let out. "You resigned? Accepted it was gonna happen and decided to get over with it?"

*No. I wanted you, I wanted you more than I should have.*

The brunet shrugged, keeping a straight face.

"I guess." *Stop lying.*

Dream stared at him.

He examined the Brit's features, showing nothing on his own. Then, he suddenly stood up.

"Okay," he let out, in a neutral tone. Then, he began to walk towards the door. "I ordered food, I'm gonna go pick it up," he said next. And without giving him time to respond, he walked out.

George stared at the door, silently looking at the exit for a minute or two, trying to process. He just sat there, alone on the couch, words stuck in his throat and eyes starting to water.

He just ruined *everything*.

All those years of friendship, being finally together, working to find the way to make him stay. Everything would be over, the boy would hate him now. And all because of what? Because he couldn't be honest with him. Because he couldn't be honest with himself. Because he was... Scared.

*He was scared.*

Of feelings he's never felt before, of changes he didn't want to go through. Of treatments that he hadn't had to face yet but had heard too many stories about.

Because maybe it wasn't his reality yet, to be seen as less because of his status. And maybe he was lucky enough to have people in his life that never made a distinction, never acted any differently around him. And maybe society seeing him as an accessory wasn't something that had personally happened to him. But he still knew people that lived through that, and there was always a chance he could experience it.

Giving in to his instincts, admitting he wanted what nature said that he should want, felt like taking a step towards the path he was terrified of.

Not all changes had to be bad. But what if they were?

He was scared. He was simply sacred.

He didn't want to do something just to end up unhappy at the end. But it seemed like his attempts to avoid that fate were taking away the chances of happiness that he did have.

That was becoming a pattern now, wasn't it?

Maybe he could still fix it, maybe he could still explain how he felt and make things right. Maybe he could stop lying to protect himself, and let the boy know the truth. So he waited, and then waited even more.

Minutes turned into hours, day turned into night. And just when he was about to pass out from exhaustion after hours of keeping himself awake despite not wanting to be, the door finally opened.

The blond placed the bag of food over the table, and without doing as much as to look at him, he began to walk straight towards the stairs.

"Wait, Dream," the brunet called for him right away. The boy stopped walking, barely turning to glance at him. George's stomach twisted, unsure of how to start the conversation. "... Are you mad at me, or something?"

The alpha stared directly into his eyes, gaze so intense and cold he could barely recognize those green irises as his friends. Then, he sighed, walking a little closer.

"I'm not *mad* at you, George, I'm just upset," the American finally said. The Brit took a deep breath, trying to calm his messy mind.

"I just..." God, he still didn't even know what to say. "I can't- I can't be in a courtship, Dream, I-"

"That's not the issue, George," the blond interrupted. "You don't think I can handle rejection?" The brunet shut his mouth right away, a bit taken back by the harsh tone and the fact that he didn't let him explain. "You told me you were gonna fuck me just to get over with it, George. How am I supposed to feel?"

The Brit swallowed hard, chest feeling tight.

*That's not what I meant.*

"It's not... I didn't..." He paused, taking a deep breath as he tried to organize his thoughts. "The mating thing, it's just- it's too much sometimes," he finally mumbled, voice all too quiet.

"I know, you make that very clear."

*Ouch .*

The look on the boy's eyes, the bitterness of his words. The omega couldn't help but step back, the alpha's demeanor making him anxious.

"You let me touch you to get used to it, you're shirtless around me because hey, why not? I'm gonna bite you some day anyways. You wanna scent me because it would be weird to let me mate you without doing that first," he spit every word, low and slowly. "Every time that you talk about mating me, you make it sound like you're doing me a favor."

George opened his mouth to talk, but nothing came out. Dream had his fist clenched, a permanent frown on his face and pain written all over it.

He was hurt, he made him hurt.

His green apple scent was now putrid, making that instinctual thing inside him tremble and sob.

“Every time that I feel we’re going somewhere, you make it sound like you’re just practicing so being with me can be more *bearable*.”

He fucked up, he really fucked up.

He needed to apologize, he needed to correct him. He needed to tell him that the problem was exactly the opposite. That he enjoyed his presence so much he didn’t know how to cope with it, that he made him want things that he wasn’t supposed to want. That sometimes the whole mating thing being fake hurt, because he didn’t know how much he could ask for, or how much he truly wanted. That he had *feelings* for him he didn’t know how to process.

But he was paralyzed, words stuck in his throat.

He was scared, he was overwhelmed. The strong smell of anger emanating from the boy’s scent was upsetting him.

“You’re the one that asks for more, but when I give it to you, *this* happens,” the blond let out, then moved closer to the brunet. He stepped back again. “You treat me like you want me around, like you *need* me. You’re tender, and affectionate, and sweet, and make me feel like whatever I’m feeling is reciprocated. But then you speak like my love for you is something you’ve *resigned* to take.” His voice broke, visibly trembling. His chest moved fast, George felt tears forming in the corner of his eyes. “Like you... Like you barely... Like you *tolerate* it.”

“You asked me to mate you, I never wanted to do this.” The words escaped him against his will, defensiveness in his voice.

*Stop talking, you’ll make it worse.*

A sad scoff came out of the American’s mouth, shaking his head slightly.

“I know that,” he assured. “I know you didn’t want to do this in the first place, so of course you’re not gonna act all happy, but that doesn’t mean-”

“You push me, and push me, and push me for things until I break, and then get mad when I don’t give them to you the way you like it?”

*That’s not how you feel.*

*You’re not upset at him. You’re upset at yourself.*

The alpha’s expression changed abruptly.

“Don’t say it like that,” he let out, features showing only shock and fear now. “You’re making it sound like... Like I forced you to-”

“Didn’t you?”

Dream eyes widened. His own did too.

*Shit.*

“Dream-” *You don’t mean that.* “I-I didn’t mean that-”

“I’m sorry.” Flat tone, blank expression. The blond stood there, body completely still. “I’m so

sorry.”

“It was my choice,” he hurried to say, heart racing with the fear and regret that quickly invaded him. “It’s all been my choice, I- Dream, I didn’t mean it. I didn’t mean that.” He moved closer to the boy, trying to take his hand. The alpha moved away, shaking his head. “That’s not how I feel, that’s not- Everything we did, I *wanted* it,” he tried to reassure, tone getting desperate. “I’m sorry I- I haven’t been trying hard enough to make this work and I can’t put the blame on-”

“No, no, George, it’s- It’s not your fault, I’m sorry.” The boy was visibly shaking, breathing suddenly unsteady. He kept moving his head, clenching and relaxing his hands by his sides over and over again. “I know I messed up, I know it’s my fault. I’m sorry, I’m so sorry-”

“Dream, listen to me.” The brunet tried grabbing his hands again. The blond didn’t resist this time. The omega moved closer before his friend could change his mind, pulling him into a hug. “You didn’t do anything wrong, I promise, you didn’t.”

“M sorry.” A broken sob. “M sorry, I messed up, I-” George hugged him tighter, rubbing his back in soothing motions. “M not trying to be manipulative, I don’t want you to- It’s my fault, I mean it, I’m being honest, I-”

“I know, you’re not being manipulative,” he instantly assured. Dream held onto him like his life depended on it, another broken sob escaping his lips. “You’re not bad, I promise, you’re not.”

“M sorry, ‘m so sorry-”

“It’s okay, you’re okay,” the Brit whispered, pulling him a little closer. “I’m the one that’s sorry.” And he was. He truly was.

Despite his words, the boy kept shaking his head, still trembling. The panic on his scent was so intense that George was starting to feel dizzy.

And he kept saying sorry, over and over again.

“Come here, come with me.” The brunet carefully pulled away, holding both of the blond’s hands to guide him upstairs, to his room, drawing soothing patterns on his skin as they walked. The alpha didn’t resist, still breathing unevenly as allowed the omega to guide him.

The Brit helped the boy get on the bed, gently pushing him to lay down then crawling next to him. He wrapped one arm around him, holding him close, before reaching for his wrist with his other hand.

“George-”

“Let me help you this time,” he cut him off, offering a reassuring look.

“I-I can’t, this is... ‘M sorry, you shouldn’t-”

“It’s okay,” he assured, trying his best to smile at him to try to calm him down. “I want to.”

“I’m so sorry-”

“You’re okay, baby, you’re just fine,” he whispered, hand moving to cup his cheek. He caressed his skin softly, moving closer to kiss his forehead; repeating actions that Dream had done to him time and time again, showing affection in the ways the blond had taught him to.

After the boy's breathing had slowed down, even if just slightly, he moved his hand back to the alpha's wrist. He looked at him, silently asking for permission. Dream nodded once, still seeming hesitant but clearly needing the gesture.

George placed their wrist together, slowly rubbing their glands against each other.

"You haven't done anything wrong," he repeated once more, as he continued with his actions.

Little by little the tremble of the alpha's body came to a stop, not sobbing anymore either. His face slowly relaxed, shoulders not as tense and whole demeanor changing again. Until he was quiet, leaning into the smaller body and clinging onto the omega's shirt.

The brunet pulled his hand away then, carefully, then moved it to pet the blond's hair, the other one rubbing his back. He offered him gentle affection for a moment, with the same kind of gesture he had gotten used to receiving.

Once the boy seemed calm enough, and they were wrapped in each other's arms as they did every night, George dared to speak again.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean any of that," he whispered. "Your scent was too strong and I freaked out, but I didn't mean it," he added next, holding him a little tighter. "You have never *ever* forced me to do anything."

"But I'm pushy," the blond mumbled, voice quiet and cautious, but sounding upset anymore.

"You are," the brunet admitted. "But just in the way you've always been." And that had never been a bad thing. George had always pushed just as much. "I still can say no if I want to, I just... I don't know how to..."

"Talk, when something bothers you," his friend finished for him. Because he knew him too well. Because he was more understanding than the omega deserved.

"And that's not on you," he concluded. "You haven't done anything wrong."

"I yelled at you, though," the boy pointed out. "I got upset."

"You're allowed to get upset at me, Dream."

"I just- I don't know what you want," the blond whispered. "I don't know how you feel, and I... It's killing me, George." The alpha lifted his head slightly, to look at him more directly. "Because I don't wanna hurt you... And I don't wanna hurt either." The omega didn't want that either, none of those things. "I need you to talk to me."

The brunet nodded, taking a deep breath.

"I'm... I'm just scared," he let out, in a quiet voice.

"Of talking?"

"That too." He couldn't help but chuckle. The boy smiled at his reaction. The Brit shook his head then, thinking for a moment before speaking again. "Of... Of this. Of me. Of the things that I don't know how to explain."

And that, on itself, was more than he ever thought that he would be able to say.

Dream seemed to recognize that, placing a hand on his cheek and caressing it softly.

“I don’t want you to hate me,” he whispered, voice sounding all too small.

“I could never,” the blond assured, offering him a smile. George smiled faintly as well. “I don’t want you to hate you either.”

“I could never,” he copied the alpha’s words, leaning into his touch and relaxing against his hand. The alpha hummed, green eyes looked tired. No, he looked exhausted. They both were. “We can... We can talk tomorrow,” the brunet offered.

“You promise?” The tall boy asked. The smaller one nodded in response.

“I promise.”

His friend nodded as well, before resting his head on the omega’s chest. George went back to rubbing his back, trying to get him to relax enough so he could fall asleep.

It didn’t take long for Dream’s body to give up to exhaustion, yet despite the hours passing, the brunet couldn’t sleep.

He took a few deep breaths, the silence in the room feeling somewhat overwhelming, then he gave his brain some time to process everything.

Every misspoken word, every mistake, every fear that got the best of him. He let it process his own actions, his own needs, his feelings too. Because he needed to face them, it was time that he did. And he needed to find the right way to speak about them, without getting defensive at the first sign of not being understood.

He didn’t want to risk ruining everything again.

Being as careful as possible, the omega pushed the alpha away, enough so he could get out of the bed. He walked downstairs then, until he got to the kitchen, sitting down next and staring at his phone.

Maybe he shouldn’t do that, he didn’t want to be a bother, but the offer had been put on the table, and he really needed to take it right now. He marked the number before he could change his mind.

The phone rang. Once, twice, three times.

“George?” Sapnap’s voice sounded slightly sleepy as he answered the call, and pretty confused as well.

“Hey.” His own voice sounded broken, words coming out in barely a whisper.

“Dude, it’s like two in the morning. What’s up?” His friend asked, tiredly. “Are you okay?” The brunet opened his mouth to talk, but as usual, nothing came out. He took a deep breath, hands trembling lightly. “George, are you crying?” Funny enough, he hadn’t realized that he was until that moment, until the boy pointed it out. “... I’m heading back.”

“No,” the omega instantly said, shaking his head despite not being seen. He didn’t want to ruin his roommate’s weekend, and he didn’t think he would be able to have a talk with Dream if Sapnap was there. “I just-” He paused, biting his lip. God, why did it have to be so hard? He took a few seconds to figure out how to word his thoughts, before finally speaking again. “I don’t know how to talk. But I need to.” Another deep breath. “He... I have to.”

It was a request, but wasn’t worded like one. That didn’t matter, though, because the blond wasn’t

the only one that knew him like the palm of his own hand.

"Okay, you can practice with me," the brown haired replied, and he could almost see him nodding at his words. He heard him moving next, probably sitting down. "Go ahead, I'm all ears." But even now, getting exactly what he was hoping for, he still didn't know what to say.

"I... Don't know how to do this," he admitted. "I don't know how to word things."

"Take your time, Gogy," the boy mumbled, in a reassuring tone. "You can try as many times as you need, until we figure it out."

We.

George didn't know how much he needed to hear that, until that exact moment.

He wasn't alone. He didn't *need* to do it all alone. Sapnap would listen, help him make sense of his mess and find the right words. Dream would listen too, and be as understanding as he could possibly be, like he always was.

"Okay," he whispered. And maybe he would need more than a few tries, but maybe that was fine.

"So, what do you need to say?" His roommate asked. "Talk to me."

And so, he did.

He talked all night.

## Chapter End Notes

sometimes things get worse before they get better... and sometimes you need to reach a breaking point to snap out of it and take your head out of your own ass, sort of speak

to all my "george is gonna speak up" truthers, we're half way there, i promise im not letting you down 😊

as always, couldnt be happier with all the comments and kudos and love youve been giving this fic <3 reading everything you guys say is the best part of my day, and honestly makes this experience so much better :] i couldnt thank you enough!!

(i read every single comment right before posting, and i try to respond to as many as i can right after, but im a bit socially awkward so if i dont respond to yours i apologize  
i promise i still read it and love it)

a lot of dialogue in this chapter, and next one will probably have more, hopefully thats fine hehe

have a great night/day!!

[twitter: @WinterLighting](#)



## Chapter 9

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George ran his fingers through dirty blond locks, eyes focused on the sun-kissed skin, counting every small freckle he could see. He felt like a creep watching his friend sleep, but he looked so *peaceful*.

When Dream was asleep, he finally looked younger than him.

The brunet would have never expected that the blond to be asleep after noon, not when they went to bed so early, and not considering how little he usually slept. Then again, with everything that happened, he couldn't blame him for needing more.

The omega wished he could be asleep as well. But the truth was, he hadn't been able to get more than two non-consecutive hours of sleep ever since he hung up the phone.

He wanted to rest, his body and mind needed it. However, he knew that the faster a new day came, the faster he would have to face the consequences of everything he did.

Despite preparing himself to talk, he couldn't help but fear that he might not even get the chance to.

If he was honest with himself, he couldn't blame Dream if he decided he didn't want to talk to him anymore. He had never seen him like that before, after all, so hurt and in pain and all because of *him*. And even if Sapnap assured him that wouldn't happen, and part of him knew it was unlikely too, he was still scared.

God, he had been scared for a long time.

The American shifted under his touch, the Brit froze in his spot.

He closed his eyes, taking a deep breath, then looked at his friend again.

It was fine, it would be fine. Whatever happened, he would face it. No more hiding, no more dodging. He didn't stay awake all night trying to go past his own limitations to run away now.

He watched as Dream's eyes opened slowly. And just like that, half of his anxiety disappeared.

Green irises showed him nothing but tenderness, the blond's features softening as soon as he saw the brunet there with him.

"Hey," he instantly mumbled.

"Hey there," the boy mumbled back.

George doubted for a moment, before he continued to pet his hair, giving the blond time to wake up fully; giving him time to realize that he was still upset, to pull away, to tell him off, to leave him there. Yet none of that happened. Instead, Dream nuzzled into his hand, letting out a relieved sigh. As if he was also afraid that the brunet would be upset, as if he thought that he would be the one to leave.

"How are... Are you okay?" The omega asked, hesitant. He was out of his element here, but he wanted to be the one caring for once. The alpha nodded a few times.

“Yeah, I’m-”

“I’m sorry about last night,” he quickly interrupted, knowing that the boy was about to say it first. He didn’t want him to keep taking the blame. “I was an ass, and it was wrong.” Dream opened his mouth to talk, so he hurried to speak again. “Don’t contradict me, we both know I’m right.”

For a moment, he was scared he had come off as too aggressive, or his tone was too harsh, but the boy simply chuckled.

“Alright, okay.” The blond nodded in agreement. “We both did things we shouldn’t have.”

George still felt like that wasn’t enough, still feeling like the focus should be on his wrong doings and not the blond’s, but that was a conclusion he could agree with. A *compromise*.

*“Don’t settle for things just to avoid confrontation, but don’t let him do that either. You can find a middle ground, dude, something you both are okay with.”*

He took a deep breath, letting Sapnap’s words resonate in his head. He remembered their whole conversation, every single piece of advice, every single word that he practiced, everything that they decided was good or bad. And then, he knew that it was time.

He needed to talk now. Because if he gave himself time to wait, he would back off.

He was still terrified, but he could do it. He *practiced* for this. He was as ready as he would ever be.

“I made you a promise,” he let out. “And- And I would really rather do it right now.” Dream seemed surprised by this, as if he wasn’t expecting the brunet to be the one to bring it up, and wasn’t expecting it to happen so soon either. “Unless it’s too early for you, or you’re still sleepy or-”

“We can do it now,” the blond assured, slowly sitting up and positioning himself in front of the omega, facing him directly. George closed his eyes, inhaling deeply one last time, then opened them again.

“Okay,” he breathed out, nodding at the boy’s words. And now, to settle some conditions so he could feel safe speaking. *If you need something to make it easier for yourself, just say it.* “You can’t interrupt me, or I’ll get defensive or will stop... Unless I’m struggling to say things, then you can take over and get me back on track.” The blond blinked at his words, seemingly surprised by them too, but soon nodded in agreement. “And ask questions, please. They’re helpful.”

“Okay, I can do that,” the alpha replied right away, always willing to accommodate. The omega nodded again, biting his lip nervously and playing with his own fingers.

It was okay, everything was okay. He just had to do as he rehearsed, and be honest, and everything would be okay.

And if he felt like he would throw up at any second, he just needed to ignore it.

*Focus, go straight to the point.*

*Don’t leave space for misunderstandings.*

*Don’t overthink it, say what you need to say.*

"What happened yesterday... It wasn't just to get used to it, because of the visa thing," he started, looking down at his hands to stay grounded. "None of what we've done it's been to get used to it. That... It wasn't a lie, not exactly, but an excuse?"

He glanced at the boy. The blond offered him a reassuring smile, then gestured to him to keep going. George tried to stay focused.

"Dream, you're my best friend, and the thought of not being friends anymore, is... Is terrifying." His chest felt tight, taking a few seconds to breathe and keep himself calm. The alpha stayed quiet, giving him the time he needed. "I don't want to do anything that could ruin that," he whispered, looking at him again.

Dream's face was soft, and he could read in his eyes that he wanted to assure him that would never happen. But he wasn't saying it, to not interrupt him. He couldn't help but smile, thankful for the effort.

"But... My feelings, my thoughts, my... fears. Sometimes they feel like- Like a storm," he continued. "If I open the door to let them out, they'll just, overflow and destroy all the good things in my life."

He paused for a second, glancing down to his hands before looking at the blond again. The alpha moved a little closer, reaching for one of his hands and squeezing it softly.

"That's why you don't talk to me, when something's happening to you?" He asked softly. George hesitated, then nodded.

"I don't want to ruin this. *Us*. And I know you don't think I could, and- and it's not like I don't trust you. But it's still scary to- to just..."

"Be vulnerable, after being used to not," the boy completed. The brunet nodded again.

"I'm scared of losing you, if I let it out. And I'm scared of losing myself, too." At that, his friend frowned.

"How would you lose yourself?" He asked.

The omega felt his heart racing, anxiety pooling in his stomach for what was about to come. Opening up, sharing his fears, sharing his doubts.

"It's... My principles. The things I thought I knew, the things I thought I was sure of. What I wanted to be, and what I didn't want to," he whispered. But despite his words, Dream still seemed confused. George sighed, taking yet another deep breath before trying again. "If I admit my feelings, even to myself, then I would be accepting that I want things that I wasn't supposed to."

"Like what?" The blond was quick to ask.

The brunet hesitated, a part of him wanting to go back, feeling like it wasn't too late to deny everything and leave it at that. But he had gotten this far, he needed to keep going.

"You're my best friend, but sometimes when I look at you, that's not what I think of," he mumbled, heart in his throat and no air in his lungs. "Sometimes I just... See you as an alpha."

Dream raised an eyebrow at his words, between confused and amused.

"I am an alpha," he replied, almost as if to confirm it. The omega huffed, rolling his eyes.

"That's not what I mean." He shook his head. The boy tilted his head, and the brunet's cheeks tinted red.

This was it. The moment that he didn't want to come, but that had probably always been inevitable.

"... I never look at Sapnap and see an alpha."

That seemed to do the trick.

He saw in the blond's expression that something clicked, eyes widening slightly.

"You see me as a potential mate...?" He whispered, his cheeks also turning a bit reddish, but with evident excitement in his features instead of the embarrassment that was in the omega's.

George simply nodded, not wanting to admit it out loud. Dream, in all honesty, seemed thrilled; his scent was too. As if someone had just told him that he won the lottery or something.

But all too soon, the blond seemed to connect those words with the previous conversation, and then, his demeanor changed again. Now he seemed cautious, almost as if getting ready for disappointment.

"And... You think that's a bad thing," he concluded.

"I never wanted to mate anyone," the brunet whispered, confirming his words.

In a flash, he saw a flow of emotions crossing his friend's face.

Disappointment, acceptance, regret, guilt, fear.

Only then it hit him that after what he said to the alpha the night before, reminding him of what he *never wanted* was probably not the best thing.

The wound was too fresh, he would take it the wrong way.

"No, just—" He hurried to speak again, not wanting the boy to go in a direction that wouldn't do any of them any favors. He squeezed the boy's hand to get his attention, before whispering. "Why?"

The blond furrowed his brows, not understanding the question. But then he realized, it *wasn't* a question.

"Why didn't you want to?" He finally asked, the one thing he failed to do every time they talked about the topic.

It was probably because he didn't want George to feel like he owed him an explanation. And since the brunet never gave any signs of wanting to give one, or even said that there were things that needed to be explained, the American simply didn't ask.

But the Brit needed to explain, and now he wanted to as well.

"I didn't want to belong to someone," he mumbled. "I didn't want to be *someone's mate*."

The boy blinked at his words, evidently confused but trying his best to process the information that was being shared.

It was a little cute, to see his focused face. And of course he wouldn't get it, he didn't expect him to

be able to right away; their realities were completely opposite, after all. But he would help him to understand, he would tell him what he meant.

"For alphas it's pretty easy. You can mate whoever you want, and if you change your mind, you don't even need the fancy procedure. You just go and mate someone else," he began to explain. "But for omegas, mating someone defines you. It's like... People will suddenly treat you differently, as if you were less of a person and more like '*a part of someone else*'."

He looked at the alpha, waiting for some kind of reaction. The blond nodded, letting him know he was listening, and gesturing to him to go on. George shifted on his spot, trying to get comfortable, his chest already feeling tight again and his throat feeling dry.

"And it's like- It's like you're worth *so* little, that an alpha choosing you is the most important thing about you now. Like you should be thankful, or something."

He looked down to his own hands, trying to distract himself from the tears forming in the corner of his eyes. Because this was *not* going to make him cry. He was over feeling bad about his second gender, and all the stupid injustices that normally didn't even affect him.

Because, in all honesty, he hadn't really experienced most of them, not fully. But after years of seeing older omegas that seemed unhappy, or expressed that they were, something had been programmed in his brain.

He couldn't end up like that too.

"I didn't wanna go through all that." He shook his head. "I didn't want to hear comments from assholes that think you're entitled to more or less because of something you didn't even choose."

Because even if society had improved and most people didn't think like that, but there would always be assholes stuck in the past.

He sighed, taking a few seconds to rub his eyes and reorganize his ideas.

"You- You said that I treated this whole visa thing like I was just doing you a favor, right?" He mumbled, waiting for the boy to nod before continuing. "I... I didn't mean to do that, I really didn't. But I guess maybe I did act like that." He looked to the boy again, hands trembling lightly for what he was about to admit. "Because I just-I didn't wanna feel like... Like it was the other way around."

"Like I was the one doing you a favor," the boy concluded. "George, I would never"

"I know," he cut him off. "It's not about you, it's just how I feel," he clarified, because the last thing he wanted right now was to make the blond feel guilty. "I don't wanna be like that, I don't *feel* like that. I don't wanna be '*just an omega*'."

"You could never be just an omega, George." The brunet huffed at the alpha's words.

"People already call me the pretty face of the Dream Team, and my gender hasn't even been confirmed." And it wasn't like it hurt him, not that much, but it was still annoying. It was evidence that the mentality was still there, ready to take him and crush him if he let it. "They know nothing about me and they already see me as the object of the group."

"Whoever reduces you to only your pretty face is an idiot," his friend let out, certainty in his voice and a serious tone. "You're a great Minecraft player, first of all, and a successful streamer. You also have a degree in computer science, and are incredibly good at coding when you're not too lazy

to go through it.” The blond offered him a smile, he shyly returned the gesture. “And you’re smart, you’re clever, you’re organized. You played like, what? Ten different sports? And play like five different instruments.”

George scoffed at the boy’s words, ignoring the light blush appearing on his cheeks.

“Now you’re exaggerating,” he mumbled, with just a little bit of embarrassment.

“My point is, people are assholes,” his friend continued. “That’s not on you, and it doesn’t take away everything you’ve accomplished and are capable of. Just like they can’t reduce my success to me being an alpha, and can’t say I get away with everything because of my gender as if half of the internet didn’t hate me.” The American offered him another smile, squeezing his hand lightly. He had a point. “So who cares what people think, honestly?”

George smiled shyly, appreciative of his attempts to reassure him.

It was nice to hear it, how Dream saw those issues and how he felt about it. And it was logical enough for his mind to accept it, to take it as valid and correct.

And he wished that could have been enough to comfort him. but... It wasn’t. Because that part of things wasn’t the whole point. He wished he could have ended the conversation there, but if he kept things inside that he still needed to address, sooner or later he would explode again.

“I don’t care about them or what they think that much, but I do care about what *you* think,” he mumbled, glancing at his friend. And he could tell the blond wanted to say something, so he hurried to continue before he could. “You wanted to court me, Dream, and you’ve been trying to do things for me and trying to take care of me ever since I got here.” *The alpha instinct to provide and protect.* “*You* see me as an omega.”

“Because you are one,” the boy replied in a quiet voice, making the Brit frown. The American chuckled, then squeezed his hand, shaking his head. “George, I pay for Sapnap’s things sometimes, edit for him sometimes, cook for him more often than not, and try to take care of him as much as I can. Do you think I see him, *an alpha*, as an omega too?”

The brunet blinked a few times.

“... No.”

“That’s just how I treat people I love,” the boy assured, smiling fondly at him. “And the courtship thing... Even if you were a beta, or even an alpha like me, George, it wouldn’t change anything. I would still want to do it, to court you... Because you’re you.”

The omega could feel his cheeks growing warmer, his heart beating faster as well. And if his instincts were telling him to jump into the blond’s arms, kiss his stupid cocky face, and forget about every silly thought he ever had... He couldn’t really blame them.

He took a deep breath, then sighed, trying to focus again. Before he could take that answer and move on, he needed full clarity, and he needed closure. If he left even one thought behind, it would come back to bite him in the ass.

“But you would still see me as your mate,” he pointed out. “I would still be your omega.”

“George, if anything, I would be your alpha,” the blond joked. And all the ‘he’s so whipped’ comments came flying to the brunet’s brain right away.

And maybe he shouldn't smile at the thought, shouldn't find it funny and *kind of fitting*, but well, here he was. It really couldn't be helped.

"But no, that's not how I would- there's no ownership, that's not what I would want," the alpha continued explaining. Yet immediately after, he let out an awkward laugh, cheeks tinting pink as he shrugged. "*I mean*, okay, to be- *To be fair*, maybe- *maybe*, I wouldn't mind calling you mine, but that's- I'm just... I am, you know, I can be-"

"*Possessive?*" The Brit completed, raising an eyebrow with amusement written all over his face. The American's cheeks turned darker red, George smirked at his reaction.

"Well- yeah, okay, yeah. That." The brunet straight up laughed this time, his best friend's embarrassment at being called out was a little too funny. "But I wouldn't- I wouldn't think you *belong* to me. No more than I belong to you, at least," the boy tried to go back to explaining. "We would be equals, just two people that like each other and are together. Nothing more, nothing else."

*Equals.*

George closed his eyes, letting the word sink in.

Then, he took his time to let the rest of the conversation sink in.

He tried to find any trace of dishonesty, any little white lie. He tried to find sugar coated sentences that were only said to calm him down. He tried to find anything that didn't feel truthful, that didn't feel like they fit the image he had of his best friend. But he couldn't find anything.

He tried to find something to argue against, something that he could still press further and question. He tried to find something that he didn't believe, something that didn't feel possible. He tried to find anything that felt like it couldn't be real, anything that felt like it couldn't be as easy and simple as it was mumbled. But he couldn't find anything.

It made sense, the boy made sense. Everything he said made sense.

And he believed him.

Maybe things *could* be that easy and simple. Maybe they could have their own way of doing things, and he wouldn't have to feel like an object because, in all honesty, he knew Dream would never treat him as one.

And maybe society would try to make him feel that way, like that was what he was, but fuck them. That shouldn't be the point, shouldn't be the focus. As long as George could live with *himself*, and feel like his own person, that's all that mattered.

He trusted his friend, and he trusted himself.

And maybe '*friend*' wasn't the word he wanted to use to describe Dream anymore. Maybe having the feelings he had wasn't something bad, and he should start to accept it.

No more hiding, no more hurting, no more yelling and lying and crying. He had to just... Do what he was asked to do in the first place. *Let things happen naturally.*

He could live with that.

He could make it work.

George finally opened his eyes again, nodding a few times.

“Okay, that... That doesn’t sound so bad,” he finally concluded, instantly getting a smile in response.

And maybe the conversation could end there, both of them now calm and seemingly content. But at last, despite being ready to allow himself to move forwards, he still needed to put one more thing on the table first before he could do that.

He needed to feel comfortable, he needed to feel safe. He needed to feel like this was okay so he wouldn’t end up freaking up again.

“I... Still don’t want a courtship, though,” the brunet mumbled. And he watched as the blond’s face fell.

“That’s- That’s okay. If you’re not ready, or- or just don’t want me like that then-”

“No, that’s not- I don’t mean it like that,” the omega hurried to interrupt him, grabbing both of his hands to get his attention. He could *not* let his poor talking skills ruin things now after getting so far. So, he clarified. “I’m not rejecting you.”

Dream instantly relaxed hearing that, only confusion written in his face as he tilted his head, waiting for him to elaborate.

The Brit took a moment to organize his thoughts, looking for a way to say what he wanted to say without making it sound bad.

“I don’t want you to court me,” he began explaining, caressing the boy’s skin with his thumbs. “I don’t like the implications of the *word* courtship, I... I just don’t like it. Not right now at least, not with everything I associate it with,” he added, keeping his eyes on the union of his hands to keep himself grounded. “I don’t think I’m ready, or even know if I’ll ever be ready, to feel comfortable with calling it that.”

“We don’t have to,” the blond let out, all too quickly and with too much enthusiasm. “We don’t need to put a name to it, we can just be together.”

The brunet blinked a few times, taking a few seconds to process the boy’s words before nodding slowly, uncertain. Yet not even ten seconds later, he frowned.

“What does that mean?” He questioned, slightly confused as he thought more about it. “Like, if there’s no name then how do we know what we can do or...?”

“Are you still okay with physical contact?” The alpha asked right away. “With doing what we’ve been doing so far, and do more if it comes naturally?”

George raised an eyebrow, smirking with amusement.

“*More?*” He teased. The boy’s cheeks grew just a little bit pink-ish.

“Don’t be an idiot.” Dream let out an embarrassed chuckle, shaking his head. “I meant like, maybe kissing or- you know what I mean, don’t- I wasn’t saying it like-” He sighed, then chuckled again. “Whatever, you’re dumb. You- you *know* what I meant.” Now it was the brunet’s turn to laugh.

“Yeah, that’s fine.” He nodded, deciding to spare the blond and not tease him any further.

“Okay,” the alpha instantly let out, ready to move on from that topic as well. “And scenting, is scenting okay?” The omega nodded again. “What about hanging out alone, just you and me? And maybe going out to places together?” It was almost funny how he was trying to avoid the word *date*, but George still appreciated the effort, nodding as before. “And can I buy you things, or do things for you? Like I’ve always done, but now face to face?”

“You better,” the brunet mumbled, jokingly. The blond smiled at his words.

“Then, we do that. That’s how we know.” *By talking. Communicating what we want, and need, and are okay with.* Such a simple thing, that he always managed to make it so complicated. “As long as we both know what it means for us, and are on the same page about it, that’s all it really matters.”

George hummed, thinking for a few seconds before tilting his head, looking as innocent as possible as he glanced at the boy.

“So we’re like... Super best friends?”

“You did *not*.” Dream’s laughter was probably his favorite sound in the world. “*No, George, we’re partners,*” he corrected him. “Like we’ve always been, but in more ways.”

“Partners,” the small boy repeated. He didn’t hate that.

“Or we can just, not call it anything,” the tall one assured, squeezing his hands. “It’s just you and me, and whatever we feel.”

The omega hummed again, then nodded slowly. The alpha smiled, he did too. It was... Okay. That was okay. That was something he could at least try to do, and see how it went from there.

And just like that, they were laying down, arms wrapped around each other, holding each other close. The blond placed gentle kisses over his head, caressing his back.

That was okay too. More than okay.

“I know what we can call it... Call us,” he mumbled after a while, closing his eyes for a second. The boy whispered a ‘yeah?’ in response. “Mhm. We should call it DNF.”

The blond snorted at his words.

“Wow, George, you’re so smart.”

“I know, right? I’m like, cracked or something.” He relaxed into his partner’s arms for a moment longer, before opening his eyes again, reaching for his phone to check the time. “It’s late, we should eat,” he declared.

He didn’t really feel like leaving the room, but after everything that went down and the mess he caused, the least he could do was make sure Dream got some food on his system. To compensate, and be good.

“I’ll make lunch,” he mumbled. The blond raised an eyebrow.

“... You don’t like cooking, though.”

“Yeah, but-”

“No, George.” The boy shook his head, sitting up. And he could read in his face that he had all his

intentions figured out. “You don’t have to do anything differently or act in ways that you’re not comfortable with just because... You don’t have to do anything you didn’t before. I mean it.”

George felt a bit shy, and a bit guilty, being called out for allowing his intrusive thoughts get to him so soon after basically agreeing not to do so. But at the same time, he felt happy. Relieved, even.

It was reassuring.

“I can still cook, and clean after.” The alpha looked around the room, eyes landing on the pile of dirty clothes the brunet *causally* left out. “... And do the laundry, apparently.”

“And edit my videos,” he added.

“I- George, *no*.” The Brit smiled at the wheeze he got in response, watching as the boy shook his head. “I’m not- I’m not editing your video again, no way.”

“Why not?” He pouted. “I’m your omega, you have to take care of me.”

Dream wheezed again, louder this time.

The American shook his head, trying to hold back his laughter.

“You’re such an idiot, I- I’m not- I’m not doing that anymore, I mean it this time.”

He scoffed at his partner’s words, shaking his head with fake disappointment.

“You’re a shit mate, I want a divorce.”

“*George*.” And now, the brunet was laughing as well.

It felt natural. Things with Dream always were.

They could laugh, make jokes, and mess around. They were *them*, and nothing would change that. Even if everything else did change.

“Okay, you cook, you clean.” He decided to go back to the topic. “I still want to do something, though.”

As much as he appreciated not having to fall into the ‘housewife’ category just because they were... *A thing*, now, he didn’t want to end up giving all the work to Dream all the time. He could be lazy sometimes, spoiled even, but he wouldn’t want to be a trophy omega either, never moving a finger.

He liked when people did things for him, especially when they offered. But he still felt guilty when he couldn’t contribute anything.

The alpha hummed, thinking for a moment before looking at him again. And he let the words that came out of his mouth roll easily in his tongue, like it was the most normal thing in the world to say.

“You can suck my dick later.”

George’s face turned bright red, cheeks caught on fire.

His eyes widened, pushing the boy away instantly.

“Dream!” He whined, embarrassment palpable in his scent. The boy wheezed once again, making him blush even more. “Why would you *say* that? I- You can’t say those things anymore!”

“Why not?” The boy gave him an innocent look, making the omega push him further away.

“Oh my god you’re the worst,” he complained, sitting up on the bed. “I’m hanging up.”

“You’re- You’re *hanging up?*”

“Yes.” He tried to hold back a giggle, the blond laughing so much his body was almost twisting from lack of air. “I’m standing up, and leaving the room, and… Hanging up.”

Both of their laughter filled the room. And it was so normal, so familiar. It was them.

They ended up eating the food Dream got for them the night before, none of them having to make the effort to cook. The light jokes never ceased, the sweet smiles and soft glances either. And his chest felt light, his mind felt calm, he felt *okay*.

That was why it came as a surprise that after he finished his food, he suddenly felt overwhelmed.

It was almost like now that he had eaten, and the stress of talking and opening up was over, he could finally take in what had just happened, and what he just did. The exhaustion of a night without sleep and being more vulnerable than ever in his life hit him like a train, almost making him dizzy.

“George?” A concerned voice. He looked up at the boy sitting in front of him. “George, are you- why are you crying?”

The brunet let out a nervous laugh, rubbing his eyes to get rid of the tears before shaking his head.

“I’m fine, I’m- that was just, a lot,” he mumbled, the blond already standing up to walk to his side. “I’m not upset, I swear- I’m actually… I’m happy? I just, it’s just…”

“A lot,” the alpha repeated for him, wrapping his arms around him in a hug. The brunet nodded, wrapping his arms around him as well as he felt soft sobs escaping his lips. “Wanna go to the couch?” He nodded again, holding him tighter.

“Wanna be close,” he admitted.

“Can I carry you there?” Another nod.

Dream placed his hands on his thighs, lifting him up and moving them to the couch. He placed George on his lap, wrapping his arms around him again and rubbing his back softly. The brunet hid his face on the blond’s shoulder, taking deep breaths as he let the tears come out.

“M sorry, I don’t know why-”

“You’re okay, Georgie.” He kissed his head, pulling him closer. “Let it out, baby, it’s okay.”

He relaxed onto the boy’s arms, keeping his head hidden as he cried. He wasn’t sad anymore, he was sure of that. But his body wasn’t used to all the emotions he had been experiencing for so long, so now that he was finally calm, it was finally reacting like he should have long ago.

The remains of the storm were finally leaving him, so he could be fully at peace.

Dream held him tightly but gently the whole time, pressing soft kisses on his head and offering him

affectionate touches. Until a few minutes later, when the omega felt like he had taken it all out.

He stayed in the same position for a while longer, though, letting the blond pet him and simply enjoying the moment. So they just stayed like that, cuddling on the couch, with not a worry in the world and just wanting to stay in each other's space.

"I feel dumb," the brunet mumbled, rubbings his eyes before lifting his head. "I got your shirt wet and dirty."

"Good thing I'm doing laundry," the blond joked, before moving closer and placing a kiss on his forehead. "And you're not dumb, not at all." He pulled away enough to look at him, offering him a smile. "You were so brave today."

George's eyes lit up, his cheeks blushing lightly.

"You think I was brave?"

"Of course you were." Dream placed both hands on his cheeks, cupping them. "You did a very hard thing, and I'm so proud of you." The brunet's heart raced, a warm feeling on his chest. "You did *so well*."

George took a sharp breath, heart suddenly stuck on his throat.

That felt nice, really nice.

The blond seemed to notice. Of course he did.

"You did so good," he repeated, placing a kiss on his cheek. "Such a good job opening up." Another kiss. He felt like he was melting. "My beautiful, smart, brave boy." His face was absolutely *burning*.

It's not like he wasn't used to compliments, he would get them online all the time and they never really caused much of a reaction. He didn't care a lot about it. Because it was just words, words without meaning. *This*, however... This felt different.

This came with soft actions, this came with affectionate glances, this came with a tender tone. It was something he could see, something he could feel, something he could smell.

This felt raw, sincere, from a place of caring and nothing else. This felt reassuring, this felt comforting.

This felt like love.

"*Dream*," he whispered. The boy kissed his nose.

"You're so strong, George, never fail to amaze me." Another sharp breath, pulling the boy closer. A kiss on his jaw in response. "You're so kind too, and you tried so hard... I can't even explain to you how happy you made me." A kiss on his chin.

The brunet placed his hands on the blond's cheeks as well, as if to keep him there. Their faces were so close that their breathings were mixing as one.

A kiss on the corner of his mouth.

"You did so, *so* good."

“Just kiss me already,” he breathed out.

And the gap between them was closed.

Lips against his lips were like fireworks. The way his mouth moved, always gentle, always careful, but tinted with need and passion.

And it was good, it was perfect. But the brunet was *greedy*.

George pushed for more, pressing their lips harder in a demanding way. Dream gave him more, licking his bottom lip for access, complying to his request.

Hands found their way to his waist, drawing circles over his clothes. He pressed their bodies closer, letting the blond explore his mouth.

Soft pleased sighs, uneven breathing, roaming hands.

Dream pulled away, George tried to catch his breath.

Another kiss, short and soft. Another one, quick and gentle.

Lips danced together, then broke apart again. Then the alpha’s lips moved down, placing themselves over sensitive skin. The brunet closed his eyes, a sharp intake to the open-mouth kisses pressed on his neck.

They nipped, and sucked, and pulled. He gripped at the boy’s shirt, keeping his mouth shut to prevent any kind of sounds from coming out, letting the blond draw love-marks over his throat.

The alpha pulled away again. A soft peck. Then his neck was against the omega’s neck.

“*Dream*,” he whined, holding the boy close, gasping for air.

Newborn leaves and green apples met bellflowers and rainy days. A blossoming garden again.

The boy rubbed their glands together with urgency, more love-filled words coming out of his mouth as he did. George felt dizzy, he felt overwhelmed. He could drown in the feeling, he could asphyxiate.

He liked it.

Slowly, the motions came to a stop. Slowly, they pulled away again. Tenderness on his partner’s eyes made his chest feel warmer. He moved closer, to kiss him again.

It was softer this time, nothing but a closing act.

George took a few seconds to calm his breathing down, and the rhythm of his heart. The boy seemed to be doing the same. Staying just as close, smiling at each other, but keeping a comfortable silence.

The brunet glanced down, at the hands that somehow had ended up right under his hips, meeting his thighs. Dream followed his stare, also noticing this fact, his eyes instantly widening and moving his hands away. But the omega placed his own over the boy’s, stopping his actions.

“You’re fine,” he assured, shifting his position to be more comfortable, now straddling his partner’s lap. “We talked about this, about what to do after scenting. About what... What I need.”

The blond nodded a few times, doubting for a second before placing his hands on his thighs again. He hesitated for a moment, before he started to caress his legs.

“This okay...?” He asked. George nodded, resting his head on his shoulder.

“Yeah,” he breathed out. The affection felt like it was burning his skin, but he liked the feeling. It was the perfect continuation to the intimacy of connecting their scents.

The alpha moved his hands, caressing the sides of his legs next.

“And this...?” The omega nodded again. The blond hummed, moving his hands up and down, then wandered to the front of his thighs, to caress as much as he could.

It felt nice, really nice. But...

George cleared his throat.

“You can... Behind, you can touch there too.”

Dream stopped his actions. The omega kept his face hidden, his cheeks bright red.

The alpha cleared his throat, before moving his hands back to his hips, then further behind.

He caressed his lower back slowly.

“Like, here...?” He whispered, fingers barely grazing lower. George nodded quickly, shutting his eyes close and holding his breath.

The big hands moved down, and down, until both were placed on his ass. The brunet inhaled deeply, his heart beating out of his chest.

“This okay too...?” The alpha let out in a whisper, squeezing him lightly.

And holy fuck, that shouldn’t feel half as good as it did.

The omega could only nod, not trusting his voice right now.

The blond squeezed again, massaging him softly and slowly. Heat pooled on his stomach, body suddenly feeling warm. A little *too* warm for such a light gesture.

Maybe it really had been *way* too long since the last time he was touched, because he could *not* be getting turned on from something as simple as his butt being grabbed. That was straight up embarrassing.

The brunet shifted awkwardly on his spot, deciding to put a stop to things before he ended up humiliating himself.

“That’s- That’s enough for now,” he mumbled, moving his body away before his scent could change and give what he was feeling away. The last thing he needed right now was a confused Dream making questions. “M tired.”

And that wasn’t a lie, not really. It was truly surprising he hasn’t passed out yet after the emotional roller-coaster and being sleep deprived.

The boy removed his hands right away, nodding and kissing his head.

“Wanna go to sleep?” He asked. George nodded as well, wrapping his arms around the blond and closing his eyes.

“Carry me to the bed.”

Dream snorted, clearly amused despite not seeing him.

“Bossy,” he complained. But he still complied, he always did.

And with the boy by his side holding him like he meant everything to him, and being warm and comfortable, and with nothing in his head to overthink for once... It was never easier to fall asleep.

And he liked it. He really liked it.

He liked him.

He liked Dream.

#### Chapter End Notes

you guys didnt want me to wait, so i didnt

not gonna lie, im soft for this chapter

also YOUR COMMENTS??? HOLY SHIT, BEST THING. HIGHLIGHT OF MY DAY (I MEAN IT) <33 you guys make me SO HAPPY :D

anyways, i think i had things to say in this note but i forgot so??? guess i wont see you tomorrow, probably <3

[twitter: @WinterLighting](#)

## Chapter 10

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“What do you *mean* you didn’t fuck?”

George let out a loud laugh, amused by how outraged his friend looked and sounded, like he just had told him the worst news possible.

Sapnap shook his head in disbelief.

The brunet kept a big smile on his face, happy to finally have him back. Spending two days alone with Dream was nice, but after everything that had happened and how new everything felt, he was starting to miss the youngest of the group and the sense of familiarity that he brought him.

Not like he would say it out loud.

However, he had to say he didn’t expect their first conversation since *the phone call* to go like that.

“You stink like him, your neck is covered in hickeys, but you didn’t fuck?” The brunet shrugged at his words, as if to say ‘what do you want me to tell you?’. Because he had confirmed at least twice already that they didn’t. “*Dude*, I left for the *whole* weekend.”

“We *just* talked things out, did you really think-”

“*Yes?*” The boy cut him off. “Never heard of reconciliation sex?”

George laughed again, with clear amusement and finding the situation a little bit dumb. Sapnap let out a chuckle as well, shaking his head.

The brown haired placed his hand on the brunet’s hair, messing with it for a second then patting his shoulder. He didn’t need to say that he was happy for them for the omega to know that’s how he felt. And the Brit didn’t need to say he was thankful for his help either for the short boy to know that’s how he felt too.

It was nice.

“Okay, fine, but you gotta give me a warning if you’re gonna-”

“What are you two talking about?” The blond’s voice interrupted them, both instantly looking at him. The tall boy let out a soft yawn as he walked in front of them, fresh out of the shower with his hair still somewhat damped.

George mumbled a quiet ‘nothing’ at the same time as Sapnap let out a ‘you’, both giggling at how stupid they sounded while Dream raised an eyebrow. The brown haired wrapped an arm around him, pulling him closer.

“Just spending quality time with Georgie here.”

The way the blond was trying to keep his face neutral, and not show his obvious annoyance at some other alpha touching the omega so soon after they last scented, was honestly hilarious. He sat on the couch with them, at the other side of the brunet, and soon enough Patches had joined them

too.

"I ordered Chinese for dinner," his partner announced, casually placing his hand on George's knee.  
"Should we choose a movie?"

Honestly, he was okay with that. A little bit of possessiveness, the need of reassurance that he still wanted his touch the most over everyone else's. But not trying to stop him from getting other people's physical contact that he also enjoyed.

Not crossing any lines, respecting his boundaries.

He could get used to this. To the new dynamics that still resembled old ones.

*Not all change has to be bad.*

Then again, there were still some thoughts and doubts that crossed his mind, whenever he felt too content. As if his brain was trying to look for the trap, for whatever bad thing that he had failed to notice. Because things couldn't be so simple, even when everything pointed to things being okay.

"What if we don't work out?" He asked, once they were in bed together, alone in his room. The boy looked at him with a confused expression on his face. "What if we mate for the visa, but we don't work out as, you know... As *this*?"

The alpha hummed, shifting to look at him more directly, then cupped his cheek.

"Then we'll still be best friends, that happened to be bonded with each other," he answered, sounding completely sure of his words.

So easy, so simple.

"You think that's possible?" He questioned.

"You don't?" The boy asked back. George couldn't really answer that.

He couldn't really see a life where they weren't friends anymore. But could it really end well, after going beyond just friendship?

"You don't need to worry about that, though." The blond brought his attention back to him. "We're gonna work."

"You sound so sure," the brunet mumbled.

"*I am* sure," his partner assured. He moved closer, placing a kiss on the omega's forehead. "And I'll work every day of our lives on proving to you that I'm right." The Brit couldn't help but blush, feeling lips against his lips right after.

Dream placed his hands on his hips, pulling him closer as he deepened the kiss. The brunet sighed into the gesture, shivering to the feeling of fingers finding their way under his shirt, gently caressing his skin there.

Okay, he was done thinking for the day.

He let the alpha pull him into his chest, to lay on top of him. He opened his mouth for him when he felt the boy's tongue licking his bottom lip. He held back a noise as the big hands traveled from his hips to his thighs, caressing his bare skin and *why wasn't he wearing pajama pants again?*

It was too much, yet not enough, every delicate touch and the way the blond's tongue played with his own. He wanted more, he wanted *so* much more. He wanted those hands further behind, squeezing and massaging that zone of his body like the alpha did two days ago. He wanted hot kisses exploring more of his skin, all the places that he hasn't yet. He wanted those fingers doing more than just caressing his sides with feather touch, and he wanted his *tongue* -

George pulled away, face flushed red and breath caught in his throat.

Dream blinked, taken back by the sudden movement.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah." No.

He needed to calm down. He needed to calm down and stop that train of thought or soon enough his scent would be a little too sweet and slightly burned and his partner would *know* what was going through his head.

He wasn't even *supposed* to be thinking of any of that anyway.

First of all, they had just resolved things and decided to give their more-than-friends status a try. They had agreed to take it slow, when they decided on going ahead with the "mating for the visa" plan, and he was pretty sure that also applied to the newfound layer of their relationship. Second of all, they were barely just *kissing*.

The blond looked at him weirdly, yet didn't press further nor made any questions when the brunet slowly crawled off him and went back to lay by his side.

God, he felt like an idiot.

"We should sleep," he mumbled. "We have like, things to do tomorrow. Stream, or something." He cringed at how lame he sounded, and how little sense his sentence made. He didn't even have an excuse. Yet the boy still nodded, offering him a faint smile.

"Yeah," he simply replied.

He didn't kiss him goodnight, just wrapping one arm around him. And that was probably for the best.

George closed his eyes, trying to relax and let sleep claim him.

Surprisingly enough, they did end up doing a lot of things the next day. Grocery shopping, meeting with their merch company, DSMP season two planning on discord, and even streaming. Each of them from their room, managing to not raise any suspicions about the brunet's whereabouts.

That was another thing that had been in his head a lot recently. How were they going to tell their fans that he was in Florida? They had promised they would tell them when the meetup was happening, yet for obvious reasons that wasn't the case.

He knew that the plan was to wait until he officially had the visa before saying anything, or, in other words, until the blond and him were already a mated pair. But... Would they tell them that he had been there for a while now, or act like it was a new thing? And what if the fans somehow figured out about Dream and him being mates?

Would they deny it? Admit it? Not address it?

It wasn't like he cared too much about the speculations, but due to the circumstances, he would rather keep their bond a secret until he felt comfortable with the topic. Or maybe forever, if possible.

George didn't think people needed to know about his personal business anyway. At the most, he would be okay telling their friends at some point and that would be it.

He sighed, turning his computer off as soon as he ended the stream, then jumped into his bed. Soon enough, Dream was knocking at his door, joining him in bed a few seconds later. The boy wrapped his arms around him, and he nuzzled into his chest as he always did.

"You seem stressed," the alpha pointed out, his scent probably giving him away. The brunet hummed in response.

"Thinking about the meetup," he mumbled.

"The meetup?" The boy questioned.

"Yeah, like, how we're gonna announce it and shit." Now, the blond was the one humming.

"Well, we have time to think about that," he assured, then kissed his head. "But we can run it with Sap tomorrow, if you need it." George nodded at his words, getting a smile in response.

A lot of people thought that he didn't care much about planning things or details in general, but that wasn't really the case, not when he cared about something. He liked doing things right, in the right way. He put a lot of attention on the way he did things, to make sure it wasn't only appropriate for his audience but also didn't go out of his comfort zone, and this wasn't any different.

Dream placed his hand on his cheek, caressing it softly. The brunet smiled at him shyly, closing his eyes as he knew what was coming.

Even after three days, he still got that nervous feeling on his stomach whenever the blond pressed their lips together.

It was a soft kiss, movements slow. It was tender, careful, filled with affection and nothing else. The omega wrapped his arms around his partner, relaxing into the gesture. The alpha placed his free hand on his hip, drawing circles with his thumb over his clothed skin.

It felt nice, it was soothing, and it made his chest feel warm inside.

Before he could think about it twice, he was pulling the American to lay over him, wanting to feel him close after hours apart. The hand on his hip moved to his sides, caressing them slowly. The Brit shifted in his spot, so his shirt would lift ever so lightly, wanting the contact directly on his skin.

And it was still nice, and soothing. But it wasn't enough.

The kiss deepened, nipping at lips and soft sighs that gave access to each other's mouths. Tongues sought one another, dancing together as their bodies pressed closer.

Legs spreading apart, a big body positioning in between them. Both hands on his skin, burning him as they touched him.

Yet it still wasn't enough.

He wanted more. He wanted *so* much more-

George pulled away, pushing the boy to put distance between them.

"I want McDonalds," he blurted out.

To say Dream looked disoriented, was to say the least.

"I- *What?*"

"I want McDonalds," he repeated, pretending his face wasn't heating up with embarrassment because of the stupidly bad excuse he had come up with to break apart.

The alpha blinked in confusion, still looking just as taken back.

"... It's almost two in the morning, George, what-"

"Perfect McDonalds time." The blond blinked. The brunet felt like an absolute idiot.

Slowly, the boy got off him, sitting on the bed by his side. He gave him a weird look, but at last, he sighed, standing up and reaching for his wallet on the nightstand.

"Same as always?" He asked, because of course he would agree to his stupid request no matter how out of nowhere it was. George simply nodded, mentally cursing himself. Dream placed a kiss on his forehead, before leaving the room without saying another word.

He *was* an absolute idiot.

What *was wrong* with him?

Seriously, it was getting out of hand.

He wasn't a teenager anymore, and this wasn't his first time in some kind of relationship. So why couldn't his thoughts simply *calm down* for ten minutes so he could get some affectionate time with his partner? This has been happening *every single time* that they've kissed so far.

Maybe it was his new suppressants, maybe he was hormonal because he was still adapting to the new meds; they were hormone-related pills, after all. Or maybe he had underestimated what not being touched for years does to a person. Or maybe it was that he had never felt so emotionally close to someone in his life, so vulnerable and open yet safe and cared for, so his body was craving that same level of intimacy; to experience how it felt at a physical level.

Maybe a mix of all of it.

But no matter how touch starved he was, or how much he craved the '*affection*', he wasn't about to make a mess out of things again, and make them more confusing or whatever by going too far too soon.

Maybe he needed to start avoiding kissing him for now on, just until his body had calmed down or enough time had passed so it wouldn't be weird to want more just from that. Maybe he needed to take some distance, just to keep things working.

George got off the bed, deciding to take a shower before the alpha came back.

The water was refreshing, it was calming, and helped wash away some of the tension and stress he was holding. And if his hands wandered down to places of his body that he hadn't been providing

attention to lately, it really couldn't be helped.

"I'm telling you, an elevator would be awesome." Sapnap's voice filled the room. "And like, think of all the pros."

Dream let out a wheeze, shaking his head no as he held his own stomach.

"We're *not* installing an elevator."

"But Dream," George intervened. "Then you wouldn't have to carry me upstairs. I could just, use the elevator instead." He shrugged. The brown haired nodded in agreement.

"Yeah Clay, it's for your own good."

"You could *walk*? Never think of that?" The brunet hummed at the blond's words, as if he was considering it.

"But why would I want to do that?" He questioned.

"You're both idiots. We're- I'm not installing an elevator in the house," the tall boy insisted. "It's only two floors—"

"You're saying no to Gogy?" The youngest of them all interrupted, almost sounding offended.

"Breaking up arc? DNF is over?" The Brit added to the bit.

Another wheeze, the other two holding their laughter.

"Alright, you know what? Fuck you Clay, I'm moving out," their roommate proclaimed, then quickly stood up. "I'm finding a house with an elevator, and I'm taking Patches with me."

Dream instantly scoffed to his words.

"No you're not."

"I'm taking Patches *and* George."

"That's it, you're paying rent from now on," the blond stated. The brunet snorted, amusement in his face as he looked at his best friends. In all honesty, he couldn't even remember how the topic got brought up. But that's how it was with them.

"I'm telling your mom, I'm calling her right now." The tall boy scoffed again at the threat, watching as Sapnap turned around and walked to the stairs. "Goodnight lovebirds," their roommate added before heading upstairs.

"He's not calling my mom," Dream mumbled, and it both sounded like he was trying to convince the brunet and himself. George let out a laugh, finding the boys' behavior funny. The alpha looked at him and smiled, moving closer to place a soft peck on his lips. The omega smiled as well, allowing the boy to move closer and wrap an arm around his waist. "Hey."

"Hi," he whispered, liking how familiar that interaction felt.

The blond moved closer again, closing the gap between their faces as before. Except this time, it was for an actual kiss.

It was sweet, soft and gentle; as it always started. And the brunet allowed himself to relax into the gesture, reciprocating it. That was okay, that he could handle. And it felt good, he didn't want to have to stop it.

That, until a hand was placed on his knee.

George pulled away once again.

Seriously, how many times had he broken a kiss already?

At least, he tried to do it slowly this time, to make it feel more natural.

"I think I wanna head to bed too" he mumbled, hoping he could somehow make himself fall asleep super fast so he wouldn't have to deal with the same issue again in bed.

Dream stared at him for a few seconds, then sighed. The brunet's stomach twisted.

"George." Oh no. He didn't like that tone. "Is there something wrong?"

"No," he hurried to say. "I'm just tired."

The blond continued to stare at him, before nodding. And without waiting for more words to be said, taking the nod as answer enough, the omega stood up, heading to their room right away. He didn't bother closing the door, knowing the alpha would follow him, instead simply working on getting into his pajama; *Dream's shirt*; before lying in bed.

As expected, his partner walked in just a couple moments later, closing the door behind him. But instead of getting in the bed too as he thought he would, the blond sat by his side.

"George." Shit. He really thought he could avoid confrontation this time. "What's going on?"

"Nothing," he mumbled. "Everything's fine."

"It's not," the tall boy sighed. "Are you having doubts again, is that it?"

The brunet blinked a few times, tilting his head in confusion.

"Doubts...?"

"About this, *us*."

"No," he hurried to say, shaking his head. He did *not* want the alpha to go there, not after how hard it was to get to where they were now.

"Then, what is it?" He questioned, and George sank into bed. Dream placed a hand on his cheek, caressing it softly. "Talk to me, please, we said we would communicate."

"Can't some things just be private?" He instantly asked, not exactly in a defensive way but still trying somewhat to protect himself. The blond's expression changed, as if he didn't expect him to say that, but relaxed right after.

"Yeah, of course they can," he assured, offering him a faint smile. "But you're pushing me away again, so I'm guessing this has to do with me." Fuck, the alpha knew him way too well. "Am I wrong?"

George sighed, shaking his head. He understood why the boy would ask him about it, and he knew

that they were supposed to talk about things from now on. But it was *so* embarrassing. And he didn't want to make his partner uncomfortable.

Dream stared at him, waiting for something, but once he realized the boy wasn't going to say anything, he decided to talk again instead.

"Is it... Is it related to kissing? Or like, to physical touch?" The blond asked, in a soft tone, because of course he would remember that he himself told him that questions helped him be able to speak more easily.

The brunet's eyes widened for a second, but it wasn't really too surprising that the boy had put two and two together. He hesitated, before nodding shyly.

"Am I doing it too much? Am I touching you too much?" The alpha asked then. The omega shook his head. *You're not doing it enough.* "Do you not like it?" He shook his head again. *I like it too much.* "Is it overwhelming?" He shook his head once more. *I wanna drown in the feeling.* His partner doubted for a moment, seemingly trying to come up with some other possible explanation. "Am I being pushy again? Do you feel forced-"

"For fuck's sake Dream, no," he instantly let out. Of course the boy would blame himself, of course he would go there. He couldn't let him overthink because lords know nothing good came from both of them getting into their heads. "You never force me to do anything."

"Then why are you-"

"It turns me on," he blurted out.

Silence fell over them, his partner's jaw still open for the words that never came out.

Dream blinked once, then twice.

"What?"

"It turns me on," he repeated. "I'm pent up, I don't know, it just- it turns me on."

Again, there was silence.

The blond's cheeks slowly turned red, eyes slightly widened. George felt like his face would explode from how hot it felt.

He waited for an answer, for the blond to show he was uncomfortable, to give him a talk, anything. But instead, Dream just chuckled. Then, he moved closer, placing a soft peck on his lips.

"Is that a bad thing?" He whispered. And although he didn't think it was possible, the omega felt even more embarrassed than before.

"I- No? But- I just, it shouldn't happen," he barely managed to mumble.

"Why's that?" The boy questioned.

George blinked a few times, then huffed, as if the answer were obvious and the alpha was only making him say it to torture him or something.

"It's too soon," he pointed out. The blond raised an eyebrow. "We said we'd go slow."

Dream looked at him for a few seconds, before letting out a soft giggle, shaking his head.

“George,” he whispered, reaching to take one of his hands and squeezing it lightly. “It’s okay,” he assured, giving him another peck. “It doesn’t have to be *slow*, it just has to be at our own pace, one we’re comfortable with... Do what feels natural, remember?”

The brunet took a deep breath, the affection distracting him from his own thoughts for just a second. He hesitated, before nodding to that last sentence.

“But-”

He didn’t get to finish the sentence, soft lips pressing against his own before he could. George melted into the gesture, a sigh escaping his mouth against his will. The alpha placed his hands on the omega’s hips, and just like that, he was lifting the smaller boy and placing him on his lap.

“*Dream*,” he whined with complaint, already feeling as his body was starting to warm up, and still unsure if he should let that happen. Big hands caressed his sides slowly, moving to his thighs next.

“I want you to feel good,” the blond whispered. The brunet’s face burned in flames, heart racing instantly. “I would *hope* you like to kiss me, you know?” He chuckled. “So this? This is *great*, George.”

Another kiss, hands gripping at his thighs. A soft gasp, the alpha’s tongue finding its way inside his mouth. And God, it burned. Those fingers squeezing his muscles burned. The touch on his skin burned. His whole body felt on fire, burning inside and out.

He liked it.

*Dream* moved his hands to his back, and soon enough, they’ve found his way to his ass, massaging it slowly as he had been wanting him to ever since that one night.

He couldn’t help the quiet noise that came out of him, deepening the kiss and moving forward to press their bodies closer together. He could feel his scent changing, the sweetness of lust palpable in the air. But even now, it still wasn’t enough. He wanted more, he *needed* it.

“*Dream*,” he whispered into the kiss, before slowly breaking it. “You’re- This isn’t good.”

“Why?” The blond asked in a whisper as well, open-mouthed kisses now pressed on his neck. A pleased gasp escaped him in response.

“You’re- You’re making me want things.”

“Then I’ll give them to you.”

*Hot*.

It was hot.

The room was hot. His body was hot. *Dream* was hot.

One wandering hand found its way under his shirt, caressing his bare back, then his stomach, and his chest. It carefully approached a sensitive spot, fingertips barely grazing at the bud as the other hand gripped his ass tightly.

Not all the strength in the world would’ve been enough to hold back the sound he let out.

Heat pooled on his stomach, legs wrapping around his partner’s waist, pressing their bodies closer again despite his scent not being the only thing now giving his arousal away. His mind was getting

clouded, getting lost in the pleasant sensation. But he couldn't, not yet, not without putting some limits first.

"I don't- We shouldn't-" He took a deep breath, trying to focus on talking. "We can't have sex yet," he finally let out.

Despite his body so desperately wanting it, he was still scared of what it could cause.

He didn't feel ready for that just yet.

"That's okay, we don't need to," the alpha whispered, nipping at his neck before running his tongue over it. The omega shivered, gripping at the blond's shirt in response. "This about you, George."

A small whine escaped his lips at the feeling of teeth playfully biting his shoulder. The hand on his chest moved down to his lower abdomen, teasing the waistband of his underwear.

The brunet took a deep breath.

"What do you... What do you mean?"

Dream hummed, placing kisses up his neck until they reached his jaw. His lips were pressed on his cheek next, then moved to his ear.

"Do you need to feel good, George?" He asked in a low voice, biting his earlobe softly. A whine escaped him, whole body shivering. "Do you need to be *touched*?"

Hand moved down, gently grazing the bulge on his boxers. The omega took a sharp breath, hips moving against his will to get some friction.

A chuckle. Dream *chuckled*.

George swallowed hard, head feeling dizzy from all the emotions he had been deprived from till now. He tried to focus, moving his trembling hands to the blond's pants. But the boy stopped him before he could reach it, pulling his hands away before placing soft kisses over his face.

"No, baby, no need for that," the American mumbled. The Brit blinked in confusion.

"But you-"

"I told you, Georgie, this is about *you*." A kiss on his mouth, biting and pulling at lips, getting another whine out of him. "Wanna make you satisfied..." Another kiss. "Let me please you."

George lowered his head, hiding it on the boy's shoulder, body shaking and panting heavily as he gripped at his shirt.

It was overwhelming. He was overwhelmed.

"Too much?" The blond asked softly, always attentive, always careful. The brunet shook his head right away, taking a few deep breaths to be able to talk.

"Just... Never been about me before." He was never the focus, it was never *just* him.

"It should've been," the alpha instantly replied. "It should always be, George." He squeezed his ass, massaging his cheeks playfully. "You're so beautiful, so special." He grazed at his bulge with his other hand again, slowly moving it down to touch his member over his clothes. "You deserve

to be worshiped.”

George moaned .

He held tightly onto the boy, trying his best to breathe, feeling the uncomfortable feeling of wetness in the back of his underwear and his dick growing harder. Dream placed both of his hands on his hips, lifting him as if he was weightless, before reaching the waistline of his boxers again.

“Can I?” He’s never nodded faster in his life. But that wasn’t enough, not for this. “Words, baby.”

“Please.”

The alpha hummed, carefully pulling his clothes down before placing him over his lap again.

“God, you’re gorgeous.” George bit his lips, holding back a sound. “Everything about you is perfect.” He took a sharp breath, shifting his hips very lightly so the lack of contact wouldn’t kill him. The blond chuckled again, pressing loving kisses over his face. “What do you need, George?”

“W- What...?”

“Where do you need to be pleased?” He asked in a whisper, both hands going back to their respective places. “Here...” One finger grazed at his length, dick twitching in response. The other hand squeezed his ass again, then very carefully approached the zone in between his cheeks, not quite touching yet but teasing the area instead. “Or here...?”

George moaned again, burying his face onto the boy’s shoulder even more. Dream hummed, understanding what his reaction meant, his finger reaching his entrance and rubbing circles over it. Not that it was necessary too at this point, he’s never been more turned on in his life and his body showed just that.

It was embarrassing, in all honesty, to be so aroused that he could feel the way he was ruining the boy’s clothes with his slick. But the blond didn’t seem mad about it, nor was making fun of him for it. On the contrary, he seemed *pleased*.

“You’re so perfect,” he whispered, slowly pushing one fingertip inside the omega. “All good?” He checked, and the brunet nodded in response.

All good, yes, but not enough. Definitely not enough.

As if Dream had read his mind, he pushed his finger deeper, opening his walls slowly. The small boy couldn’t help but moan, holding onto him tighter.

“You’re doing so good.” The alpha kissed his head, moving his finger back to take half of it out before pushing it inside again. George trembled at the action, panting heavily as soft sounds came out of his mouth. “Look at you, so pretty when you’re feeling good.”

The brunet couldn’t help but whine, rocking his hips slightly to get more of the pleasant feeling of *finally* having something inside him, after what felt like an eternity. But the blond placed his free hand on his hip, stopping the movement.

“Let *me* do it, tell me how you like it,” he requested. then kissed his head again. “Want faster? Deeper?” The brunet nodded quickly to both options, and the boy quickly complied.

He thrusted his finger in and out, slowly getting deeper. George couldn’t stop the sounds from coming out anymore, becoming more of a panting mess with every movement of Dream’s hand.

“More,” he whined.

“Want another one?” His partner asked.

“Yes.”

A second finger found his way inside. The boy slowed down his movements as he pushed the second digit, to let him get used to the feeling, before speeding up again and going back to the previous pace.

“You’re so good, George,” the alpha whispered against his skin, lips finding his neck. “Taking my fingers so well.” And then, he twisted said fingers.

George almost screamed.

His whole body trembled, barely able to breathe as his partner hit the sweet spot inside of him.

He hit it over, and over again.

The omega let his head fall, no air getting to his lungs. Every thrust sent a wave of pleasure through his whole body, thighs shaking as he tried to keep himself in place. Everything inside him burned with pleasure, the alpha’s actions getting faster the louder he moaned.

The blond pressed open-mouthed kisses on his neck, nipping and sucking as well and leaving love-marks all over his throat, marking him in the ways that were still allowed. His free hand moved to the brunet’s chest again, reaching his right nipple and playing with the sensitive bud.

George’s limbs were getting weak, barely able to hold himself, head clouded with pleasure and heart beating out of his chest. He could only moan more, whine and whimper too, mumbling barely comprehensible words here and there and the boy’s name as well.

*Yes. So good. There. More. Dream. Clay. Clay!*

He was falling apart. With nothing but fingers inside his ass, he was becoming a complete mess.

“God, you’re amazing George, and you sound so pretty,” his partner mumbled, with a quiet voice. The omega’s whole body shivered, tension building up in his lower abdomen. “Are you close, baby?” He nodded quickly, unable to speak and holding tighter onto the boy.

The blond kissed his lips softly, but soon enough was asking for access. The brunet opened his mouth for him, wanting to feel him in every way possible. And just as he thought that this was the most pleasure he could ever get, long fingers wrapped around his dick.

*Holy fucking shit.*

Dream stroked him once, he stroked him twice, and then, George was cumming.

Electricity ran down his spine, body trembling as a broken sob escaped his mouth. A loud moan, one single name, panting heavily as he painted his partner’s clothes white.

The alpha kept pumping his dick him through his orgasm, moving his fingers as well, then slowed his movements little by little until they came to a full stop, so he wouldn’t overwhelm the omega with overstimulation.

The blond gave the brunet time to fully come down from his high, before pulling his hand away and removing his fingers. Then, he helped him to lay down in the bed, the Brit clearly too weak to

be able to sit right now.

"You did so good," the boy whispered, soft kisses placed over his face again. "So, so good."

"Dream..." He whispered in response, too out of it to be able to think of a better response, or even say thank you. "Hug." Not out of it enough to stop being bossy, though.

"Let me clean you first, alright?" His partner mumbled, offering him a warm smile. "Then I'll hug you for as long as you want."

George wanted to protest; he wanted to say that he didn't want to wait to be hugged. But he was too tired to do so. God, he was *exhausted*, still recovering from how intense his orgasm was.

At the end, he didn't even feel the boy cleaning him up, falling asleep almost right away without even realizing. And it wasn't until around nine in the morning that he finally recovered consciousness again, his body feeling somewhat sore and weak. But he was also warm and comfortable, with Dream sleeping by his side.

He rubbed his eyes, then furrowed his brows, slightly confused as to why he had woken up. That, until he heard his phone ring again.

He carefully reached for the mobile, seeing the two missed calls and three text messages. He clicked on the messages first, seeing that two were from the night before and one that was sent just now. And as soon as he read them, he couldn't help but burst into laughter.

*Sapnap: i told you to fucking warn me  
Sapnap: you better get us that elevator*

Sapnap: hey i left without my keys last night, can u open the front door

## Chapter End Notes

so uh, yeah, have a good night/day haha

(THANK YOU FOR THE COMMENTS HOLY SHIT YOURE AMAZING <3 IM TOO EMBARRASSED TO SAY ANYTHING ELSE BUT YEAH SUPER APPRECIATED)

[twitter: @WinterLighting](#)

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream was gentle with him.

He was gentle in the ways he held him at night when they were falling asleep. He was gentle in the ways he petted his hair every morning. He was gentle in the ways he touched him, caressing his skin like it was made of porcelain. He was gentle in the ways he carried him to the room when he was too tired to walk, and in the ways he sat him on his lap when they were on the couch.

Dream was also gentle in the ways that he wasn't.

In the ways that he sucked at his neck, pale skin turning different shades of purple. In the ways he gripped at his thighs, so hard he could still feel his hands after a couple of days. In the way he sucked him dry, mouth working on his length until the only word he remembered was *Clay*. In the ways his fingers moved in and out of him, fucking him stupid with nothing but two digits. Or the way his *tongue* moved in and out, licking his slick clean with every thrust of the wet muscle.

Dream was caring with him.

He was caring in the ways he cooked for him, or bought him food, always making sure he wouldn't feel hunger. He was caring in the ways he did the house tasks that George didn't enjoy, never forcing him to do anything that he didn't want yet still distributing the work so they would be equals. He was caring in the ways he made sure he had everything he liked, to feel at home in their new place. He was caring in the ways that he never made him feel like he was less, or like being with him was a job. He was caring in the ways that he checked on him, on what he wanted and needed.

Dream was also caring in the ways that he wasn't.

In the ways that he left him panting, exhausted and barely able to think. In the ways that he made his limbs so numb and weak after cumming two, sometimes even *three*, times a day until all he wanted was to sleep. In the ways that wandering hands found their way in between his legs at the *slight* hint of George wanting more than just a kiss. In the ways that he made him satisfied like he's never been before, yet still left him wanting more. Craving for more. Craving for *something different*.

Dream was gentle with him. Dream was caring.

But maybe he was *too* gentle. *Too* caring.

Because he never asked for anything in return, he never did anything with the expectation that the omega would do the same. He always pulled away before the brunet could react, and things were over before they truly started.

And maybe George wasn't too gentle, still learning how to connect with a partner properly without the mental barriers that used to be always present. And maybe George didn't know how to show he cared, still learning how to navigate being affectionate while still feeling comfortable.

But he wanted to be gentle with Dream, he wanted to be caring. And he, too, wanted to be gentle and caring in ways that weren't.

“Do you want some water?” The blond suddenly asked, taking him out of his thoughts and making him focus on the present again. The boy put away the dirty washcloth that he used to clean brunet, offering him a smile. The omega smiled back at him, nodding a few times. “Alright, I’ll be right back.”

The alpha stood up, but the Brit grabbed his hand before he could leave, making him look at him again.

“Dream,” he mumbled, getting a soft chuckle in response. He furrowed his brows, confused by the reaction. “Why are you laughing?”

“No reason.” The American shrugged, but he didn’t buy it, keeping the same expression on his face. “Just... I think it’s funny how I’m Dream again.”

George couldn’t help but blush, letting go of his hand and huffing.

He was aware that he kept calling the boy by his name whenever he was about to... Whenever he was *getting pleased*. No thoughts, head empty, he guessed. Yet he still felt more comfortable and felt more natural to keep calling him by his nickname the rest of the time.

He was aware that the alpha noticed this. Because, well, how could he not notice that the brunet was moaning his *actual* name? But he thought he could get away with it not being mentioned.

“You’re an idiot,” he simply replied, trying to hide his embarrassment. The blond laughed in response, moving down to place a kiss on his forehead.

“What were you gonna say?” He asked.

Right, there’s a reason why he had spoken.

His brown eyes traveled down, focusing on the alpha’s pants; specifically, focusing on the evident bulge he could see in them.

“Don’t you... Don’t you need some help too?” He asked, awkwardly.

Dream looked down at himself, letting out an embarrassed chuckle before adjusting himself to hide his erection. He kissed the omega’s head again after, offering him a reassuring smile.

“There’s no need,” he mumbled. “I’ll get you your water.” And just like that, the blond was heading out to do as he said.

George sighed, shifting to his side and hugging his own sheets to cover his naked body.

There’s no need, he always said.

*But what if I want to?*

The brunet shifted in his spot, glancing at the blond sitting next to him on the couch, before looking at the boy standing in front of them. Sapnap had a serious look on his face, the same he had when he called them to this ‘*family meeting*’. Whatever that meant.

“So...” Dream mumbled, probably just as curious and confused as he was.

“So, we need to talk,” the brown haired declared, and by the sound of it, the omega could already

tell he wouldn't like this.

"Let's talk, then."

"Alright, I'll just go straight to the point," the youngest man started. "I love you guys, both of you. Being finally together it's awesome, and I'm happy that you two got together."

George blinked in confusion, not knowing where that came from or where he was going. He glanced at his partner, both looking at each other, before looking at their friend again.

"But...?"

"But we need to set some rules," their roommate declared. "Because you two are gonna be fucking like rabbits *at least* until you mate, and I'm still *right here* living with you."

The brunet felt cheeks turn bright red, embarrassment hitting him hard even though he knew the topic would be brought up at some point. He huffed, rolling his eyes, wanting to argue that they weren't *that* bad. But he knew the boy had a point.

An alpha and an omega in a courtship usually got pretty *intense* in the time period between when they first start being intimate and right after they mate. It was something about craving being one, being as close as possible. Since they weren't a pair yet, their bodies would just... React more to each other's presence, their instincts trying to get them in the right setting for the bonding process to happen.

Of course, they weren't having sex *per se* yet, but the effect was all the same. The brunet was getting 'special attention' daily, sometimes more than once a day, so he could see Sapnap's point. Even if he couldn't admit it out loud.

And it wasn't like they hadn't been trying to be more discreet since that first time when they got the text messages, but it was easy to forget in the moment and get loud when his mind was occupied with something else.

He couldn't blame his roommate for wanting to set some boundaries, especially considering they didn't know how long they would be in the 'in between' state. They were still going through a legal process, after all, that stopped them from mating whenever they wanted, *if* they wanted.

"So, this is what we're- *you* 're gonna do." Sapnap lifted one finger. "First, no funny business on the couch."

"We haven't-"

"No funny business on the couch," the small boy cut the blond off, not letting him interrupt him. "Or any other common spaces for that matter," he declared. "Just, no dnf-ing on the first floor. Like, we eat here, let's keep it safe for everyone."

Dream snorted at the made-up verb.

"Fine, that's fine."

"Two, I don't wanna keep leaving the house at random times of the day or paying to sleep in hotel rooms," the brown haired man continued with his demands. The blond raised an eyebrow.

"You literally ask me to give you the money to pay for-"

“You’re moving to Clay’s room” Sapnap decided, ignoring the boy’s interruption.

In all honesty, although he liked his room and was used to that being their shared space, moving to Dream’s was probably the best option. It was further away from Sapnap’s, so there was less risk of them being heard or their scents giving them away.

... Maybe they should’ve thought about it sooner.

“And you’re getting me sound-proof headphones,” his friend added. “So if you’re gonna do it while I’m awake, give me a heads-up so I can use them.” George cringed at the idea of having to tell their roommate, sensing the same kind of discomfort from his lover. “I get that it’s awkward and embarrassing, but it’s way *more* awkward and embarrassing to accidentally ear drop on your two best friends going at it.”

God, the conversation was fucking humiliating.

But, despite how uncomfortable it was to talk about it, he had to admit that a part of him was glad they had the kind of relationship where they could talk these stuff out to make things work. They all wanted to continue living together, after all, and they’ve been friends for a long time. Talking about private topics wasn’t anything new, even if private topics *between them* were.

“Sounds reasonable,” the blond mumbled, seemingly agreeing to the terms and conditions.

“Good.” Sapnap nodded at those words, before looking at Dream directly. “Oh, and you’re buying me a burger for dinner and new pokemon cards.”

“I’m- What?” The tall boy let out an awkward laugh, clearly taken back by those words. “Why would- what does that have to do with anything?”

“Compensatory damage,” the youngest of them was quick to answer. “These rules are my *adequate remedy*, and the burger and the cards are my payment to compensate for the harm suffered from *all non-monetary damages*, such as the pain and suffering of getting traumatized for life on a daily basis.”

George blinked once, then twice. Dream looked equally confused.

“I- What the fuck, Sap?” The blond let out an awkward laugh, looking dumbfounded. “Where did you even get those words from?”

“Quackity taught me,” the boy responded, loud and proud. “We practiced a few times.”

“You talked to *Quackity*?”

“He’s my lawyer now, I’m suing your asses.”

George’s first reaction was to snort, followed by a loud and honest laugh. Because that, truly, was simply ridiculous. *Ludicrous*, some might say.

But then, it hit him.

Sapnap spoke with *Quackity*. The same Quackity that didn’t know shit about what was going on.

They had decided against letting their friends know about the omega being there, because of the legal aspects of things and the fact that they were lying to get the visa. And now that the lie wasn’t a lie anymore, not fully anyway, they had even more to explain and things were simply too

complicated to discuss it with other people.

Because they were in a courtship for a mating visa, but also in a real relationship, but both things weren't related. So how would they explain it to their friends?

Would they go through with the idea of telling them that he got his visa approved without going into details of how, and then explain that they are also dating and happen to be mated already? Or would they pretend that they weren't mated for a while so no one could connect the dots between that and his visa? Or would they tell them that he got a mating visa, but say he got it because Dream and him were an actual pair since before and were keeping it a secret?

To be quite honest, the mere thought of having to explain made him not want to tell their friends at all.

"Don't worry, I didn't tell him what the *issue* was, just that you two were being annoying as shit," Sapnap clarified, as if he realized that the brunet's brain was doing flip-flops. And George decided, then, that he didn't wanna keep thinking about any of that for now. That was a problem for another day.

"I want a burger too," he decided to say instead. And when Dream looked at him with eyes that screamed '*are you serious?*', and seemed like he was about to ask just that, George hurried to speak again. "*Compensatory damage* for having to put up with whatever the fuck that conversation was."

Sapnap laughed loudly at those words, the blond snorting with amusement written in his face. His partner shook his head, before looking at both of them in disbelief.

"You're just- Whatever, okay, I'm buying your dumb burgers." The alpha was smart enough to recognize when there was a battle he couldn't win. He stood up, walking to grab his keys and head to the door. "But you two are setting the table *and* cleaning after." Both boys opened their mouths to complain, but the blond talked again before they could. "*Compensatory damage* for having to live with you both, you guys suck."

"Oh yeah?" The brown haired smirked. "Sounds to me like you're the only one that's doing the sucking here."

The way Dream snorted loudly and instantly laughed right after was almost comical. George almost choked with his own spit.

"What is *wrong* with you?"

The brunet huffed as he tried to ignore his own red cheeks, the blond laughing for a few more seconds before shaking his head and leaving the house to go buy the food. Sapnap laughed as well, sitting down by the omega's side and wrapping an arm around him.

George stayed quiet for a few seconds, thinking about his friend's sentence and the way that he worded it.

"How did you know?" He asked in a mumble. The younger alpha raised an eyebrow, seemingly confused by his question.

"Know what?"

"Nothing," he instantly said. Because if the boy *didn't* actually know, he wasn't about to tell him.

Sapnap pulled away slightly, just enough to look at him more directly, and examined the Brit's

expression with his eyes.

“Do we need another phone call?” He asked then. The brunet snorted, shaking his head.

“You’re an idiot.”

The younger boy smiled in response, and he couldn’t help but smile as well. Despite all the bad things associated with the memories of that day, of that phone call... He still appreciated how things developed, and the help he got, and how he realized that he could count on his friend in ways that he hadn’t allowed himself to before.

The trust that he had on him grew by having that experience, because his roommate showed him that he could be vulnerable with him and still be safe around him.

He was thankful for him.

“What?” Sapnap suddenly asked, with a faint smile still present on his face. Question that was probably made because George was staring at him.

“Nothing,” he mumbled again. He knew, however, that his scent was giving him away. It showed just how happy he was.

He was in the place he had always wanted to be, and he felt closer to both boys than ever before. Dream wasn’t just his best friend anymore, but also his partner. And Sapnap wasn’t just his best friend anymore either, he was... A brother.

They were a family now, the three of them. They were a pack.

The boy’s smile grew wider, as if he could read the omega’s mind. And the brunet’s did too, feeling safe, comfortable, and content.

This was *home*, it finally felt like one.

Sapnap carefully reached for his hand, moving it closer to his own. He placed their wrists together, and rubbed once, letting him know with his bonfire scent what he wasn’t saying with words.

*I’m happy too*, the particular aroma said. *I feel the same way.*

George rubbed their glands once too, as if to reaffirm they were both feeling the same, before pulling away. Then, they both simply laughed.

The brunet let himself fall onto the bed, feeling tired and sleepy after a big dinner. They had all eaten together, shared some laughs, and planned a few future videos before heading to their rooms.

He watched from the corner of his eye as the blond changed into his pajama, glancing at the muscles of his back and how nice his ass looked in his underwear. The alpha took a few moments to get ready before joining him in bed, wrapping his arms around him right away. The omega relaxed instantly, nuzzling into him, but the comfort didn’t last.

The American suddenly pulled away, looking at him confusedly and blinking a few times. The Brit felt confused as well with that action, tilting his head and about to ask what had happened. But then, he remembered.

Oh shit.

His eyes widened right away, panic invading him as he saw the boy look down at his wrist.

“Dream-”

“Did you light-scent with Sap?” The blond questioned, lifting his wrist to sniff at it. George didn’t know what to say, freezing on his spot.

He didn’t think about it. He really didn’t think about it. The gesture came so naturally in the moment that he didn’t really question it, but he should have. Because Dream and him were courting and Sapnap was an alpha too, and having another alpha’s scent on him even if ever so lightly could actually upset his partner.

“I’m sorry,” he instantly let out, feeling himself trembling as he prepared to be yelled at, or something worse. But the blond simply frowned, seeming more confused than before.

“Why are you apologizing...?” He began to ask, but his words faded and seemingly lost importance when the alpha realized just how anxious the omega had become. “George, why are you-” He stopped himself, eyes widening as it finally clicked. His expression relaxed right away, quickly wrapping his arms around the brunet. “Baby, it’s okay, I’m not upset.”

The brunet nervously glanced at his partner, trying to read his expression to know what he was thinking. There was nothing but tenderness and understanding in his features.

“... You’re not?” He asked quietly, almost shyly.

“Of course not, why would I be?” The boy replied softly, kissing his head. “I was just surprised. I knew that Sapnap’s been wanting to light-scent you for a while, but I didn’t think you’d let him yet.”

The omega was taken back by his words, now him being the confused one.

Dream seemed to notice that, pulling away to look at him better and cup his cheeks.

“Light-scenting is supposed to be a healthy part of a platonic relationship, George. I’m not gonna be upset because you two finally got that level of trust.”

Sometimes, the brunet tended to forget that some things were actually normal for most people, and he just wasn’t used to them because he didn’t have them before or it wasn’t something that he had really experienced. Light scenting was a great example of that.

Families light-scented each other all the time. Close friends too, once in a while. To show appreciation, to show what they were feeling, to comfort each other when needed. It was another way to connect with the people you love.

He didn’t have that before, but he did now.

However, his only experience with it had been with the blond, and that hadn’t exactly been the same or felt the same as with Sapnap.

“I just- When we did it, we- it was... So I thought...” He trailed off. The alpha chuckled at his attempt at explaining his thoughts.

“I think there was a reason why it was different with me, don’t you think?” The boy pointed out. The omega’s checks grew warm at both the words and the tone, huffing in response.

“Shut up.”

Dream laughed softly, before leaning down to kiss him. The gesture was tender, sweet, and he could tell that he wasn’t lying about not being upset. His partner wanted him to be happy, and wanted them all to be a family, just as much as the rest of them wanted that too.

That made him happy.

“Dream,” he whispered, breaking the kiss. “Scent me.”

And the boy complied.

He placed their necks together, rubbing their glands and letting the garden grow again, staying close in each other’s arms until they fell asleep. The next time he opened his eyes, it was already morning. The warm body wasn’t holding him anymore, instead sitting on the bed and about to get up. Once again trying to sneakily leave and go back to bed before the brunet could wake up.

But Dream sucked at being discrete, apparently. And this wasn’t the first time that George had noticed that little routine of his.

“Don’t go,” the brunet mumbled, reaching to take his hand. The blond flinched, clearly not expecting to hear him or for him to be awake, then slowly turned around to look at him. “Stay here with me.”

“I gotta pee,” the alpha awkwardly replied, letting out an equally awkward laugh. “I’ll be right back-”

“You’re lying,” the omega accused, cutting him off, before slowly moving to sit up as well. “Unless you suddenly have the worst bathroom habits ever, I know why you keep leaving me every morning.”

Dream’s face turned bright red almost instantly, shifting on his spot and avoiding his eyes.

“That’s not-”

“Dream.” George placed a hand on the boy’s knee, spreading his legs slightly and glancing down at the obvious bulge in his pants. The blond’s expression looked between embarrassed and guilty, and he seemed all too ready to talk and come up with an excuse, so the brunet spoke again before he could. “It’s okay, just let me... Let me help you.”

The alpha instantly stilled, his demeanor changing and pulling away carefully.

“George, you- you don’t have to,” he was quick to say. “I can take care of it myself.”

And maybe under any other circumstance, the omega could have left it at that, he could have taken it as another rejection and ignored how it made him feel. But he didn’t want to do that this time, not anymore. Because maybe, just maybe, he simply had been doing things the wrong way, and maybe instead of offering, he should be stating exactly what he felt.

“But I want to,” he assured. Dream’s eyes widened at his words, his face blushing a bit more. The blond shifted to look at him more directly, hesitating for a moment before talking.

“You want to?”

“Obviously,” the brunet was quick to let out. “Why wouldn’t I?”

"I... Don't know," the alpha admitted. "I just- I didn't want to pressure you."

"Congrats, you successfully caused the opposite effect," he joked. The boy seemed slightly embarrassed about it, as if he just realized that maybe the situation was a little dumb.

"You... You don't want to have sex yet, though," his partner mumbled, and it sounded more like he was trying to confirm the fact rather than remind him of it. Truth was, George wasn't sure if that was how he felt about it anymore.

"We don't have to have sex." He moved a little closer to the boy, the hand on his knee moving up slightly as well. "You make love to me in other ways all the time, I want to do it too."

The green eyes widened at those words, and the brunet felt himself getting shy knowing exactly what had caused that reaction. Because the way he chose to word it, the words he decided to use to describe the act, had implications behind that he hadn't said out loud but he couldn't deny.

"I want that," the alpha finally admitted, in a quiet voice. "But... I'm not sure we should."

"Why not?"

"Because if you touch me, George, I'll want to touch you too," he let out in a whisper.

The omega shifted on his spot, breath hitching. That sentence, and how low Dream's voice sounded, had an effect on him that was too embarrassing to explain.

"You can," he whispered back at him. Dream moved closer, cupping his cheeks softly and giving him a gentle kiss on his lips.

"But if you touch me, and I touch you, we might want to do more," the blond reasoned. "And we might get carried away, and do things we could regret."

George took a deep breath, trying to think clearly. But the more he thought about it, the more he felt like he really didn't give a single fuck about it anymore.

Maybe he was too horny, maybe he was too desperate to please his partner, but what the boy was implying didn't make him so nervous anymore. The doubts and all the self conscious thoughts that he used to have when he first stated his limits weren't there anymore, not after everything they had done so far and not with the growing need of being as close to his partner as possible.

"I wouldn't," he whispered again, slowly crawling onto the boy's lap and sitting there, straddling him. The alpha took a deep breath, pupils growing darker with how close their bodies were. "The whole no sex thing, I take it back."

He shifted his hips forwards, until his ass was right over his lover's hard-on. Dream shut his eyes close, hands finding their way to the brunet's waist to hold him there. George smirked, slowly rocking his hips to grind down on the boy, feeling his erection every time he moved. And god, even just that light action already felt good.

"I-I don't think we should take it back," the blond breathed out, holding him tighter to stop his movements. "I don't- I don't think we should have sex," he added. The omega blinked a few times, not expecting those words.

"Why?" He asked, not to pressure him into changing his mind but confused as to what made him decide that. Dream hesitated, seemingly unsure of if he should talk or not, or maybe unsure of how to word his thoughts. But after a couple of seconds, he finally spoke again.

“Because I like you too much,” the alpha mumbled. George blinked again, even more confused now. Then, he frowned. Why would that be a bad thing? “I like your scent, a lot too,” the boy added. But that didn’t make things any clearer. “I like it the most when mixed with mine.” The omega could sense there was a message hidden between the lines, but he still wasn’t able to read it. “And when we’re doing things... I- It makes me wanna claim that scent.”

... Oh.

*Oh .*

“You wanna bite-”

“I won’t!” Dream interrupted him before he could finish his sentence. “I won’t ruin the process for the visa, or do something that you don’t want,” the blond assured. “But I think about it like, all the time.” He let out an embarrassed chuckle. “You make my instincts go *crazy*, and- and sex is gonna make it worse.”

... Yeah, that made sense.

George pulled their bodies apart slowly, to give his partner some space, then nodded quietly.

Nevertheless, even if he understood where he was coming from and saw the logic behind his words, it still felt unfair.

It *was* unfair.

They’ve said that they wouldn’t let the visa process get in between the way their relationship naturally developed, but in the end, it was inevitable. Of course it would get in between, one way or another. Things getting complicated and confusing was bound to happen, on both ends.

On one hand, it was holding them back. On another, it made them move too fast.

It was unfair, but it was how things were. And he accepted that.

However, the idea of his partner not getting the attention and relief that he deserved just so they didn’t accidentally screw things up, wasn’t something he could accept. He drew the line at that, he needed to find a way to make things fair.

He thought for a moment, determined to find a solution; *a compromise*; before his eyes lighted up, a smirk appeared in his face.

“No sex,” he agreed, just to let the blond know that he listened and understood. Then, he wrapped his arms around him, placing a soft kiss on his jaw. “But you can still feel good, you know, and feel me too if you need it, without getting carried away.”

Dream glanced down at their bodies, taking in their proximity, before looking back at the omega. George could tell the alpha was having a hard time focusing and thinking with the right head, especially with the position they were in.

He wanted it, he obviously did. The blond wanted to feel good together, just as much as the brunet wanted them too.

“What do you...?”

“Fuck my thighs,” he let out. Dream’s eyes widened instantly, breath hitching and getting stuck in

his throat as his dick twitched under the smaller body.

God, he *felt* that. He felt that and he *loved* the feeling.

The American inhaled deeply, tightening his hands around the Brit's waist and squeezing them slightly, with need written all over his face.

"What?" He whispered, almost as if wanting to verify he heard him correctly. George pressed their bodies even close, placing his own hands over the boy's and moving them down from his waist to his hips, then over his legs.

"Hug me from behind..." Another kiss on his jaw, then moving away and taking a second to pull his own shirt off and throw it away. "Touch me as much as you want..." He pressed his lips against his neck, kissing the soft skin before barely grasping at it with his teeth. The boy let out a gasp, growing bigger under his ass. "And use my thighs to get off."

"George-"

Despite how clearly turned on Dream was, he was still holding back. And George decided that he was done with letting him do that.

Because maybe he had been wrong, about how alphas and omegas relationships always were. Omegas didn't need to be owned, and didn't need to focus on whatever the alpha wanted from them to please them all the time. He wasn't there to give them anything just because they wanted it, he wasn't there just to be their property and be used for their needs. But that didn't mean that he couldn't *want* to submit.

And maybe alphas weren't always self-centered, or entitled, or be the ones with the power in the relationship. But that didn't mean that they couldn't want things, and *ask* for them.

George liked to receive, but he was ready to give. He wanted Dream to be selfish for once, and to focus on his own needs. He wanted to please *his* alpha this time.

So he cupped the boy's cheeks, making him stare into his eyes, to make sure the blond knew that he was sure of every word that left his mouth

"Use me, Dream," he whispered. "Get your dick between my legs and fuck me like you mean it."

A gasp left his mouth as his body suddenly hit the bed, barely having time to process what had happened before he was laying down and being pushed to get on his side.

*Fuck*, the blond could manhandle him so easily. And it was so *hot*.

Dream pulled his underwear down, George helping him to speed up the process, until he was completely naked and exposed. The alpha's clothes were quickly removed as well, one arm wrapping around the omega's waist as the other was used to spread his legs apart.

The brunet let out a shaky breath, feeling open-mouthed kisses being placed on his shoulders, then moving down to his back, the hand on his leg moving up and down slowly while the other one played with his nipples.

"Dream," he whined, too hard and turned on already from their little dirty talk to stand all that teasing. The blond chuckled, kissing his skin one more time before moving closer, carefully placing his dick between his thighs.

"I would ask if you're sure, but baby you're all wet," he whispered. George couldn't help but whine again. "Even your legs are soaked."

Before he could even have time to get embarrassed, the alpha rocked his hips, a moan leaving the omega's mouth instantly. His partner's dick was big enough so his tip brushed against his own hard length with each thrust, and the slick wetting his thighs made the movements all more smooth.

It was good, so fucking good. He could only imagine how much better the real thing would feel.

Dream buried his face on his neck, inhaling deeply by his scent gland before groaning by his ear, thrusts getting faster.

"Do you have any idea for how long I've wanted this?" He rocked his hips faster, George moaned in response. "Sleeping next to me, never wearing pants, smelling *delicious*?"

A shiver ran down the omega's spine, a needy whine escaping his lips. He pressed his legs together to add to the friction the boy was getting, and lost his mind as well to the feeling of the blond's dick sliding in between them. The alpha ran his tongue over his gland, sucking at it lightly as he increased his pace again.

"Made me wake up so fucking horny every day," he admitted, nipping at his skin.

"*Dream,*" a breathy moan, heat pooling on his stomach despite the lack of attention on him.

As if he read his mind, his lover moved the hand on his hip down, reaching for the brunet's aching dick. And god, he could barely breathe from how hot his whole body was.

"Clay," another breathy moan. "Want you."

"You have me." *I'm yours.* "You've always had me." *I'll always be yours.*

With every harsh movement Dream's dick leaked more precum, mixing with his slick and making a bigger mess all over his thighs. Sloppy and erratic movements let him know that his partner was getting close, and George panted heavily as tension built in his lower abdomen as well. And maybe it was a little fast, a little too soon, but after waiting all that time, neither of them could hold back. So he shifted his hips as well, adding to the feeling of their bodies dancing together.

He wanted Dream to cum. He wanted to *make* him cum. He wanted to feel it all over him. He wanted to feel it *in* him. He wanted him inside so badly. He wanted to be completely and utterly his.

He wanted to be one. He wanted all of him. He wanted it so badly, he wanted the same thing that Dream had confessed to want minutes ago.

"Clay," a broken whine, trying to think straight. "Clay, *shit, I-* I need—" A loud moan interrupted his own sentence, breathing so fast no air was getting to his lungs. Fuck, he couldn't even talk.

His body was growing warmer and warmer as he approached his release, waves of pleasure running down his spine. But he couldn't finish just yet. He needed something more, he needed something else first. His instincts were screaming at him, and he was trying so hard to not fully give in.

"B-bite my shoulder," he managed to let out. The alpha groaned by his ear, lifting his head slightly.

“What?” He whispered, seemingly confused. George took a sharp breath, trying to focus enough to say what he needed to say.

“I want- I need you to mark me but- Just bite my shoulder, *please*.”

Dream’s whole body twisted as a loud and low moan escaped his mouth, his free hand holding the omega by his hip tightly as he thrusted into his thighs hard.

“*Shit, George,*” he breathed out, another moan leaving his mouth. “Don’t say- holy fuck, I’m gonna cum, I’m gonna-”

“Bite me first,” the brunet demanded with a loud and desperate voice, too close to his own release as well and needing the blond to fully make him his.

The boy’s hips jerked with his words, lowering his head and groaning against his shoulder right before biting down as requested. And the moment his teeth sank into his pale skin, he felt his partner’s release all over his legs. Feeling that was enough to make him reach his orgasm too.

George’s whole body shook with pleasure, the overwhelming sensation of being claimed even if not in the way he wanted quickly filling him full. He came into the alpha’s hand with a loud moan, the blond still stroking him through his orgasm until his legs were shaking and he was in the verge of overstimulation.

Dream carefully pulled his hand away then, and they took a couple moments to come down from their highs and calm down, before the alpha moved away. The blond shifted to lay by his side, breathing heavily but slowly and sounding just as tired yet relieved as he was; making it clear that they both truly needed that. And they stayed like that for a while, focusing on breathing and recovering from the intensity of what they just experienced.

As soon as they were recovered enough, the blond took some time to clean him up, being gentle as he made sure to get rid of the mix of slick and cum until the omega’s legs were clean and dry. Then, he laid by his side again, staying in silence for just a few extra moments.

“Thank you,” Dream finally whispered, after a few minutes. George couldn’t help but snort. “Why are you laughing?”

“Dunno.” He shrugged, amusement evident on his face as he spoke again with a teasing tone.  
“Thanked by my mate for the sex, ‘s kinda funny.”

The blond raised an eyebrow, a smirk appearing on his face.

“Mate, uh?” He questioned. The brunet’s face turned red right away. He turned to look at his partner, eyes widened and ready to excuse himself, but the boy simply chuckled and spoke again.  
“Wasn’t thanking you for the sex, idiot. Just for... I don’t know, trusting me, I guess.”

“Aw, *Dweam.*” He pouted, bringing one hand to the American’s cheek and cupping it softly.  
“You’re so sappy.” The blond snorted at his words, rolling his eyes.

They laughed lightly for a few seconds, before relaxing again and simply holding each other close. And despite his slip-up, things didn’t feel awkward.

... Slip-up.

George bit his own lips at the thought, taking a moment to process why he said what he said, and to process his own needs that he experienced in that moment of intimacy.

What he wanted at the very end, what he had to request for, and the word he had used to call the boy just now. All of it felt so right, so natural, so logical, despite the fact that he always thought he wouldn't want it.

His instincts were ready for more. Maybe he was ready for more, too. But things weren't that simple.

All those feelings that he never had before but now he did, he couldn't fully explore them. His brain was a mess, filled with expectations and deadlines, and what was right or not. Because it was inevitable, the visa process would interfere with their relationship one way or another. Because in one way it was holding them back, but in another, it made them move too fast.

And things were confusing and complicated, and they would continue to be, because that's the situation they were in. And as long as they were in that situation, they wouldn't be able to do anything at their own pace.

... As long as they were in it.

"We should schedule our third visit," the omega abruptly let out, shifting in his spot slightly to look at the boy next to him directly. Dream seemed taken back by his words, or maybe by how sudden they were, surprise written all over his face.

He blinked a few times, looking at the brunet with a mix of confusion and curiosity, and examining his features as if trying to find some kind of answer in them.

Finally, the boy spoke.

"If we do that and it goes well, we will have to mate," the blond reminded him, caution in his tone. "The fourth visit is three days after the third, and they'll check if we went through with it or not."

"I know," he assured, in a quiet voice. The alpha seemed surprised again, clearly not having expected him to say any of that.

He stayed quiet for a moment, seemingly processing what the omega was telling him and taking everything in, but soon enough, he relaxed again. This time, though, his expression showed the same caution that he could sense in his previous words.

"Is it to get over with it?" The boy asked, all too knowingly, aware of how the brunet brain worked. George couldn't help but to blush lightly.

"It is," the omega admitted. "But also, it's not. Not in the way you're thinking, at least."

"Then?" Dream questioned, tilting his head with curiosity.

"It's not so I get used to being mated to you, or to get it out of the way, but... The other way around."

He stared at his partner, to check if he was getting where he was going, but clearly, his words weren't enough to make his thought process evident.

The blond raised an eyebrow, then gestured to him to keep going. The brunet sighed, taking a second to organize his thoughts.

"You want us to do what feels natural, but I can't. Because this *thing* is holding us back," he tried to explain. "And I can't get used to the ways our relationship is changing, because I know there's a

step that we have to take that's in the way. I can't focus on *now* because I keep thinking of whatever will happen next," he added, taking a small pause to make sure the boy was following him, before finishing his sentence. "So we either postpone it forever until we figure ourselves out, which like, we can't do, because there's always gonna be a deadline, or... We just do it."

How were they going to move forward, how would they talk about their relationship to their friends, what approach would they take with the fans... Too many questions that they couldn't even start thinking of solving, all because of the same detail.

How could they connect naturally and move on with their lives in the way they wanted it to, when they had expectations to fulfill?

Dream stared at him, humming softly as he took in his words. At first, he looked just as lost, but slowly, his speech seemed to click in his head.

"So you want to be done with the process, so we can focus on our real relationship?" The boy asked, as if to verify he had gotten to the right conclusion, and George nodded in response.

The alpha hummed, taking another moment to think about everything his partner said, before finally nodding, as if to let him know he understood the message now. And by the look of it, that was an answer that Dream could live with.

The blond moved closer, pressing a soft kiss on the brunet's lips before smirking.

"You just want to have sex with me, don't you?"

The way the omega's face heated up was almost funny.

"Shut up, you're actually an idiot." The boy laughed at his reaction, kissing him softly on his lips next. He pulled away after, looking at him for a few seconds before nodding again.

"Okay, if you're sure, then I'll... I'll call my lawyer," he concluded. Now it was George's turn to nod, because he knew he would never be more sure about it than how he was now. And maybe a lot of aspects of their relationship were still confusing, but at least this way, they would have time to figure it all out at their own pace.

The brunet wrapped his arms around the blond, moving closer to press their lips together softly. Their mouths moved slowly, as if taking the time to fully flavor each other and enjoy the moment.

They pulled away after a couple of seconds, and for some reason, Dream seemed in awe.

George gave him a questioning look.

"What?" He questioned.

"You kissed me first," the alpha mumbled. And at first, those words didn't mean much to the omega, still looking at him with a confused expression. Until finally, he realized.

He had never done that before. He always let Dream initiate.

"... I did," he whispered. And now, he was surprised as well.

"George." The blond reached for his hands, both nervousness and easiness mixed in his scent as he spoke again. "I love you."

The brunet's heart skipped a beat, stopping as he heard those words but racing right after. His chest

felt light yet tight, and everything inside him was warming up.

It made him happy. Hearing him say that made him happy.

“You haven’t said that in a while,” he pointed out in a whisper. Dream nodded shyly.

“... Yeah,” the blond mumbled, cheeks turning reddish as he looked away anxiously, just for a second before glancing back at him. “Didn’t think- It wouldn’t have been fair.”

George blinked once, he blinked twice. Then, his face blushed too, eyes averting the boy’s glaze. And god, his heart was beating so fucking fast, a tickling sensation in his stomach as that instinctual voice inside him cheered with happiness.

Because words have meaning, and there’s meaning we give to the meanings they have. Actions matter and actions with words hold truth together that alone can’t. And it’s easy to read too much into things, and it’s also easy not to read at all. But sometimes, you get it just right.

He knew the way his partner said I love you to his face that first time two months ago, and the way he said it just now, were two different ones.

“Oh,” he whispered, unable to say anything else. He’s never been good at saying those words himself, not hearing people say it to each other all that much while growing up, and also hearing it without meaning one too many times. But he didn’t have to say it, not right now.

Dream still knew.

George’s scent made it clear.

The blond pulled him into a tight embrace, hugging him like his mission in life was to keep him safe, comfortable, and protected. The brunet relaxed into the gesture, nuzzling into his chest.

He did make him feel all of that. He made him feel all those things, and content, and *loved*.

They didn’t say anything else after that, not really needing to add any more words. They simply allowed their bodies to drift back to sleep, as if they weren’t supposed to start their day instead. But just as his partner’s breathing slowed down and his limbs loosened, letting him know that he was starting to fall asleep, George spoke again.

“Dream,” he whispered, burying his face on his neck. “I want you to mate me.”

## Chapter End Notes

i am emotional... this story is coming to an end and i cant process it yet ahah  
next update might be on thrusday or friday instead of tomorrow, because it always take  
me longer to write final chapters :[ goodbyes are hard

as always, your comments are the highlight of this whole experience, and make  
writing so much more enjoyable for me!! im forever thankful and i cant wait to see  
your opinions whenever i post something <3 youre all awesome!

also, where all the elevator truthers at??? shout out to yall, we all know sapnap has the  
best ideas ever

THANK YOU GUYS FOR EVERYTHING

see you <3

ps: apparently the link to my twitter wasnt always working but i think i fixed it

[twitter](#)

## Chapter 12

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George took a deep breath, leg bouncing lightly as he tried to hide his anxiety at the best of his ability. A big hand held his own smaller one, squeezing it softly in a reassuring way here and there, to remind him he wasn't alone and make him feel safer.

He always knew he would be scared shitless for their third visit, especially considering he already was for the previous two. The reasons why he imagined he would be scared, though, weren't the same as to why he was panicking now.

At first, the possibility of being found out, his visa getting rejected again, and getting them both in legal trouble, were things that he feared deeply. And the idea of their courtship being approved, and having to go through their mating plan, was terrifying too.

Now, however, it was almost the opposite.

He was scared that the lack of honesty he originally held wouldn't let the government people see that his feelings were real, and that they would reject his visa and send him home now that he actually wanted to go through with the process and bond with Dream.

Had he ruined the thing he wanted the most, because he didn't know he wanted it?

Well, maybe *wanting* wasn't the right word. Truth was, he would be lying if he said that he didn't still have mixed feelings about being someone's mate.

A part of him still felt itchy about the term, there was still a lot that felt too uncertain, and a lot that was scary and confusing. But if he has learned something over these past two months, it was that he didn't need to have all the answers right away.

Sometimes, it was okay to learn as you went, seeing how you were feeling in each step of the way and taking it from there. Listening to his instincts, to his heart, and letting things develop naturally.

And it was scary, because he didn't want to regret a thing. But being scared was a normal part of growing up, that he couldn't continue avoiding it.

He wanted to explore his feelings for Dream, that he was sure of. He wanted to stay there in America, he was sure of that too. And he was in a courtship with the blond, both a real and a fake one, and that wasn't going to change anytime soon. So nervous or not, mating was a step it *felt right* to take.

And that feeling right was reason enough to trust himself and go ahead.

The lady in front of them looked through her notes, an unreadable expression as she went over the questions on the notebook she held. She had already checked the house, examining their living space as she was supposed, and it was time now to judge their relationship one more time.

"Alright guys," she mumbled, taking her glasses off and leaving the papers aside. "I'm gonna be honest with you."

George's stomach twisted, a wave of anxiety hitting him hard. That couldn't be a good sign, right?

Who would start a conversation like that, especially when they were supposed to interrogate them, if it didn't mean something bad?

The blond squeezed his hand again, rubbing his skin with his thumb in a soothing gesture.

The beta seemed to notice his reaction as well, relaxing her demeanor and letting out a soft laugh.

"Oh, no, don't let me scare you," she instantly said, offering him a smile. "Look, guys, this interview is supposed to be to corroborate that you've been honest with me so far, and give the final word on if you're eligible to mate or not," the lady explained, completely unnecessarily. They knew that already. "But to be honest, I don't think I need to ask you any of these questions."

The omega blinked with confusion, glancing at the alpha as if he could have the answers of what that meant, but of course, his partner seemed just as lost. He looked at the woman again next, watching her as she relaxed on her seat.

"I think I've seen enough, heard enough, and *smelled* enough to make a decision. I mean, no offense, but you two stink like a newly mated couple." She giggled, making the brunet blush heavily.

It was beyond embarrassing to know that even after taking a shower, she could still notice how strongly mixed their scents were.

It made sense, considering they had scented not only that morning but the night before, plus they light-scented right before she arrived, and had... Engaged in *mating activities*, a few hours prior as well. But he still had hoped a bath would be enough to make it less obvious.

"So, I'll see you in three days, same time, alright?" The woman concluded. George felt his heart stop, eyes widening. He glanced at Dream, who shared a similar expression than his own, before staring at the beta again.

"So that means...?"

"Congratulations, you make a lovely couple."

The brunet couldn't help the sigh of relief that escaped him, a light laughter following it as he held back from yelling 'let's go!' or something equally as excited. The blond's scent showed just how thrilled he was as well, both quickly thanking the lady for her time.

They did it. They actually did it.

He could stay. They were approved. They could mate.

He could barely register the voice of the beta explaining what would happen next and how to proceed, explaining all the legal technicalities that they needed to know and the steps to take so George could officially get his papers, but in all honesty, he wasn't paying attention anymore.

They did it. It was actually real. They successfully convinced a government employee that they were in love and wanted to be mates.

Well, they *were* in love. And they *did* want to bond.

The brunet stood up as soon as he noticed that the other two had done so as well, following them to the front door to show the woman the way out. They thanked her a few more times, saying their goodbyes before she finally left. And the second that the door closed, the omega felt his body

suddenly hit against the cold wood.

He yelped in surprise at the sudden movement, but before he could really react, soft lips had found his own and big hands were being placed on his hips to lift him up. The Brit instantly wrapped his legs around the blond's waist, arms around his neck as well as he melted into the kiss.

Dream nipped at his lips almost right away, asking for access. George parted his lips for his partner, his tongue soon finding his way in and exploring his mouth. A soft pleased sigh escaped him at the feeling, his body suddenly feeling ten times warmer as the hands on his hips slowly moved to caress and squeeze his ass.

*“Dream,”* he breathed out, breaking the kiss to get some air. The boy’s lips found his neck right away, placing hot kisses all over it, seemingly not wanting to waste one second now that they were giving the green light.

He couldn’t blame him.

Their instincts already saw each other as mates, and they were ready for that level of connection and intimacy, so the urge to be one in more than one way had only gotten more intense. And although they were still doing what they could to keep themselves at bay by using their hands, mouths, and thighs, they both were craving for something else.

They had barely been able to keep their hands to themselves these past two days, finding ways to please each other every time they were alone for more than two minutes. Yet at the end, neither of them were fully satisfied, because the thing that their instincts wanted the most wasn’t something that they could give into.

Now, though, that limitation was gone. Now, they could get what they craved.

They needed it. They needed each other so badly.

... But they were still at the front door of their house.

“Dream,” he called again, trying to get the blond’s attention. “Not in- no dnfing on the first floor,” he reminded him. “Sapnap is gonna-”

“Sap isn’t here” the alpha mumbled right away, biting softly at his skin next. The omega gasped in response, feeling as his partner pressed their bodies together and rocked his hips ever so lightly.

The desperation and need in his actions were both arousing and slightly amusing.

“Dream,” the brunet tried one more time, gathering all the strength he had to be the one thinking with his brain and not his dick. “Unless you’re gonna fuck me right here and now against this door, get me to the bed,” he demanded.

“Tempting,” the blond admitted in a low voice, before moving them away from the door so they could head upstairs, the Brit holding tightly onto him.

The American found a way to keep squeezing his ass even as he walked, and George pressed his lips over his neck as a response, not wanting to leave his lover unattended. And the moment they finally stepped into the room, he was laying on the bed in an instant, bigger body positioning on top of him.

He was shirtless before he could react, strong hands unbuttoning his pants as the brunet’s chest moved heavily. Dream pulled away slightly to remove his own clothes, and soon enough, they

were both in their underwear, lips chasing one another again.

“Can’t wait to mark that pretty neck of yours,” the blond whispered close to his ear, both hands caressing his sides then moving up to his chest. The brunet couldn’t help but whine, body temperature raising and heart racing as well.

Dream was going to mark him. That was actually happening. They were going to have sex and he would finally end up with a bond mark on his neck.

They were actually going to mate.

The alpha took one of his hands, carefully moving it and placing it over the bulge on his boxers.

“I- I need to feel you,” he breathed out, then inhaled deeply as he lowered his face. “I need to-*fuck*, need you to touch me.” The omega took a deep breath as well hearing those words.

After so many days of getting all the attention, and after only being able to please his partner with his thighs, he was finally able to do more and use his hands. He didn’t lose any time, pulling the boy’s underwear down and wrapping his fingers around his hard length.

Dream took a sharp breath, a soft sound escaping his lips right away.

The alpha felt so big on his hand, his heart beating faster with the thought.

He knew that his partner was huge, he had felt him before after all, but now actually holding him made everything feel more real. Because soon enough, he would have all of that inside of him.

He swallowed hard. Getting *that* inside after so long without fucking anyone would be a challenge. One that he was thrilled to take.

Dream would fuck him senseless.

Dream would knot him.

And he would bite him.

The omega swallowed again, his breathing already getting uneven, and he began to move his hand to stroke his lover’s dick. He could feel his arm trembling lightly, taking shaky breaths here and there, a weird feeling on his stomach as the same thoughts ran through his head over and over. He tried to focus on his actions, listening to the sounds the blond was letting out.

He could tell just how much the alpha had been wanting that just with how easily he was reacting to his touch. It was now even more evident that the blond had been holding back all that time.

The American moved down, pressing their lips together. The brunet kissed him back, still stroking him slowly, wanting to please his future mate.

Dream placed his hand over the smaller boy’s dick.

George suddenly stopped, breaking the kiss and pulling away.

“Don’t-”

Dream froze up. George’s eyes widened. The startled blond stared at the equally surprised brunet, confusion written over both of their faces.

“Are you-”

“I’m fine, I’m sorry,” he hurried to say. The boy pulled away some more, moving the omega’s hand away and now sitting up instead of laying over him. “Dream, I’m fine, we can keep going.”

“George,” the alpha mumbled, cupping both of his cheeks with his hands. “You’re shaking.”

The omega blinked with confusion, then furrowed his brows.

“What?” He blinked again.

... Was he?

It was just then that George noticed just how tense his body felt, seeing that he was, indeed, trembling. His breathing was still uneven despite not doing anything, and his eyes...

“Am I- What? Am I *crying* ?” He let out, shocked by his own physical reaction. He placed his hands close to his eyes, letting his fingers wipe away the little tears forming. “I am, I’m actually- My eyes are watery.” He let out an awkward laugh, taking a few deep breaths to regain control over himself. “Why is this- I don’t know what’s happening.”

The omega looked up to the alpha with slight panic, fearful that his reaction could be upsetting or worrying or could throw him off somehow. But Dream only offered him an understanding smile, moving to sit by his side and wrap an arm around him, kissing his head lovingly.

“I think you’re nervous, George,” he whispered, kissing his head again. “It’s okay, we can stop,” he reassured. The brunet instantly shook his head, placing a hand over the blond’s arm as if he was afraid he would go away.

“But I wanna do it,” he instantly said.

“We can do it later, or tomorrow, whenever you feel better,” the boy assured, then offered him an apologetic look. “I didn’t- I think I hurried too much there. I’m sorry.”

The Brit opened his mouth to talk, ready to protest and try to convince him that wasn’t the case, yet no words left his mouth. He looked away, feeling a bit guilty.

Yeah, maybe it had been kind of fast, and the actions did take him by surprise. They had talked about mating as soon as they were told they were allowed to, but he didn’t think the boy would take it *that* literally. Still, it wasn’t like he didn’t want to, or didn’t feel ready for it, or like sex was something new for him. He didn’t have any reason to be nervous about it.

But he kind of was nervous. The blond wasn’t wrong by assuming that. He didn’t know that he was, but clearly, his body was showing what his brain didn’t tell him.

He shouldn’t be. It shouldn’t feel like they were hurrying, and it shouldn’t feel like a big scary thing that he needed to be anxious over. He *didn’t* think it was a scary thing, not the sex part of things at least. He could understand getting nervous right before getting marked, but not when his partner was barely touching his dick.

It wasn’t something new, it wasn’t something he hadn’t done before, it wasn’t something he couldn’t handle. Yet he still backed down and acted as if it was.

“It’s not like I’m a virgin,” the brunet let out, but it felt more like he was arguing with his own thoughts than anything else.

“But it’s still a first time,” the blond countered, kissing his cheek. “It’s normal to be nervous.”

“But I- it’s fine, though, we can still do it,” he insisted. The alpha raised an eyebrow, and it seemed like he was about to protest, so the omega hurried to speak again before he could. “You’re hard, Dream,” he pointed out.

“But you’re not, George.”

Brown eyes blinked once, then twice. The Brit looked down at himself, realizing that the American was, indeed, correct with his words. He mentally cursed his dick for chickening out, a wave of humiliation and guilt hitting him.

God, that was embarrassing.

All the talk he did about wanting to do it, yet his own body betrayed him. And for what? Just because it was his first time with the blond, the first person with whom he’s had an actual serious relationship, and they would mate in the process?

Okay, fine. Maybe he could see where his anxiety was coming from.

George took a deep breath, then sighed.

“I still want to do it,” he assured. “I’m not having second thoughts.”

“I know.” Dream offered him a reassuring smile, reaching for his hand and squeezing it lightly. “And we will, just not right this second.”

Despite not wanting to admit it, he knew that was probably for the best.

The brunet tried to smile back at him, still feeling a bit guilty but trying to calm his own thoughts down. The blond kissed his cheek again, then moved a hand to pet his hair.

“What if we go out for dinner tonight, to celebrate that we got approved?” The boy suggested. “Maybe go to that sushi place that you like?” He pressed a gentle peck on his lips. The omega hesitated for a second, then nodded a few times.

“With Sapnap?” He asked, with a quiet and almost shy tone. The alpha smiled at his words, nodding as well.

“Yeah, we can pick him up at his hotel and have a nice family celebration, all of us together,” the boy agreed. “And in the meantime, we could watch some movies and cuddle, or maybe play some games, so we can relax and get our energy back to go out later… Sounds good?”

The brunet smiled faintly, nodding one more time. He was still frustrated with himself, but forcing things to happen right now wouldn’t do any of them any favors. The least he wanted was to have a bad bonding experience because he was too scared the moment that he was bitten, which would have repercussions on their relationship.

Dream kissed his cheek one last time before moving to the edge of the bed, picking up their clothes from the floor.

“Want me to run you a bath?” He offered, as sweet and attentive as always.

“Wait,” he let out. George quickly moved to sit by the boy’s side, placing a hand on his arm to stop him from standing up. “We don’t have to fully stop,” he declared. The blond frowned at his words,

seemingly confused after the agreement they just made. The brunet looked down at the boy's dick. "I mean, you're still hard."

"George, you're-"

"Let me suck you off," he hurried to offer, cutting the alpha off. Dream stopped in his spot, mouth still slightly open from the words that were going to come out but didn't get the chance to. He blinked a few times, a light blush appearing on his cheeks before clearing his throat.

"You don't have to," he whispered, yet his member clearly twitched with interest. The omega placed his hand on his knee, slowly moving it up his thigh. "You're- You were nervous and-"

"I'm not nervous about this, though," the Brit argued, slowly standing up just to carefully position himself in front of the blond. The boy's eyes widened right away, watching as his lover kneeled between his legs.

"George-"

"Please, *alpha*." The brunet pouted, tone too sweet to be his. He moved closer as his hand graced the boy's hard-on, looking at his partner with pleading eyes. Because Dream was still too gentle and too caring, and George needed to teach him that he didn't need to always be. "Let me blow you."

The blond closed his eyes, taking a sharp breath as his hand unconsciously moved to the smaller boy's head, tangling his fingers on his hair.

"*Shit*, okay, don't- you can't-" He stopped his sentence, then inhaled deeply, as if to organize his own thoughts. He opened his eyes again after a couple of seconds, staring at his future mate.

"You're not allowed to call me *that* unless you want me to fuck you."

"Oh, I'm not *allowed*?" George teased, an amused smirk forming on his lips. The blond blushed right away, opening his mouth most likely to apologize. Apologies that the omega surely didn't need nor wanted, so he hurried to speak again. "But I *do* want that, Clay." He moved closer again, placing a hand on each of his thighs and caressing his skin slowly. "I want you to fuck my face."

A surprised yelp escaped his lips as he felt the alpha suddenly pull his head closer to his dick, using his other hand to hold his hard length right in front of the brunet's mouth.

"If your voice is too fucked up to talk during dinner, don't blame me."

George mindlessly played with his partner's fingers under the table, holding one of his hands with both of his own as he listened to the conversation taking place. His stomach was full, his chest felt warm, and his heart was happy.

"Okay so basically the plan is, you two mate, then we wait a couple of weeks before we announce George is officially gonna live here with us?" Sapnap asked, summarizing the last fifteen minutes of the conversation. "And then you face reveal so we can go to Disney."

Dream snorted at the last part of the sentence, yet he still nodded at his words.

"Pretty much, yeah."

"Awesome," the brown haired mumbled, then relaxed against his seat. He looked at both of their

roommates, with a faint smile on his face. “I know I said it already, but I’m happy for you,” added, keeping the same somewhat proud expression. Yet soon enough, the boy was frowning. “How are we telling our friends, though?”

The brunet noticed as the blond looked at him, looking at him for a few seconds before fixing his eyes on their friend again.

“… We’ll figure it out,” he simply responded, and George knew that was his way of trying to avoid stressful topics that could wait for another time.

Sapnap hummed, nodding before eating a piece of sushi. The omega continued to play with his partner’s hand, taking the boy’s efforts into consideration and deciding not to worry over things that he spent way too much time overthinking already.

“When are you coming back home?” He decided to ask instead, glancing at the brown haired boy in front of him. However, as soon as he did, he realized it was a mistake, seeing the teasing smirk on the other’s face.

“Aw, you miss me already, Gogy?”

“No, you suck,” he instantly replied, letting out a scoff as well. “Why would I miss you? I wish you’d never come back, actually.”

Dream snorted at the exchange, the youngest of them laughing lightly. They were both used to his ways of replying, they both knew it was all playful and he didn’t actually mean it.

Truth was, he *did* miss him.

It was kind of embarrassing, at least to say it out loud, but since his inner instincts had recently started seeing both boys as his official pack, not having one of them around so soon and for so long made him slightly uneasy. He felt better when they were all together in the house, even if it was him and his mate upstairs and their roommate in the living-room trying to avoid them.

He would get used to it eventually, to being separated at times without that affecting the sense of union and family, and he wouldn’t need to have them close by to feel at peace anymore. But for now, he just wanted the most important people in his life right there with him.

Not like he would admit that, of course.

“After you two bond and calm down, I’ll be all yours,” Sapnap promised.

That voice inside him cheered at the news, but he still pretended to be disinterested and offered him a face full of fake annoyance just for the bit.

“Well I don’t want you, so get fucked,” he mumbled. “Plus L, plus ratio.”

Just like that, they were all laughing.

And everything felt as natural and normal as it had always been, just like the old times when the only way of being together was through a screen, yet everything felt different at the same time.

Things had changed. George decided that was a good thing.

The way back home was quiet, but the silence wasn’t uncomfortable. They gave their friend a ride back to his hotel before heading to their house, the blond reaching for his hand every time he was

able to at every red light. The brunet closed his eyes, relaxing on his seat, ready to go to bed as soon as they got home.

Dream opened the car's door for him, George gave him his best puppy eyes.

He could be too spoiled sometimes. His partner could never say no to him.

The boy carried him inside just like he wanted, holding him close until they got to the room. He helped him change into his sleeping clothes too, before laying him down on their mattress. The brunet wrapped his arms around him as soon as he laid next to him. The blond hummed, moving closer and pressing a kiss on his head.

He kissed his forehead next, then his cheek, and his jaw. They looked at each other for a couple of seconds, before slowly moving closer to press their lips together.

Soft and sweet, careful and gentle, filled with nothing but affection.

Just like the alpha with him, just like their relationship.

The omega pulled his partner closer, the blond moved slowly to get on top of him. They deepened the kiss, lips moving in sync as their tongues played together, exploring each other's mouths.

Kissing like that at the end of every day was quickly starting to become a usual thing for them, and George thought, then, that he liked this new routine.

"I love you," Dream whispered against his lips, as soon as they broke apart. "I really love you."

George's breath hitched hearing him, those words still giving him the same warm feeling as the first time that the boy said it with the new meaning. He let his hands caress the blond's back, wanting to feel him more, needing to have him closer and proving to him that those words were real.

The alpha smiled at his reaction, cupping one of his cheeks.

"My amazing, beautiful boy..."

"Yours," the omega let out in a quiet voice, without even thinking.

"All mine," the blond agreed, then kissed him again, deeper than before.

Dream's lips tasted like passion and his touch was always tender. He held him with the delicacy you use to hold a treasure, and looked at him like he was staring at a piece of art.

The alpha kept the dance between their mouths slow, savoring every movement, hands caressing his sides up and down with just as much softness. Every affectionate action was loving by nature, his gestures never demanding more but ready to give it if it was asked.

George wanted to take as much as Dream would offer. All of him, if possible. And he, too, would make the same offer.

Body, soul, the rest of his days.

Dream made loving seem like an easy task. Because it wasn't a task for him, not at all. He willingly poured his heart for him, always working on showing him just how much he cared.

He could see it in the ways he adapted to his needs, he could see it in the ways he encouraged to

put boundaries. He could see it in the ways he pushed him to speak up, he could see it in the ways he made him feel safe when he was being vulnerable. He could see it in the ways he treated him, whenever they spent time together both alone and with others.

He could see it in the way he made them stop when the brunet hadn't even realized that he needed it, he could see it in the way he made plans for the whole day that could make him feel calm and comfortable again.

He cared, he deeply cared.

Dream always had his best interest in mind, he would never do anything to hurt him. He could trust in Dream. He could *always* trust in him.

He did. George did. He trusted him more than anyone.

He trusted that with him, he would never be behind. Side by side, that's how the blond had always wanted them, and how they would continue to be.

The alpha pulled away slowly, breaking the kiss only to place one over his chin, then jaw. He attached his lips to his neck, pressing them down gently over his pale skin. The omega took a sharp breath, heart racing at the actions and gripping at his partner's shirt in response. The boy continued with his actions for a few more seconds, before moving back to his lips again.

And god, it felt good. It felt really good. It felt like everything that he needed that morning, yet not enough for what he needed now.

He craved for more, so much more.

The clouds in his head had dissipated, he yearned for the sun's touch to claim him; leaving winter nights in London and welcoming summer days in Florida.

The brunet sighed into the kiss, pleased with the feeling and wanting to drown in it. He slowly spread his legs apart, a silent invitation for the blond to position himself better in between. The American understood the message, quickly doing as the Brit wanted and pressing their bodies closer together.

"I love you so much," the tall one whispered as before, nipping at his lips lightly. His free hand caressed the smaller boy's hip, rubbing circles over it with his thumb.

George could feel his heart beating faster, heat pooling on his lower abdomen hearing those words, as his hands found their ways under his partner's shirt. Dream hummed into the kiss, allowing his own hands to slip under the brunet's clothes and seek skin-to-skin contact.

The blond's fingers burned where they touched. Addictive, not painful, only satisfying.

He craved for more, so much more.

George pulled the alpha closer, working on taking his shirt off. Dream quickly helped him with it, throwing the piece of clothing away before kissing him again. Melting into the gesture was all too easy, letting the intensity of it grow was too.

The alpha pulled away again, just enough to look at him. Green eyes examined his face, as if to make sure he was okay, before offering him a tender smile.

"You're so beautiful," the boy declared, peachy words that stole his breath away. The blond stared

at the brunet, taking in his whole body. "All of you is beautiful." A hand moved to the omega's head, one finger placing over his forehead. "Here too," he whispered, moving the same hand to now point at his chest. "And here."

George felt his whole self burning.

Small hands reached to grab stronger arms, pulling his partner closer again. The blond placed both of his hands on the brunet's waist, caressing his skin again as he moved down to kiss him one more. And the feeling was just as addictive, the movement of their mouths still left him breathless. Dream made his heart beat in a rhythm that was only reserved for him, brain ready to embrace the new type of closeness and instincts already calling him his.

George thought that if he could go back in time, he would choose him all over again.

The omega reached for one of the alpha's hands, moving them up to his chest in a silent invitation to touch him more. His lover was quick to do as the brunet wanted him to, exploring familiar skin and using both hands to caress his body. The kiss grew deeper and greedier, the dance between their lips now feeling more like both chasing each other. The American let him win the battle for control that their tongues held, allowing the Brit to take over the kiss and dictate the pace as he pleased.

The boy let him explore his mouth as he wanted, pliant and patient; another loving declaration. He bit at his partner's lips gently, a soft sound falling from them; a standing ovation.

With Dream, he was never just a small part of something bigger. With Dream, George was the main attraction of a show written specifically around him.

He pulled the blond even closer, breathing getting heavier and skin feeling warmer. A tickling sensation invaded his lower abdomen, a familiar need calling for his attention. He still craved for more, so much more.

And it felt nice, it felt good. It felt right, it felt natural.

He knew what he wanted now.

Dream's hand moved down his chest and his sides, squeezing his waist lightly before going further down to caress his thigh next, aiming to touch the exposed skin that the lack of pants provided. But soon enough as he explored the new zone, he stopped his movements, carefully yet quickly pulling away with a surprised look.

The blond blinked a few times, looking down at the brunet's body as if to confirm what he had felt.

"You're hard."

The omega let out a soft chuckle at the reaction, slightly amused by it. It was kind of funny that the alpha got so surprised, considering he had turned him on with lighter actions multiple times by now.

The Brit took a sharp breath, then nodded slowly, taking advantage of the distance of their bodies to remove his own shirt. Then, he wrapped his arms around his partner, bringing him close again.

"I want you," he whispered, voice certain and with a needy tone. He watched as the boy blushed, visibly swallowing at his words.

He offered him a smile, pulling him closer again and pressing a kiss in the corner of his mouth.

Dream got the message, quickly placing his lips against his own again.

George kissed him right away, trying to show in it everything that he didn't think he could express clearly enough with words. A kiss that said *I'm sure*, a kiss that said *I'm not nervous anymore*. Because he was happy, and calm, and felt loved. And he would never be more comfortable and ready than in his own bed, sharing affectionate gestures that held no second motives and weren't hurried, with the boy that he *fell for*.

He broke the kiss, placing one hand on the boy's cheek and cupping it. Then he spoke again, voice softer and tone filled with honey.

"Make love to me, Clay."

*Show me. Show me that you mean it.*

Dream's lips were on his again in no time, hands caressing every inch of his body they had access to as if he had been desperate to do so this whole time. He probably was.

George let out soft pleased sighs into the kiss, lifting his hips slightly so the boy could remove his underwear. The blond took his own clothes off next, now both naked as they felt each other's skin.

"You sure?" His partner whispered, one hand squeezing at his ass the way that he knew the brunet liked it. The omega nodded, spreading his legs further apart for him.

"I need you," he whispered as well. The alpha nodded too, attaching his lips to the pale neck as he moved his hand closer to his entrance.

Two fingers teased at his hole slowly, rubbing circles over it all too carefully, ready to prep him as if he hadn't fucked him with those same fingers first thing that same morning. As if his slick didn't indicate just how ready he was for him already. Still, he didn't complain as he felt the first digit opening him up, a moan escaping his lips at the feeling.

Dream was gentle like that, always wanting to go slow even if he could technically skip some steps and go straight to the point. George thought he enjoyed it more this way, there was no trace of pain and he could fully focus on the pleasure.

It didn't take long for a second finger to be added, the boy all too familiar with his body to know where to touch to get him to relax and get lost in the moment. More soft sounds kept coming out of his mouth, panting softly as his partner pushed his fingers in and out.

The blond let his digits barely graze at the spot the brunet liked the most, small whines leaving the omega's lips every time that he hit his prostate. His breathing only got heavier, holding onto the alpha tightly as waves of pleasure ran down his spine. And he knew he could come like this, he knew that if he let his partner keep going, he would end up trembling and moaning in no time. But that wasn't what they were doing this time.

George took a moment to focus, trying his best to remember his goal and not give in to the intoxicating feeling he was experiencing. He took a deep breath, then finally managed to talk.

"Another one," he let out, between panting and more sounds. Dream gave him a questioning look, seemingly hesitant of his request.

"You sure?" He asked quietly, without stopping his movements. "We never use more than two..."

"Yes," he breathed out right away, not letting him finish his sentence. "I- Your dick is too big, I

can't- I need you to stretch me more, I-"

"I got you," his partner was quick to say, placing a tender kiss on his lips. And despite his calm behavior and the softness in his features, the brunet could smell in his scent how proudful he felt with his comment.

In all honesty, under any other circumstance, he probably wouldn't have asked for more, because his body should be able to take him even if he struggled a little bit at first. He self lubricated, after all, and he would eventually stretch around him; his anatomy was made to resist a knot. But he knew that the alpha would always prioritize his comfort and well-being, and would be willing to do everything to assure he enjoyed the experience as much as possible.

George thought he liked it more this way, taking his physiology as a pro and not something to rely on.

The blond was quick to comply with his request, giving the omega what he needed with as much care in his movements, extra gentle in the way he slowly pushed a third finger in and giving him time to adapt to the feeling before starting to move again. It was only uncomfortable for a few seconds, then he was panting and sighing with pleasure again, eyes closed and lips slightly parted.

Satisfaction was quick to flood him as before, and tension was quick to build as well, and the need for more made his own hips shift to feel more of the boy and deeper inside. The way he thrusted his fingers in and out was exquisite, and he let his head fall whenever he spread them apart to open him up even more.

After a couple of moments, George opened his eyes again, reaching for Dream's hand to stop him.

"I'm- that's enough," he whispered, voice a little strangled and raspy. "M ready."

"You sure?" The blond instantly asked, getting a nod in response. The brunet took a deep breath, trying to keep his body relaxed.

"You can put it in," he let out in another whisper, nodding again.

He would be lying if he said he wasn't still a little bit nervous, or if there wasn't at least a tiny part of him that was hesitant about that being the right decision and questioned if he was actually stretched enough. Because again, Dream was big; not the biggest in the world but bigger than what he's had before, and definitely bigger than his own fingers too, his only source of pleasure for over two years until they got together. But he trusted Dream, and he knew he would treat him right and be careful.

The alpha looked at him for a second, examining his face with his eyes, before nodding as well. He slowly and carefully worked on removing his fingers, then quickly reached for their nightstand, opening the drawer and getting a small bottle of lube. He took a few seconds to apply the liquid over his dick, just for extra measure and to make the process just a little bit easier for the omega.

He didn't bother putting a condom first, he knew George didn't want him to. They had talked about it, a couple times after scheduling the third interview, then they talked about it again the night before. They were both clean, the brunet was taking his meds, he even went to the doctor again as Dream requested just to make sure it would be okay.

Making decisions together, having conversations about their needs and wants, doing things the responsible way. It was a good way to start a bond, it was a good sign for the future of their relationship. And although it was a little awkward, he liked it.

The blond positioned himself between the Brit's legs again, one hand in each of his thighs to spread them apart for easier access, then moved closer until the tip of his dick was grazing at his entrance.

George shivered to the feeling, taking another deep breath.

Skin to skin, with nothing in between, to be as close as possible and feel him fully; exactly how he wanted their first time to be.

Dream looked at him for a few seconds, reading his face as if trying to find any trace of doubts.

"Are you—"

"If you ask me if I'm sure every two minutes, I'm never having sex with you again," the omega was quick to let out, not letting him finish his sentence. It was an empty threat, but a necessary one.

He needed Dream to trust him and his choices, and he needed Dream to know he trusted him too.

The blond let out an embarrassed chuckle, then nodded at his words, moving down to kiss him softly on his lips.

"Tell me to stop if you need it," the alpha whispered, then slowly, he pushed himself inside.

A sharp breath came out of his lips right away, eyes shuttering close as the boy's dick spread his walls open. Dream was careful with his movements, slow in the way he pushed himself deeper each second, placing kisses on the omega's neck and face and caressing his thighs as well, trying to distract him to make the feeling less overwhelming.

"I love you," he whispered against his skin. "You're doing so good, taking me so well."

The brunet moaned softly at those words, wrapping his arms around his partner firmly. Dream liked to praise and compliment, he meant every word, and that made his heart feel like it was melting.

After a few seconds, the blond was finally fully inside. He stayed still, giving the brunet time to adapt to the intrusion and get used to the feeling. George focused on his breathing for a moment, inhaling deeply and trying to stay calm as he exhaled, before squeezing the alpha's arms softly.

"M ready."

Dream nodded right away, pressing his lips against the omega's as he began to shift his hips.

And it was still a bit uncomfortable, a little weird too after so long, but holy shit, it felt *good*.

His partner's dick completely filled him up, big enough to stimulate everything inside him. He could feel his walls squeezing him with every slow thrust, as if trying to get more of him, pleasure growing with each of his movements. The omega couldn't help but moan at the feeling, holding onto the boy and letting his hand roam through Dream's back as he did.

"I love you," the blond whispered as before, sending an electric wave down his spine. "God, George, you feel so good." The brunet whined in response, breathing getting heavier and pulling him closer. The alpha let out a loud moan as well, quiet and breathy. "Shit- You're perfect."

The omega pulled his partner closer again, shifting his position just slightly to change the angle the

boy was fucking him in. Dream got the clue, placing his hands on his legs to spread him further apart and find a better position, aiming to find that particular spot inside him.

One tentative thrust, a second one. And then, *holy fuck*.

“*Clay-*”

“There?” The brunet nodded quickly, his sounds getting louder with every rock of the blond’s hips. And now that the tip of his lover’s dick was hitting his prostate as he liked it, the pace they were holding wasn’t enough anymore.

“Faster,” he demanded, and the boy complied.

Dream sped up his every movement as he moved down to press his lips against his neck, placing mouth-open kisses all over his skin. The feeling of his tongue over his gland made George’s whole body tremble, heat pooling in his stomach as teeth nipped at the sensitive area.

“*Clay,*” he whined loudly, the boy hummed in response. Then, he sucked at his gland lightly.

Oh god, oh *god*.

It was overwhelming, so freaking overwhelming. His breathing was getting faster and tension built inside him right away, every thrust sent waves of pleasure through his whole self and the mouth on his gland was making his head go wild.

He wanted him. He wanted him so badly.

He wanted his teeth over his neck, drawing a permanent mark on his skin.

He wanted Dream to bite him, to make George his and *claim him*.

“Not yet,” the brunet mumbled, not completely sure if he was telling the blond or himself. “Want you to- Want your knot first.”

The alpha suddenly held him tighter, fingers burying on the pale thighs and groaning at his words. His movements became slightly more erratic as he thrusted into him harder, fucking him with a little less self control. The omega loved the reaction and the way he kept hitting his prostate over and over, more pleased sounds leaving his mouth with each action.

And he could already feel it, he could feel the base of his knot starting to swell, every shift of his hips adding to the mind-blowing sensation.

“Faster,” he demanded again, still wanting more of the addictive sensation. He couldn’t stop his moans from coming out, panting so heavily it barely felt like he was breathing.

His partner did as he asked, determined to please him with everything he got.

Dream would fuck him senseless until he fell apart. And God, on a dick like that, George could come undone a million times.

It was so good. It was *so fucking good*. But good wasn’t good enough. Not to the alpha, not when it came to pleasing his omega, because he would never want to give his partner any less than perfect. So his hand was quick to find the brunet’s neglected dick, wrapping his fingers around his length to stroke him, matching the pace of his thrust.

George gasped loudly at the sudden action, all the pleasure suddenly intensifying and clouding all

of his senses. The tension on his lower abdomen kept growing and growing, skin burning and heart racing as he approached his release.

"Clay, need your knot," he hurriedly let out, trying to hold onto the boy as if his life depended on it.  
"Please, 'm so close, knot me 'n bit me, I- *please*."

Dream cursed under his breath, his thrusts getting sloppier as he got closer to his own orgasm as well. He picked up the pace of his hand again, in a desperate attempt to make the omega cum first.

"I'm gonna knot you, baby, I'll give you everything you want," he assured, movements getting erratic. "Anything for my perfect mate."

Those words did it.

George let out a loud moan as he came, whole body shaking as the most intense pleasure he had ever experienced filled him full. He held tightly onto his partner, painting his hand white and feeling his walls squeezing the boy's dick as he rode off his orgasm. That was enough to send Dream over the edge as well, only a couple more thrusts before he was filling him up, a groan leaving his mouth and his knot popping just like the omega wanted.

The brunet threw his head back, eyes shutting closed as a somewhat painful and strangled scream escaped him against his will. Yet the discomfort of being spread open even wider only lasted a second, before the biggest sense of satisfaction he had ever felt invaded his whole body.

He had never felt fuller in his life. He had never felt more connected with someone. Everything was him, and Dream, and *them*. And as that thought invaded his every thought, a new overwhelming sensation suddenly took over him.

His eyes snapped wide open as his breath stuck in his throat, another screaming coming out with a mix of pleasure and pain again when he felt his mate's teeth sinking into his gland.

Raindrops fell over newborn leaves, watering them to grow bigger. Blossoming bellflower and ripe green apples, nature coming alive. The green garden with blue flowers, two scents becoming one.

And as his heart raced, so did his mate's. And as happiness invaded him, he felt the same emotion on his partner's chest. Because two were now connected, and they were both part of the same. Because Dream was his, and George belonged *with* him.

From that day till the end of their lives, together as they always wanted.

And George loved it. George *loved him*.

Dream's teeth carefully left his neck as the boy pulled away, careful with his movements as he took his dick out as well. The brunet winced slightly at the feeling, discomfort appearing again now that he came down from his high.

The wound in his gland felt like burning, his ass was in just a little bit of pain too. He would probably be sore in the morning.

He didn't regret a thing. It was all worth it.

The blond reached for something in his nightstand, and it took the brunet a moment to recognize the feeling of wipes cleaning him up. First his stomach, getting rid of every trace of his own release, then another one used on his butt and thighs, struggling a bit considering the position they were in and the connection between their bodies.

Then, his mate shifted their positions, so they would be laying on their sides and resting in each other's arms. The alpha placed soft kisses over the mark he just left, their *bond mark*.

"Hurts?" He asked quietly, one hand moving to pet his hair. The omega shook his head at first, but after just a couple seconds, he ended up nodding. "M sorry."

"S okay," he mumbled, closing his eyes, "Liked it." Was the most reassurance he could offer, head still too clouded and body too tired to come up with full sentences. Dream let out a soft chuckle, then hummed, still playing with his hair and holding him with affection.

"Did you... Did you like the other part of it too?" The blond asked then, getting a snort as a response.

"Yeah, good dick." The brunet nodded. Dream let out a loud laugh in response, carefully hugging him closer and kissing his forehead.

"Thank you, George, I'm moved." He kissed his cheek next, then his lips. The omega tried to respond to his gesture, fighting exhaustion to stay awake a little longer. "Sleepy?" The boy questioned, clearly noticing his state. The Brit hummed, simply nodding in response.

Dream wrapped his arms around him tightly, keeping him warm and comfortable so he could relax. George nuzzled into his chest, and soon enough, he was drifting into sleep. It didn't take long for his mind to shut down, feeling nothing but happiness and love. And he stayed like that for a while, peacefully asleep yet only lightly, until a movement woke him up again around half an hour later.

It took the brunet a moment to understand what was happening, but eventually he realized that the blond was pulling out. The alpha was careful as he took his dick out, yet the omega still cringed to the feeling. It felt weird, to be empty again, and he could feel the pain better now.

Dream froze at the reaction, but instantly relaxed again and moved to press a soft kiss on his mate's mouth. George hummed, slowly opening his eyes to see the smile offered at him.

"Sorry," the blond mumbled. "Didn't mean to wake you."

"S okay," he mumbled in response. It probably couldn't have been avoided either way.

"I'm gonna get you a towel and some clean clothes, let me finish cleaning you up and then we can sleep, alright? Together." The brunet hummed again, then nodded a couple times. The alpha kissed him one more time, before quickly standing up and heading to the bathroom.

And for the first time ever since they started scenting, the thought of him leaving his side didn't make the omega uneasy. He knew his mate would come back.

It didn't take long for Dream to return to his side, being extra gentle and careful as he cleaned his hole, then using a wipe on the rest of his body again just to make sure he didn't leave any residuals behind. He used the towel to dry all of his skin next, before finally dressing him up again.

A pair of sweatpants that were too loose on him, a hoodie that swallowed half of his body.

Dream's clothes.

Soon enough, he was covered with their blankets and a pair of strong arms were wrapped around him, hugging him softly. George nuzzled into his partner's chest, seeking his warmth and wanting to be close. Dream kissed his head, then moved to his cheek.

“I love you,” the boy whispered, pressing a soft kiss on his lips. And maybe he’s heard those words a hundred times now, but it still made his heart race.

He felt that way too, he could feel it in every bone, in every cell, in heartbeat. He felt it so much it was almost overwhelming, something he hadn’t experienced before, not so intensely.

George opened his mouth to talk, to say something back, yet the words didn’t come out.

He mentally cursed himself.

“I... I can’t say it yet,” he admitted, defeated, a tint of hint in his tone. Dream was quick to cup his cheeks, placing a tender kiss on his lips and offering him a reassuring smile.

“That’s okay,” he instantly assured him, always kind, always understanding. “At our own pace, remember? When it comes natural.”

“But I feel it,” the brunet protested, shifting awkwardly on his spot and placing a hand over his own stomach, where a sense of discomfort was forming “And that thing... That voice inside me, it doesn’t like it,” he added. “It doesn’t like that I’m not saying it.”

The blond furrowed his brows at his words, looking at him with an expression between curious and confused. But then, something seemed to click.

“You mean your inner?”

George blinked a few times.

Somewhere along the way of trying to escape old fashioned mindsets and concepts that threatened his sense of self, thinking that he needed to protect himself from realities that weren’t his, he had pushed away things that weren’t really bad, and shouldn’t have ever been seen as such. He forgot that instincts were natural, and that they were there to keep him safe too.

Not acknowledging it for what it was didn’t make it any less real, he needed to embrace and connect with all parts of himself. He didn’t want people to treat him differently or see him as less just because of his second gender, but wasn’t that what he had been doing to himself that whole time?

“Hey.” His partner’s voice took him out of his thoughts, feeling as he rubbed his thumbs on his skin and watching that warm and understanding smile again. “It’s okay, we have a lifetime for that.”

Believing Dream’s words was easy, there was always honesty in the tone he used and his face was easy to read. He knew him too well, he could tell he didn’t just say it to make him feel better. As long as he wasn’t too far up his own ass and stuck in his own head, George could always know when the blond was being sincere.

The brunet offered the blond a faint smile, almost shyly, then nodded slowly.

He would get there, there was no hurry. The boy still knew how he felt, that was what mattered.

Dream would never ask him for more than he was ready to give.

Despite all the jokes they’ve made in the past, all those awkward moments of fake pressure being put on him to say those words in front of people, his best friend still understood where his comfort zone ended. And now that the meaning behind those words was different, he knew that his mate

would never force him to say it.

Not every love story was written the same way, and words weren't the only way to express affection.

However, he could still say other things to show the boy how he made him feel.

"Dream," he whispered, reaching for his hands to hold them with his own and intertwine their fingers. "I'm happy," he declared. And this time he truly meant it.

He moved closer to the boy, connecting their lips in a gentle kiss. The alpha, *his* alpha, melted into the gesture, letting go of his hands just to wrap his arms around him and keep him there.

Kisses felt different when he was the one initiating them. He knew that Dream liked those the most.

Once they pulled away, the blond's smile was warmer and bigger.

"I'm happy too," he mumbled in response. George's chest felt warm, heavy yet light, and so incredibly full. He wrapped his arms around the boy tightly as if trying to convince himself that everything did, indeed, happen. That he actually mated the boy, that everything was real, and he wasn't just dreaming while still back in London.

But all of it was definitely real, all of it had definitely happened. He was definitely, actually, there with Dream. And he was definitely, actually, mated to his best friend.

## Chapter End Notes

sixteen days ago, i published the first chapter of this story, with little to no expectations i couldve never imagined in a million years that i would be here today, overwhelmed with the incredible support you guys gave this fic, that including kudos, comments, the questions youve sent me and the fanart (things i never thought i would get)  
i cant thank you enough for turning this experience into one of the best ones, you made me reconnect with my passion for writing and thats something that truly means a lot to me

some of you have asked me to write a sequel, and tbh, in my original idea of the story i was gonna write part of their lives as mates already, but ultimately decided against it because the 'tolerate it' arc of the story was long over at that point... however, if you guys are interested, the sequel could be about that (or it could be an epilogue? tell me which ond you like more). If enough of you want me to keep this universe alive, i will :]  
i am pretty attached to the story after all ahah

but until then... this is it

as some of you might know, if you follow me on twitter, i made a playlist based on the story, with songs that i feel represent the progression of the relationship and the plot (from both povs depending the song), so if youre interested in listening heres the link:  
[Tolerate it Playlist](#)

funny enough, the song "tolerate it" isnt the one that best represent the whole story, but only dream's feelings in the moment he said the sentence

the reason why i chose it as the fic title was because for the first half, george \*did\* tolerate it, always talking about the things he didnt hate or didnt mind or might like, and it wasnt until dream called him out on it that things started to progress the lyrics "Tell me I've got it wrong somehow, I know my love should be celebrated but you tolerate it" inspired that scene AND that scene inspired the whole story, so... yeah, the more you know

im just delaying the inevitable at this point ahaha

okay guys, this is it. It was a pleasure to go through this journey with you, and hopefully i'll see you in my next fic  
forever grateful for you all, i'll be reading all of your comments and responding to every single one this time

here's my [twitter](#) , if you want it

love,

winterlighting

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!